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Page		by
4	A Case of Ski Fever	W. D. H. McCULLOUGH
19	The Decline of the Male	THOMAS H. UZZELL and V. E. LeROY
26	Varmints	MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS
33	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: Four Photographs	ARTHUR GERLACH
36	The Game	ALBERT MALTZ
39	The Motorist Girds for War	WILBURN CARTWRIGHT
45	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: J. David Stern	DON WHARTON
50	PHOTOGRAPH: Bravely Forth to Sea	HAROLD L. HARVEY
51	There's Always an Accident	PAUL COREY
56	Hearts of Oak	JACLAND MARMUR
62	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: Ring in My Hand	DONALD WAYNE
68	Antique Dealing	EDWARD P. BORDEN
71	LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES	
	No Starving Armenians	ANONYMOUS
	Hunting the Black Wolves of Idaho	JAMES A. (PATT) PATTERSON
77	Noble Plays . . . and Popular Art	GILBERT SELDES
80	The Scribner Quiz	
89	BOOKS: A World Made in America	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
98	Literature of Today and Tomorrow	MARY M. COLUM
120	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
127	Cruising the Avenue	KATHERINE KENT

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DR. PAUL WOLFF-BLACK STAR

. . . and down again in time for lunch

A Case of Ski Fever

W. D. H. McCULLOUGH

THE EXCITEMENT starts when you look at your boots and find that they still fit you very nicely, that no one has broken your skis, and that the moths have left more than enough of your ski trousers. The next peak of excitement is getting a pair of skis into the average taxi without breaking too many windows. When at last the train begins to pull slowly out through the cold, foggy air of a wet winter afternoon in London, then the adventure really begins.

The Channel is always alarming, but it only takes an hour. Then comes the glorious feeling that you are once more on solid ground, that your luggage is actually on the train, that your skis are intact, that you will, in a little while, be going along to a warm dining-car for a good French dinner, and finally be settling down to sleep cosily, happily, and dirtily, as your train thunders across the plains of France.

However, you soon come to Basle, and for many people Basle stands for all that is beautiful in winter sports, for there it is that you get out of a hot, steaming compartment and slip into the station bathrooms for a superb bath. Afterward you dress peacefully and settle down to your first Swiss breakfast of hot coffee, croissants, and the black-cherry jam that explains why so many conferences are held in Switzerland.

From now on, things get more exciting every hour. First you get into the fast electric train and travel for an hour or two, and then you get into the mountain railway and start to climb. If you are lucky, and the weather clerk feels like putting on a good show, the sky gets bluer as you mount higher, and gradually you come across odd drifts of snow. In a short time the snow becomes continuous and then begins to get deeper. If you are going to some distant parts of Switzerland or to Austria, you may finish by climbing the last few miles in twilight, with snow high on each side of the railway, and the headlights of the train flashing mysteriously and beautifully on fantastic white shapes.

Then you arrive at your station, and the man with the name of your hotel on his cap steps forward with a welcome which makes you feel that the whole countryside has been waiting for you to come and complete the picture. Your luggage is collected, and you flash off in a sleigh or a bus through the snow to your new mountain home.

In the morning you come down rather furtively in a new sweater, or it may only be in a new pair of boot-

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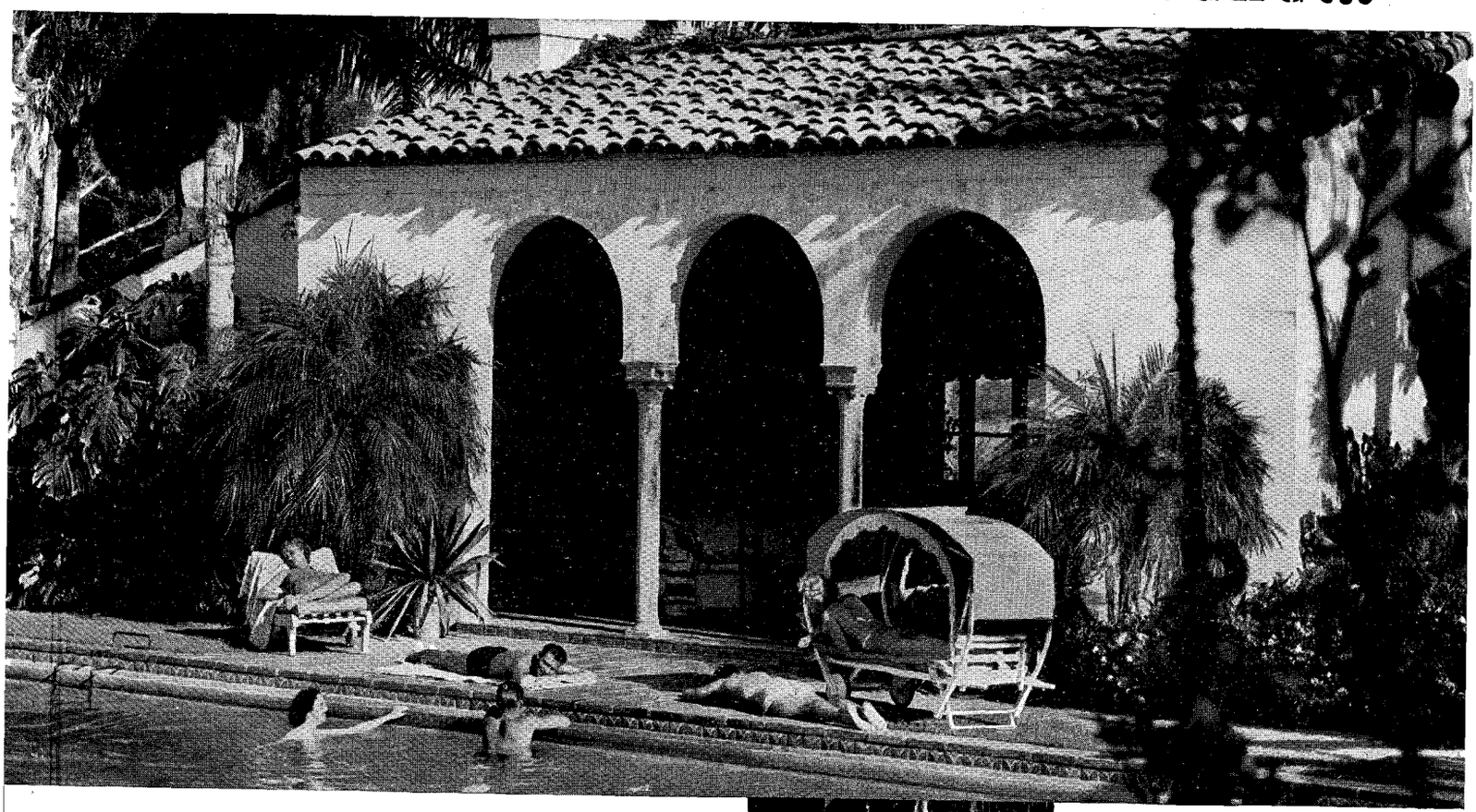

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laces. You feel that your color scheme will cause an immediate sensation, but when you look around, you realize that you are in fact very dull and drab, and in any case you forget all about clothes when you see the fat lady who skied over you last winter.

There are people who go out merely to ski — tough, hardy people who get up at eight in the morning, take a railway up 6000 feet, are down again by ten, up again by eleven, and down again in time for lunch — and then complain that this is all right but that the snow is hopelessly slow. At the other end of the scale are the people who come out looking very beautiful, who take very expensive suites and get down in the morning in time for lunch, who watch the skating in the afternoon, play bridge after tea, attend cocktail parties until nine, dine at ten, and get up next day in time for lunch.

If one were asked to select the finest winter-sports hotel in the world, probably the majority would vote for Suvretta House. It stands among the trees at the bottom of a high range of mountains just outside of St. Moritz.

Behind the hotel there is a ski-lift, an efficient but undignified apparatus for pulling people a thousand feet up the mountainside. With the help of the ski-lift, you can spend the whole morning in the sunshine, going up in seven minutes and coming down in anything from one to sixty, according to your route and technique. The beauty of this system is that, once you have stopped sliding you are practically outside the dining-room.

If you are a Cresta rider, you will, of course, have been up early and standing shivering (partly with fright and partly with cold) until the sun gets on to that icy toboggan run that starts just above the Kulm Hotel. The year 1936 has been a fine one on the Cresta, which is the fastest, most exciting, and probably the most dangerous run anywhere in the world. The total distance is three-quarters of a mile, and the average gradient is 1 in 7.7. All records were broken this year by the young American, Billy Fiske, who streaked down this gleaming groove with its absolutely terrifying series of banked ice corners at an average speed of 47 miles per hour. When one realizes that this average is attained from a standing start over a short distance, purely by force of gravity, it explains why sportsmen gather every year from all over the world to frighten themselves to death among charming, encouraging, and sympathetic company.

O. RUTZ, ST. MORITZ

Swooping down at ever-increasing speed . . . a thrill that makes any kind of flying seem utterly boring

No man will ever forget his first run down the Cresta. Quite apart from the numerous inquiries from his friends as to what he wants them to do with his luggage and his remains, there are the short, crisp instructions of the expert to the novice. A man does not forget easily the hints on how to get around corners and how, in case of a fall, to make sure that the skeleton is pushed ahead (the skeleton is the name for the very fearsome kind of toboggan used, and does not apply to the rider's). If it is not pushed ahead the rider will slide on at 50 or 60 miles an hour, and the skeleton, having collected itself, will start speeding down after him — and then it's just too bad.

The novice puts on a crash helmet, inserts a vast sponge inside his shirt to cover his chest, puts on boots with terrifying rakes sticking out of the toes, straps on steel elbow and finger guards, and then stands waiting for the bell to ring announcing that he is free to enjoy descending. It is a moment calculated to make almost any heart beat faster. Once that stage is past, and the rider gathers speed and swoops down at ever-increasing speed, howling around corner after corner, he has a thrill that makes any kind of flying seem utterly boring. And when finally he passes the timing box, cruises up the slope, and gets off, shaky and breathless, he feels rather god-like — at any rate, until an unimpressed timekeeper calls out the number of seconds it took to make the descent.

After lunch you can go up by ski-lift, work your way across the face of the mountain to Chanterella, and then take the funicular up to Corviglia, with its quaint and exclusive club 6000 feet above common sea-level. From there, you have the choice of two fine runs: one down to St. Moritz — very social and littered with duchesses; the other to Celerina — very swift and, for the beginner, not at all sure. If you finish at Celerina, you can take a bus back in a few minutes, and either way you have tea in the town — and St. Moritz knows all about teas. The great rendezvous is the Casa Veglia. After tea you join in as many cocktail parties as you can afford, because they are all going at high speed. The most sporting teas are in the Kulm, where the Cresta riders gather, and the most exciting, from the feminine point of view, are at the Palace.

Feeling tired, but extremely happy, full of Swiss oxygen, French and Italian vermouth and English gin, you call for a sleigh and sweep back through the darkness. Then you shed your wet skiing clothes, lie back gloriously in a hot bath, change languidly into evening clothes, and go down to dine.

There are, of course, other sides to the picture: Very often, upon your arrival, the snow turns to rain. Lots of people damage their wrists or ankles the first day they try skiing. A few people say they don't like taking exercise at such high altitudes, and one or two appear for one morning on the nursery slopes and then withdraw haughtily, making it quite clear that they are not going to run the risk of an early demise merely to amuse the children. But when you have made all the reservations, admitted all the criticisms, and added up all the expenses, the fact still remains that for thousands of people a winter-sports holiday in the Alps is a great adventure into a happy little world apart — and it must be admitted that great adventures are getting scarcer in the world every year.

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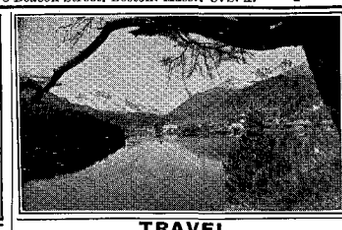

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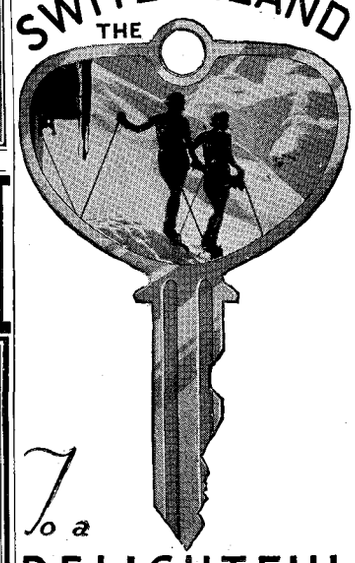

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of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1936

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared HARLAN LOGAN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR-PUBLISHER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are;

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EDITOR: Harlan Logan, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR: Jo Chamberlin, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
BUSINESS MANAGER: Harlan Logan, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of Sept., 1936

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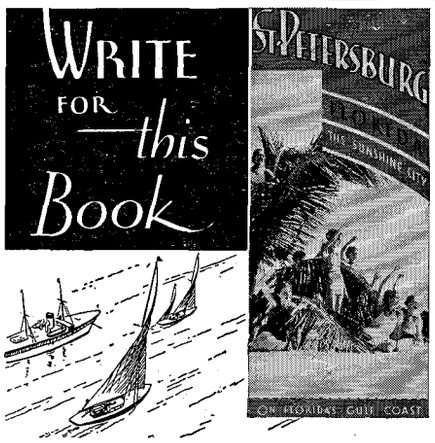

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Manhattan Takes to the Hills

Just as New York differs from London, so does American skiing differ from the British. Traditionally, Americans never do things by halves. Their sports must be pursued violently, if at all, and this applies particularly to that form of modified mayhem known as skiing.

For one thing, Americans don't dress for dinner after a hard day on the slopes; they're too exhausted. And luckily for New Yorkers, it costs less to spend a day or a week-end in New England than it does to hop from London to the Alps. If it weren't for this fact, this writer and many another would still be spending winter Sundays nursing a hangover or reading *The New York Times,* classified ads and all.

In Manhattan the excitement starts when you stop in every day at Grand Central Station to see how the snow is at South Lee, Pittsfield, Tuckerman's Ravine, and points north. The snow symbols above the ticket booths never seem to change, but you keep watching them anyway. Sunday is not far off.

On Saturday you examine your equipment, take a few stitches in your clothes, and hope they'll do. The afternoon paper says that the snow is good, up country, and you decide to go to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Your blood races at the thought of those icy slopes — you can feel yourself now gliding down, like Dick Durrance himself, at fifty miles an hour — or was it fifteen? On Saturday night comes a last-minute check-up, an hour at the news-reel theater, and home to bed. I happen to belong to that slightly older group of people to whom the Saturday-night binge is no longer a necessity, so that going to bed early does not seem the treachery to one's youth it used to.

I began to see the sun rise regularly last winter for the first time in my life — a yellow sun which came bravely up over the roofs of drab warehouses and factories in Astoria, and shone over the dark waters of the East River at Fifty-seventh Street. A taxi driver wakes up long enough to get you and your gear into the cab and run you over to the Grand Central. There you find thousands of other psychopathics milling around amid great excitement: voices higher, laughs quicker, and much stomping about to no purpose whatsoever.

For the next four hours on the train, things happen. Skis fall periodically from the baggage racks onto your head; the trick is to roll with the blow. The couple behind you anoint their skis with a hot wax which smells like a pair of old rubbers thrown on a hot stove. There are violent arguments all around you as to the merits of this or that wax — arguments which get about as far as arguments over politics, religion, or how to make mint juleps.

Sunday papers and other debris mount higher and higher, drifting like snow in the aisles. Breakfast in the diner is pleasant — hot cakes, sausage, and hot coffee — while you look out the windows at the white-blanketed New England hills. You pass mill and factory along New England streams, some of them alive

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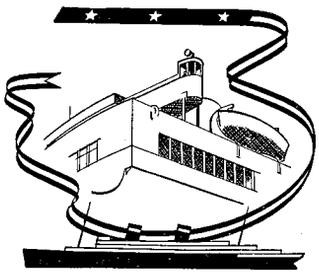

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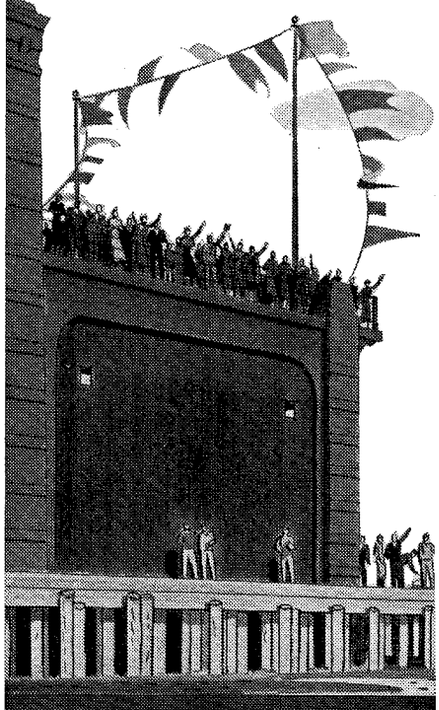

UNITED STATES LINES

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and kicking, others down-at-heel remnants of the old days. A full hour before Pittsfield is reached, everyone sits on the arms of seats, anxiously looking out the windows, ready to go.

After you get off the train, there is still a bus ride to Bosquet Farm, but before long you are standing in the snow, fastening your skis, then grabbing the rope-pull . . . up the long slope, and then take a deep breath; your life is in the hands of the gods.

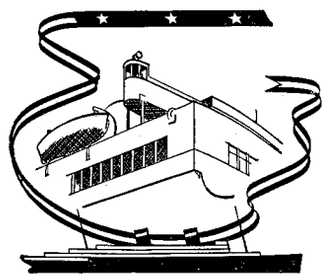
One must live in the city to appreciate deep snow, the gray mist hanging over the Berkshires, the white slope with its black tree-trunks at the top and bottom. Only a man accustomed to the exhaust fumes of crowded streets can enjoy the utter freshness of the atmosphere, the swift, clean descent through icy air . . . there is no need for getting into line or obeying traffic rules or acting like a well-behaved sheep. Do anything you like; after all, it's your bones you're breaking, not mine.

Not the least of the day's excitements is stopping to drink boiling-hot coffee in the shack . . . the gelandesprung, or obstacle-jump that leaves the seat of your pants on the obstacle . . . the endless efforts at bettering the telemark and christiania turns . . . the frantic efforts to avoid other skiers . . . surprising how many people meet for the first time while trying desperately *not* to meet people . . . some of the strongest friendships in Manhattan have been born of the mutual misery resulting from such collisions . . . life's vicissitudes thereafter seem sissy stuff.

Here in the hills, it is readily apparent that American skiing is not like the European. Americans, as always, must do things violently. Fortunately, the degree of one's skill does not determine the amount of one's pleasure. On the ski slopes of New England one will find the utmost novices traveling at breakneck speed, wondering what to do next, supremely happy, and the devil riding high. Your beginner is never satisfied unless he is completely out of control — and knows it.

I have never been to the skiing centers of the West, to Yosemite, Lake Arrowhead, Mount Rainier, and all the rest. New England will have to do, and does. Pecketts, Tuckerman's Ravine in the White Mountains, Pittsfield and Salisbury in the Berkshires, Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, and Bear Mountain nearer New York can give me all the trouble I want for some years to come . . . even a veteran such as myself with a whole winter's experience.

— GEORGE HARDESTY



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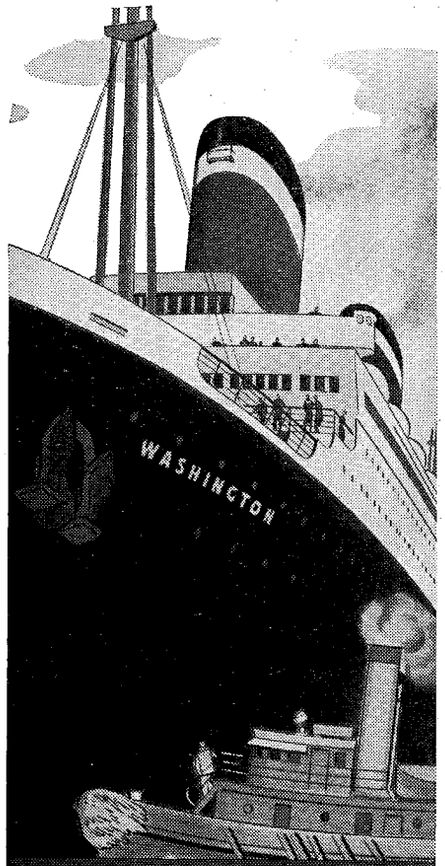
are America's largest ships

The *Washington* and *Manhattan* are BIG ships. They're fast ships... British ports in six comfortable days. The appointments of these great liners, the food served in their air-conditioned dining rooms, are all in keeping with American living standards. Judged by size, speed and comfort you will agree that to SAIL AMERICAN is to sail in luxury... Other travel bargains under the American flag are the "American One Class" ships fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool, and the American Merchant Lines to London direct each week, one way, $100; round trip, $185.

Your travel agent has full details



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1887—1937

THE January issue will mark the golden anniversary of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE . . . fifty years of publishing achievement. It will be an issue to cherish in the future, and a collector's item of value.

SCRIBNER'S

MAGAZINE

The magazine will appear in the format of years ago, with an all-star selection of stories, articles, and illustration in color. Old advertisements will be reprinted, featuring buggies, tandem bicycles, bustles, and other necessities of bygone days . . .

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
JIM TULLY
THEODORE DREISER
FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

STORIES BY

BRET HARTE
STEPHEN CRANE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
—and others

ILLUSTRATION BY

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
N. C. WYETH
HOWARD PYLE
FRANK BRANGWYN
EDWARD PENFIELD

Many of the issues of the magazine containing original stories and illustration sell at a high premium today, so that this 128-page anniversary issue will be an interesting one to present to friends, young and old. Fill in the coupon below, and reserve your copies now. Send one dollar for four copies.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

I am enclosing $..... Please send me ..... copies of the January issue of Scribner's at 25 cents a copy.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Travel Notes

Austria, with its ancient courtly traditions, its endless mountains, its frozen lakes, promises a bright season of high contrasts. The avid skier knows, of course, the Tyrol winter. For him and for the more casual sports-lover, January and February are crowded with events of prime importance. Here is a mere sampling:

In Vienna, where skaters still dance to the strains of Strauss music, the International Hockey Meet takes place early in the new year; at Hofgastein, the Children's Ski Jump Contest on the first of January; on January sixteenth, the Sleigh Race at Salzburg; the Bob Sled Race at Igls bei Innsbruck a week later; the Masked Ski Run, in which contestants appear in fantastic ancient costumes, at Hofgastein, on February ninth; and at Vienna, the World Championship in Figure Skating, for men and for women, on February twelfth and thirteenth.

But sports are only one facet of the season. Among the traditional social events that draw irresistibly international participants are: the ball of Prince Orlowsky, on January ninth at the Imperial Palace, where this year all costumes will be from *The Bat*. On January sixteenth, the Vienna Opera Ball, which attracts each year the musical personalities of Europe and its leading social lights. A week later, the Hofgastein Dirndl Masque in the Grand Hotel and, on February fourth, the Ball of the City of Vienna, which will take place at the Rathaus.

*

Taking the family car along on board ship is a commonplace now, but it is no longer unique in the travel-with-your-car annals. Checking cars by train is the latest innovation over the American rails and those of the Canadian Pacific as well. Stop-over privileges are part of the plan, so should you care for a sight-seeing tour in the Rockies, on a coast-to-coast trip, you may claim your car at that point, take your motor spree; then continue again by train, your car following by rail to your destination. In crossing the Canadian border on this plan, there is no need of your presence at the customs. The cost includes first-class rail tickets for two passengers plus four cents a mile for the car over American lines; on Canadian soil the car-shipment rate is one and a third times the one-way first-class passenger fare, provided the car-owner holds two first-class tickets covering the journey.

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THE ship's in! Before you lies a bright new world...with the Great White Fleet as your eager host, anxious to please and entertain you...placing every comfort—diversion—at your fingertips.

Such hospitality is not new to you on a Guest Cruise. You've experienced it at sea...on a snow-white liner designed especially for the tropics. You've bronzed on sun-splashed decks, gone swimming in the atmosphere of a smart beach club, enjoyed food that is tempting, varied...danced to music that swings you to your feet and keeps you there...All this and more has been your happy lot as our honored guest.

★ ★ ★

From New York to Havana, Jamaica, B.W.I., Panama Canal and Costa Rica. Every Thursday. 17 days $210...to Jamaica. B.W.I. Panama Canal and 3 ports in Colombia, S. A. Every Saturday, 19 days, $210...To Havana, 10 days, $135. Also weekly cruises from Philadelphia to Guatemala, 19 days, $228. Other Guest Cruises from New Orleans, Los Angeles Harbor, San Francisco.

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

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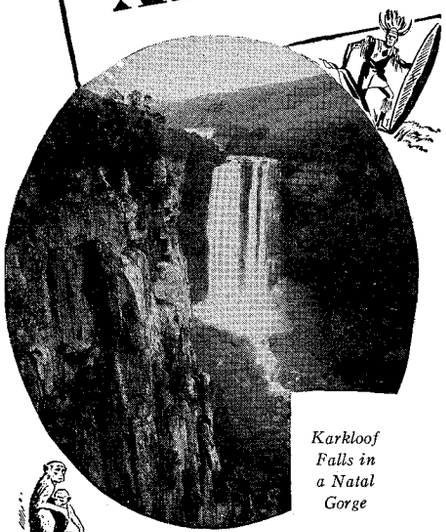
The Garden Province of SOUTH AFRICA



Karkloof Falls in a Natal Gorge

COME to Natal, a wonderland of vivid green hills and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Here are the charming cities of Pietermaritzberg, provincial capital, and Ladysmith and Colenso, of Boer War fame.

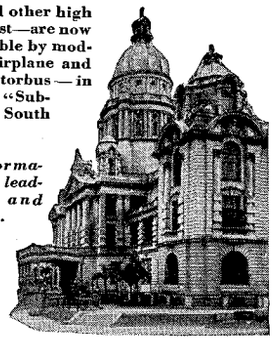
On the coast is delightful Durban, with its spacious, colorful beach on the Indian Ocean. The Marine Parade, shaded esplanade, and streets lined with flowering flamboyants and blue-blossomed jacarandas, are especially attractive.

Sports for all—in a setting of sparkling sunshine and an amazing blue sky—golf and tennis, yachting, bathing, fishing, polo, horse racing, motoring.

Within easy reach are fascinating game reserves, the world-famed Valley of a Thousand Hills, Natal National Park and Zululand. There is *no country in the world where native* life is more colorful, in its variety of races and strange customs... Experience the thrill of visiting Zulu villages, of seeing ceremonies and curious rites that have stirred your imagination in tales of adventure . . .

All these—and other high spots of interest—are now readily accessible by modern railway, airplane and luxurious motorbus—in this glorious "Sub-Continent" — South Africa.

Detailed information from all leading tourist and travel agencies.



City Hall Durban

SOUTH AFRICA

MAGAZINE

There's lots of good news for sunshine seekers in winterbound parts. The Western rails have announced cut winter rates and an extension in round-trip tickets that offers unusual latitude. From Atlantic City, extending to the Gulf resorts and the Southwest to California, special pre-season rates await the early comer.

The tremendous advances in coach service in recent years make the long journey for the economically minded anything but a dread and wearing experience. Credit for initiating the luxury coach goes to the West, where air-conditioned, sound-proofed cars first replaced, on a large scale, the cinder-choked day coaches. Out went rigid plush benches; in came reclining, revolving parlor-car seats, along with indirect lighting, baggage lockers, smoking-rooms for men and women, and well-equipped, sanitary dressing rooms. On trains like the Union Pacific's *Challenger,* all cars are day coaches and tourist sleepers. Registered nurses are part of the service to make travel easier for mothers, children, the ill and handicapped. Meals are phenomenally low-priced on these trains.

At every turn the old idea that only the fat-walleted have a right to expect comfort and decent meals is being swept away. Indicative as anything of the new spirit are the new taprooms and bars on some of the fastest trains that are now open to coach passengers as well as to de luxe travelers.

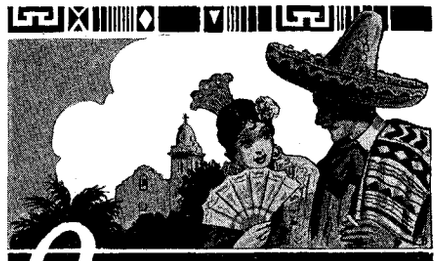
*

With the reduction in rail fares comes the announcement that the Transcontinental and Western Airlines will not be outdone. The new low winter fares are good on any TWA and connecting airline planes, and are not subject to special limitations. The minimum New York-to-Chicago fare now is thirty-three dollars and ninety-six cents, the time four hours and forty-five minutes; while the transcontinental flight from New York to Los Angeles or San Francisco is reduced at the minimum to one hundred and eighteen dollars and ninety-six cents.

Bon Voyage

With Christmas just at the corner, the Bon Voyage question looms frenetic amid the half-solved problems of routine gift-choosing. Yet the cruise season and holiday week-ends are willy-nilly upon us. Here, then, are a few scattered suggestions that, I hope, are not likely to be Santa repeaters.

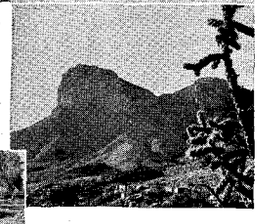
At Altman's something new in Pull-



COME TO THE LAND of MAÑANA

This winter, under a warm smiling sun★ in azure skies, visit the unhurried Land of Manana where comfortable accommodations await you in metropolitan El Paso. Play golf, polo, ride, relax outdoors, every day; visit famed scenic spots: the romantic Rio Grande, Old Mexico, the Big Bend, Carlsbad Caverns, White Sands, and scores of others in this vast empire of varied natural attractions.

Play on the dazzling dunes of the Great White Sands; Signal Peak, highest point in Texas; golf all winter on El Paso's two professional courses.



Special winter rates, stopovers on all railroads: Rock Island, Santa Fe, So. Pacific, Texas & Pacific and American Airlines.

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Please send new illustrated literature on El Paso, Sunshine Playground of the Border.

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Single rooms from $6 . . . Double rooms from $8 . . . Suites from $12.

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The PLAZA New York

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

man footwear — satin slippers with soft, heel-less leather soles in white, French blue, ocean green, peach, and rose. They fit into a draw-string bag of the same slipper satin. Four dollars. . . . Hand-woven bags for shopping expeditions and knitting in Labrador designs that add bright touches and are different. Here, too, are gay scarfs woven of wool that make attractive sashes on dickies and jackets for the girl bent on a week-end of winter sports. Two fifty at the Grenfell Shops. . . . In week-end cases: the Motor Bag put out by Primrose House that looks like a purse with slip handle and zipper closing and contains ten essential items. Blue moire with rose lining, or dark brown with peach, for three seventy-five. . . . For the sensitive and dry skin (whose isn't in this weather?), Kathleen Mary Quinlan has a light and convenient case that contains powder, rouge, and facial tissues, as well as cream essentials, and yet is roomy enough for tooth brush, paste, or other accessories. Ten dollars. . . . W. & J. Sloane solve the bath-salts problem by putting out two excellent scents in rubberized bags that are easily packed and, of course, unbreakable. *Tang of the Sea* comes in a blue bag of nautical design which has a draw-cord with cork ends; *Scotch Heather* in a plaid bag topped with real acorns. One dollar and a half each. . . . Alice Marks has added to her already unusual assortment of candies and Bon Voyage packages new sorts sure to appeal to the most jaded of holiday appetites. Among the sweets are old-fashioned peppermints just arrived from England, rum fudge, honey almond crisp, a new crunch for her home-made assortment, sherry biscuits, and cocktail wafers that are as tempting as they are new. Pound boxes begin at a dollar. As for Bon Voyage baskets, you'll find unusual ones here done beautifully in the holiday spirit. . . . Games are always welcome on cruise decks, and F. A. O. Schwarz is ready with new ones: *California,* played by two, similar in aim to *Battleship Chess,* but with mining objectives to work at. It costs one fifty. *Bonage* is suitable for any number of players with any cards and chips that happen to be handy. It needs only the specially designed cloth (for the bridge table) which folds away to a nothing and costs two dollars. A game new to me, though they say it has been sold for fifty years, looks like a natural for the shut-in or solitary. It's *Marble Solitaire,* played with thirty-two marbles on a small round board. It requires a technique sure to recapture the gamin years. One dollar. —K. K.

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William-Thomas Gilpin

The gentleman on the cover this month is William-Thomas Gilpin, age nine, a young man of parts residing under the shadow of the 'L at 989 Second Avenue, New York. His name is really not hyphenated; it was just printed this way at the start to simplify things. He is called William at school, known as Thomas by his parents, and is called Billy or Tommy by his friends.

William, as we shall refer to him hereafter, is rather small for his age, but is very active — so much so that when he was interviewed a few days ago in the kitchen of his home, he could hardly talk, what with his mouth being full of bread and milk, and he was in a hurry to be off to his club. He is a member in good standing of the Kip's Bay Boy's Club on East Fifty-second Street, which is just as important in *its* sphere as the Century, University, or Racquet & Tennis Clubs are in theirs.

Mr. Henry Waxman, the photographer, recently telephoned the director of the club and asked him to send over five or six boys from whom he could pick a model, and William seemed to fill the bill. William was a good model, totally un-self-conscious, and when Mr. Waxman told him that he was to pretend to be asleep, he actually fell asleep. His mother, Mrs. Mary Gilpin, was pleased but a little disturbed during the picture-taking as to why Mr. Waxman wouldn't wait until she had removed some of the dirt from William's face and put a clean shirt on him. It was with some difficulty that the Scribner idea of presenting people as they really look was made clear.

William's mother gave him fifty cents out of the model's fee, and used the balance to apply on the rent. William got the money on Saturday, and promptly blew it: ten cents for a movie, ten cents for a revolver and cartridge belt, ten cents for a pencil, and twenty cents for a football. Buck Jones is his favorite movie actor, and it was Jones he went to see. William would not mind being a Texas Ranger himself. He says being a ranger is better than being a cowboy because you fight more rustlers.

Mr. Waxman, the photographer, is not without interest himself. He does a lot of magazine-advertising work and speaks without blush or shame of several years he spent as an assistant director in Hollywood. He says he photographed Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, and others, and modestly lays claim to having suggested the stage name of Loy to the then-unknown Myrna Williams. Mr. Waxman says he was going through sort of an "oriental cycle" at the time, and the name just came to him. In the early movie days when the studios were at Fort Lee, New Jersey, Waxman was only fourteen years old but was already an assistant cameraman while Theda Bara was turning on the heat with *A Fool There Was, Salome,* and such. As a result of Henry's and Theda's combined efforts, homes could be heard breaking up all over the country.

Mr. Waxman is now in his late thirties and has a studio on East Fifty-sixth Street, on the top floor of what used to be the stables of the railroad financier, Jay Gould. It reminds one very much of a movie set with the props lying around: a white snowbank for a fashion shot; a tremendous mâché head of a serpent-god used in some Mexican business; a section of the rail of a ship; huge batteries of lights; and cables running around the floor like eels in the ocean.

Fifty Years of Scribner's

For several weeks the editors have been talking with writers, artists, and people associated with the SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of years gone by, and have been rummaging through the old volumes of the magazine. One thing stands out in the editing of the magazine through fifty years, and that is that many of the articles and stories are timeless, as good today as they ever were. One of the interesting things about SCRIBNER'S of the early days is to see how little it was tied to contemporary news events. The cultivated man was supposed to be at home in all ages, and one can't help feeling that this is an idea too many modern magazines underestimate in the constant scramble for readers.

The January issue, containing the best stories, poems, articles, art work, and features of fifty years, will be something of a collector's item. Editorial material has begun to take shape with articles already at the printer's by Theodore Roosevelt, Jacob Riis, Richard Harding Davis, Theodore Dreiser, and other writers. The task of selecting fiction is even more difficult. The issue will contain drawings in color and black and white by such well-known artists as Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Pyle, Rockwell Kent, Howard Chandler Christy, Will James, Edward Penfield, A. B. Frost, W. T. Benda, Maxfield Parrish, Thornton Oakley, Alonzo Kimball, Jesse Wilcox Smith, N. C. Wyeth, Harrison Fisher, Arthur Rackham, C. M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Many of the issues of SCRIBNER'S containing the work of these men sell at a premium today. The only contemporary articles will be: one, the story of five decades of magazine publishing, written by Frederick Lewis Allen, widely known for his talent at recapturing the spirit of a vanished era in *Only Yesterday,* and, two, the story of five decades of advertising, written by Ernest Elmo Calkins, dean of advertising men.

The present schedule calls for many pages of color, using the original color plates, the main idea of the color section being to reflect the changes in our ways of life since SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE first appeared. The text of the January issue will be set in the old SCRIBNER'S type face — Number Twenty-one. Also, old advertisements, chosen because they are typical of the feeling and character of the old magazine, will be reprinted

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alongside the new, thus giving the entire issue the flavor and charm of life as it was from ten to fifty years ago.

Letters from Readers

It would be, of course, impossible to print all the fine letters which have come to the office in recent weeks, but the editors have selected a few to reflect the general character of the new magazine's reception. To the enthusiastic and critical readers go our sincere thanks for telling us what they think about SCRIBNER'S, especially those who have written us from afar. Mrs. John Galsworthy, for instance:

I cannot resist sending a word of appreciation of the new SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. It must have meant an enormous task for all concerned, but the result is like a sunny day in spring, fresh and genial—"never a dull moment," as the Chapmans say. (Certainly the picture of the goat on page 44 kept me laughing almost to the point of tears—I think it's the lower jaw of the goat even more than the general expression) . . . and the lovely clear type of the text is a great boon to one with none-too-good eyes. All the more reprehensible of me, through *sheer hurry*, to have read: "Mr. Gerlach's main interests are farming and *h*owling." I wonder if that lovely Cleland cover-picture* is of a real small city in the South of France. I want to go and sit under that plane tree and hear the fountain tinkle and fall to its basin. . . . ADA GALSWORTHY
Hampstead, London

*(*Mr. Cleland says that the October cover was not an exact rendering but was suggested by a scene in Aix-en-Provence, about twenty-five kilometers north of Marseilles. Mr. Gerlach's main interests were farming and bowling.*)

The current number has been my reading companion for several hours during this week, and I wish to assure you that it is good company. If you find me guilty of extending my subscription in the near future, will you kindly overlook the offense? DAVID F. MAHER
Watsonville, California

The illustrations in the October number of SCRIBNER'S are vastly better than those of recent years, but the text has descended to a still lower plane. It is simply moronic froth. There must be on your editorial staff, among those who like tabloids and *The Saturday Evening Post*, some who enjoy *The Atlantic* and *Harpers* when those magazines happen to be full of intelligently selected articles. Why not "discover" such editors? Meanwhile, farewell! JOHN H. GEROULD
Hanover, New Hampshire

The new SCRIBNER'S is excellent, come suddenly and freshly alive. Wait a year or two—the others in the quality group will come into line (except perhaps *The Atlantic*). There never was any good reason why to be "quality" meant a table of contents for a cover, an invariable English-mutton-chop business of a straight type for the main body, and one color forever.

But what's on my mind particularly is that story "Joe Beans," by Leon McCauley. It's good, but it's more than that—to me, it would seem to point the beginning of one man's career. I don't care that he's in a penitentiary or why (except that for both blunt reasons I am sorry for him as an individual). Where he is, why he is, or what he is do not matter beside the simple fact that he's a writer. You can't say that, honestly, of many people. The best you can say of the many is that they put words together well enough to make them palatable, but they do not write; they do not create that something which was not there before. This man does; and more than that, I have a feeling that he can and will keep on doing it. And maybe he will be able to do it even more successfully because he is in prison. Maybe by the time his term is up he will have his career all made. Something he can hold in his mind and say: this is my new life, it is I myself, and I can go on living it wherever I please.

And this will be at once something rare and strange and almost pathetically fine, because it will never be so with most men who come to the end of a prison term.

I couldn't help thinking about this man McCauley, this new author, because I am so very glad for him. I am glad because he will be able to leave *his* shadow where it belongs, wrapped tightly in his old prison clothes and locked behind prison doors. His world, the writing world, is no barnyard where the alien hen is pecked slowly to madness and death in a giddy blood-lust. When his time is up, this man, if he has continued to write, if he has the footing he should have by then, will be truly "free." And that is both a wonderful and terrible thing.

It is wonderful for him, that he can return to have life in freedom and abundance, that done with the ways which ended in a blind alley, he may leave them behind and start fresh, unhandicapped by taboos, prejudices, little minds. But it is terrible that this should be true for this man alone. For he is alone—he is one in thousands. It is no pleasant reflection on our present society that it will undeniably accept him and reject the others, that in many insidious, subtle ways it will take a righteous pleasure in hampering, scorning, pointing the stealthy whisper, driving so many back to the only friends they know, the friends they knew before the "big house" and in it.

Yes, it's a good story. You've discovered a real writer. I'm glad. . . . I'd like McCauley to know I'm glad. W. H. GERRY
Santa Monica, California

Permit me to congratulate you on the October issue of SCRIBNER'S. It is a fine piece of work. . . . ROBERT JOHNSON
Vice-President, Time, Inc., New York City

. . . I should like to take this occasion to compliment SCRIBNER'S on its new dress. Everything about it is grand, the type, the make-up, the cover. MARGARET MITCHELL
Atlanta, Georgia

I want to express my admiration of the current number of SCRIBNER'S and the really lovely cover. Personally I should never need an attractive cover to make me buy SCRIBNER'S, but I am sure this will attract the unknowing to its merits.

ALICE LEARNED (Mrs. H. C.) BUNNER
New London, Connecticut

Yesterday I ambled through the village here when I saw and bought the new SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. I have to write you immediately to tell you what a true and good and beautiful-looking book I think it is. Something about the make-up makes me feel completely at home in the book. Mr. Cleland's plan is friendly and dignified, and it will make very little difference from now on what SCRIBNER'S prints. Whatever it is, it will be read. His layout is both mathematical and gracious. It's functional without being stiff, and alluring without claptrap flourish. . . . RUTH PICKERING PINCHOT
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Mutiny on the Esquire

Well, it all goes to show something or other . . . perhaps that anybody in the publishing business has to have a sense of humor, or eventually be committed to an institution. Imagine the surprise Scribner editors experienced on seeing this letter printed in the "Sound & Fury," or letters department of the November *Esquire*.

Sirs: I noticed the advertisement in your October issue plugging SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. I went out and bought myself a copy of it and found it so pleasing that I have decided to buy SCRIBNER'S each month instead of *Esquire* and save 25 cents.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES ANDREW SIMPSON
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Well, the least that we can do is to promise the finely tolerant editor of *Esquire,* Mr. Gingrich, that we will reprint any such letters we get after *Esquire* runs a page ad in SCRIBNER'S. It would be a pleasure.

He Swallowed the Anchor

Born in Poland in 1901, Jacland Marmur came to Brooklyn with his family when he was two years old. It may be that his love for the sea was absorbed on that first sea voyage, for in his family and background, in his training in the Brooklyn Boys' High School, there was absolutely no trace of cause for his own unchanging hankering after the tall ships. He tried to give it up when his family urged him to forsake his "bum's life," but when a siege of shore work ended in a serious illness, "giving up the land as a poor business, I wound up once again on the *Embarcadero* of Frisco. From then on, for the better part of ten years, the sea was my home and my life.

"During all this time the urge to write was always present. I cannot remember any time when the desire for this sort of work was absent. The sea simply crystallized that desire and gave to it form and meaning. The sea became my testing and proving ground as a writer. It gave me a means of livelihood that I loved and time for thought, study, and reading. . . . In

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1927, returning from a South Pacific voyage, I learned belatedly of the acceptance of my first short story." Since that time his books and stories have appeared in America and England, and in Sweden and in Denmark in translation. Almost all the writing was done "at sea, between watches, on voyages to every corner of the earth where ships sail." Only a few years ago he "swallowed the anchor" to devote all his time to writing. "But the anchor, at times, seems still to be sticking in my gullet."

Anything but Coy

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings hates to write about herself, "because as you've probably noticed, nine statements out of ten that writers make about themselves sound completely silly. The women particularly make you think, 'Isn't she just too — coy for words?' However——"

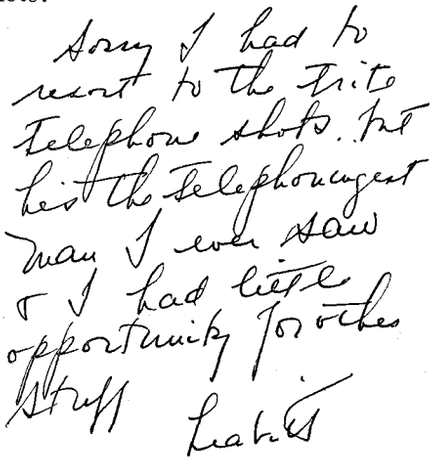
She *was* born in Washington. She *did* study at the University of Wisconsin. For years she earned her living by being an itinerant newspaper feature-writer. She *does* own and run a Florida Orange Grove. She likes to hunt "not because I like to kill, but because hunting gives me long beautiful days and nights, even weeks, with the kind of people I most enjoy, in places where I most enjoy being — the Florida rivers and woods." Her books, notably *South Moon Under,* her stories, including "Varmints," and nearly all she writes reflect those places with humor, beauty, and affection.

Four Men

Thomas H. Uzzell is a literary critic, teacher, and frequent contributor to periodicals. He was once managing editor of *Nation's Business* and fiction editor of *Collier's.* Recently he has been acting as "literary agent, business manager, father confessor, midwife, nursemaid, oracle, and professor-of-things-in-general" to American writers. His book *Narrative Technique* is widely known in schools of journalism and writing courses. His hobbies are golf, tennis, child photography, tea roses, piano playing, and Camelot . . . and he says he won't name any more because people might think he never gets any work done. V. E. LeRoy, who wrote "The Decline of the Male" with Mr. Uzzell, is a practising lay-psychoanalyst of East Lansing, Michigan. After a long day struggling with the complexes and adjustments of his patients, he enjoys sitting down before his typewriter and writing a humor-filled letter-essay-debate with an acquaintance. Much of the data in "The Decline of the Male" has been taken from LeRoy's letters to Uzzell. "The Motorist Girds for War" was written by the man who is co-author of the Hayden-Cartwright Road Legislation, and a member of Congress from Oklahoma. Mr. Wilburn Cartwright has been a member of the House since 1927, and is a practising lawyer. He is chairman of the House Committee on Roads. Albert Maltz, author of "The Game," is perhaps better known as a playwright than as a short-story writer. He wrote *Black Pit, Peace on Earth,* and in collaboration with George Sklar, *Merry Go Round.* Sometime in the near future a book of his short stories will be published by SCRIBNER'S, containing, among others, "The Game."

J. David Stern

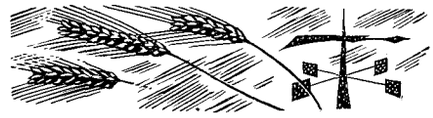
Attached to the photographs of David Stern, taken especially for SCRIBNER'S by Robert Leavitt, was the following note:



Mr. Wharton, who wrote the article on Stern, agrees that Stern is also the telephoningest man he has ever *talked to,* as well. At times the volume of calls became so heavy that Stern and Wharton would leave Stern's office and go up to the elaborate penthouse originally built as an office for Cyrus H. K. Curtis, previous publisher of *The New York Post.* But telephone calls still interrupted the interviewing. Wharton was forced to go to Philadelphia, and then to Stern's summer home in Atlantic City before the job was complete.

Rodeo to Theatre Guild

From the Rodeo to the lead in the Theatre Guild's *Green Grow the Lilacs* is quite a jump, but James A. (Patt) Patterson took it in his stride. Somebody saw him perform in the Rodeo, picked him for the part, and the job was done. His father is a physician, stockman, and breeder of horses in Texas, and Patt



gained his astonishing knowledge of horses from him. He has spent years as a rope-hand and cattler-trailer; did time in the Rodeo; composed many Western songs; and has appeared frequently on the radio. He has published several stories and is now finishing up one of three novels he has been working on at the same time.

Iowan

Paul Corey was born on a farm in Shelby County, Iowa, in 1903. His father died before he was two years old and his mother, with the help of his older brothers, continued the operation of the 160-acre homestead. At fourteen, Corey's family moved to Atlanta, Iowa, where he started high school. During the summer he worked as a farm-hand.

In 1921 he entered the University of Iowa, repairing phonographs, working as a geology librarian, and "slinging hash" at a boarding-house to meet expenses. During the summer he worked as a farm-hand through the Northwest; later as a mill-man in the redwood lumber mills of northern California. After graduating from the University he went to Chicago, then to New York. Worked for the Retail Credit Company, the New York Telephone Company, the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* and, after a year in Europe, returned to work on a trade journal, then another encyclopedia. In 1931 he gave up trying to adjust himself to office routines and moved to an eight-acre farm in Putnam County, New York, where he built a stone house and set about reclaiming the abandoned land. Since 1932 his stories have appeared in various magazines. At present he is working on a group of novels.

Look Natural

"The Family Album," which makes its appearance on page 70 of this issue, represents a labor of love on the part of John Tinker and Lyman Clark. Mr. Tinker is the art director of the J. M. Mathes advertising agency in New York, and Mr. Clark is a copywriter for N. W. Ayer in Philadelphia. They began the series when both were working for Ayer. Tinker says that he was brought up on family photograph albums, and learned to love them when he was a boy on the farm in Arkansas. More portraits — we are glad to say — will appear in future issues.

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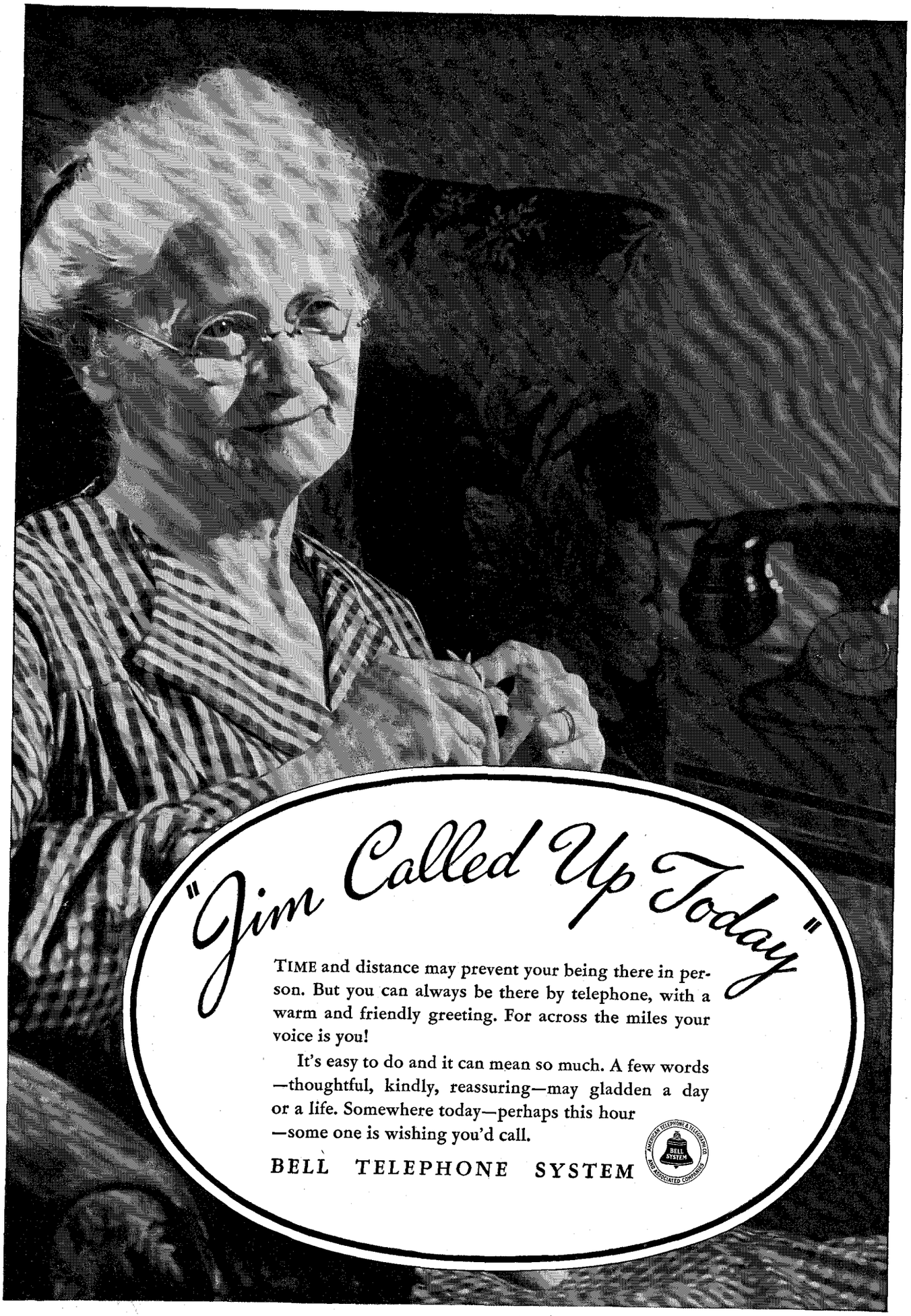
"Jim Called Up Today"
TIME and distance may prevent your being there in person. But you can always be there by telephone, with a warm and friendly greeting. For across the miles your voice is you!
It's easy to do and it can mean so much. A few words —thoughtful, kindly, reassuring—may gladden a day or a life. Somewhere today—perhaps this hour —some one is wishing you'd call.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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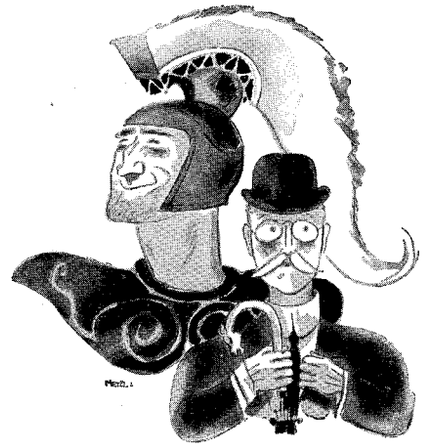
Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume C, Number 6 December, 1936

The Decline of the Male

THOMAS H. UZZELL and V. E. LEROY

That today's world turns on a woman's word is the conclusion reached after a study of American novels, films, plays, advertisements—and man himself

A MAJOR THEME in American literature from its beginning has been the lecherous violence of that hell-rake, the male, and the pitifully vain efforts of that flower of innocence, the female, to escape him. "The villain still pursued her" until the last chapter, or the last act, when the hero smote him boldly on the jaw and prevented his "evil designs."



Today all this is changed. To be pursued by a male is not necessarily villainous to women readers, and if the hero does a little evil designing himself, so much the better. Sex has been taken from the villain and given to the hero—or the heroine. The seducer and the protector are no longer necessarily two different men; nothing is left for the villain to do, and so in all our literature above juvenile grade there are no more villains. The male no longer menaces the female. In fact, the female stands boldly in the path of danger, hoping in many cases for the worst.

The first lesson in the moral education of the young woman only a few years ago was that she have the courage to get out and walk home. Today, in many an American village, the girl furnishes the car. If she takes her ride alone, as she frequently does, it is because the young man fears that he may forget himself, compromise the girl, and become entangled in an obligation to marry. This in turn means becoming a meal-ticket and paying bills with hard cash, which means hard work—no, it isn't worth it. So she rides alone, or with another girl with whom she talks things over.

Women today are talking things (men) over, too, with their physicians. Women have always been far freer with their intimate confessions to professional advisers than men have, but today, now that sex has become respectable, they conceal nothing, and from medical clinics on sex and marital relations—particularly those consulted by intelligent, educated people—come rather appalling disclosures. One is that the male, as a raping rapscallion, is no more.

With the end of pioneering in this country and the beginning of the age of leisure, the male looks like anything but a conqueror. Subduing the land has left him, not with a virile glow of power and confidence, but with debts, office worries, low vitality, bald head, eye-glasses, store teeth, halitosis, hernia, high blood-pressure, constipation, can't eat this, can't eat that, weak muscles, fallen arches, corns, tobacco-heart, abdominal tosis, bunions, ingrowing toenails—and the whole flabby works is dominated by a chronic mother-fixation which raises hell with every virile impulse he possesses. He tries to overcome, but merely disguises, his lack of virility by indulging in the finest set of health-destroying habits ever devised: too much tobacco, alcohol, and coffee; dope, overeating, and late hours; no hard, sweaty workouts, little or no sun, and a lot of just plain sittin' and snoozin' in a soft chair and dreaming of a business set-up which will win him a quick fortune to spend on even softer luxuries.

In time of antiquity we read of some mighty fine old duffers (Cæsar's Tenth Legion, for example), real men of might who fought wars for at least one thing worth

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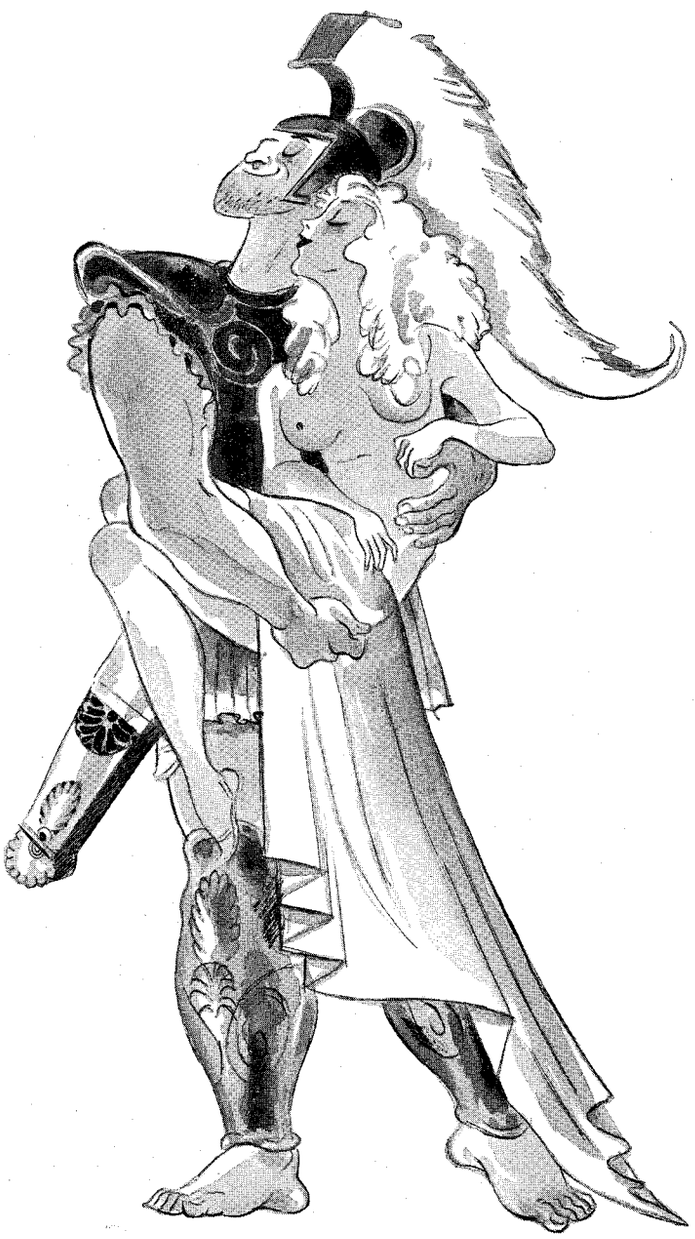
while: vigorous women to carry off. And when they invaded a foreign country, they chose one with rocks and briars; they ate horse food and drank up the rivers. And they didn't send out a lot of skinny bookkeepers, with flat feet and buck teeth, equipped with long-range poison-gas guns, to do the job; those old-timers went themselves and they fought and captured and mated, and when it was all over, the females of the land followed them home a few hundred miles on foot, and were very glad to go, too.

This pathetic picture of the modern male will seem to some readers mere vituperative burlesque, unfounded in sober fact, and the psychologically initiated may even attempt to dodge its implications by attributing it to a compensation in its authors. Facts, however, other than the clinical findings of great medical centers, are at hand to fill out the picture. One has only to read the signs of the times to see the decline of the American male.

Look for the drift of an epoch first of all in its popular stories, novels, plays, songs, cartoons, advertisements. Among the thousands of short stories consumed by the American people annually you will not find the conduct of an authentic male *in a romantic or passionate situation* — not more than one to a carload. Easily eighty per cent of our magazine fiction is designed chiefly for female consumption. What are the heroes like? In most of them they still observe Sunday-school morals, are well-dressed, chivalrous if not deferential, and terribly prone to commit stupidities from which the women in the stories rescue them. They are, in a word, mother-dependent little boys.



The most infallible of all formulas for American short-story entertainment is still the record of the well-tailored hero's graceful proposals, accompanied by his frantic but vain efforts to save the business, win the football match, lift the old farm mortgage (becoming increasingly difficult, this one), until the heroine shows up (in the latest clothes and haircut) and cleverly turns the trick. In their stories, plays, and novels women insist on seeing themselves as clever young women telling the boss, boy friend, or husband what to do and when to do it, or as Saint Joans and Florence Nightingales rescuing the world from the blunders of the male — or better yet, a combination of both. Men write this stuff, men publish it — and even read it — and though they know it is bad, they don't know exactly why.

How does the male come off on our magazine covers? He is frequently pictured either as a humorous ass, as on the current cover of a leading monthly, or a burlesque of masculinity in contrast with some version of "glorious womanhood," as on the recent cover of a national weekly. Most magazine covers celebrate only the American madonna, with a serene, characterless, little-girl face fresh from the beauty parlor. A he-man's vision of what she ought to be doesn't interest her. Man looms, in short, before the average woman's-magazine reader in the dual rôle of bill-payer and biological factor. Of course, he is well-dressed and looks nice, but how often is there any strength in that clothes-model figure, any character in that flawless pan? And, in these days, with women in control of the purchasing power of the nation, it is not impossible that the male rôle will be reduced in time to the biological factor alone. As a matter of fact, even that rôle is threatened. In a recent series of experiments with rabbits, it has been shown that it is possible to eliminate the male entirely and still preserve the species.

The disparagement of the male finds an echo in our more serious literature. Woman actually assumes man's rôle in life in Robert Herrick's novel, *The End of Desire,* and makes an abject slave of him in *The Matriarchate,* the last novel by Rupert Hughes. In Aldous Huxley's current masterpiece, *Eyeless in Gaza,* we find the dramatic climax precipitated by a passionate woman's scorn of the sexual incompetency of the hero. She is able to arouse him to a passionate approach to the woman he loves only by a money wager. In Huxley's *This Brave New World,* the men are fattened up in pens to show that men are merely incidental in a woman's life, and Gay Taylor, in her

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No Goodness in the Worm, voices her disgust that this should be true, saying: "Men are supportable as friends, publishers, engineers, coal miners, and so forth. They may even be admirable. But my whole point is that nowadays, as husbands and lovers, they're preposterous and absurd . . . it's a reverence for the true male principle that obliges me to tear my hair and wring my hands when I see the modern travesty of it." Marjorie Hillis in her book, *Live Alone and Like It,* recently published, tells unwed women that they will find left today only a "few chivalrous gentlemen who believe that the man should be the provider," and advises them to do the pursuing: "It's better to be brazen than neglected. . . . The best rule is to make your invitations worth accepting and not to care what the man thinks so long as he comes."

In Fulton Oursler's *Joshua Todd,* we are told that the fight of the male to maintain his biological right to head his family is hopeless: "It's while the wives are carrying their first child that they get their husbands down permanently," says the hero's family physician and life-long friend. "At this time nature steps in and pulls a fast one for the little woman. The man is to blame and he is made to know it, boy; it was to gratify his nasty pleasure that she did it in the first place, and now look at her. He has to make it up to her; he has to wait on her, hand and foot. He has to humor her slightest whim. Why, this thing may cost her her life! That's a woman's whole idea of life — to get power over a man and keep it."

Our male poets still celebrate the glamour and beauty of romantic love, but in the light of modern mental science many of their raptures also reveal psychic enslavement. Space is wanting here to quote at length lines to prove this statement, but here is a poem by the demi-god of the moderns, James Joyce:

Alone

The moon's soft golden meshes make
All night a veil;
The shore-lamps in the sleeping lake
Laburnum tendrils trail.

The sly reeds whisper in the night
A name — her name;
And all my soul is a delight,
A swoon of shame.

Ezra Pound begins a poem, "Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions." And are the younger men poets any more masculine? Writes Glenway Wescott:

I, in my pitiful flesh
Transfigured, have woven
Music of wilderness.

And now that my old fear is flung
Aside, I will hold
In my hands what hunger has sung.

From all the roads where I go
Shame like a red mist vanishes.
Oh — oh. . . .

The desert is shaken with cries:
"Come, and I will be kind."
I am the lover with frightened eyes.

The most significant index of male decline we have, however, may be found in our advertisements. If we look at a current issue of a national monthly, what will the ads reveal? Well, they reveal very clearly that eighty per cent of the consumer-purchasing in this country is done by women, for it is to them the appeals are made — appeals often based on fears and romance. It's a woman's world we live in, and a sort of washed-behind-its-ears woman-worship that we believe in. Men still sit in chairs of authority in business and politics, but when they go home they ask the "little woman" what to do. Women today spend what men earn. Women are acknowledged as the decisive buyers of just about everything except locomotives, and they'll soon be looking into this line, too.

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Practically all the advertising, all the fiction and plays and motion pictures are produced for feminine consumption. In the legitimate theater, too, we find the degradation of the male the central theme of smash hits. In *The Petrified Forest,* the hero is a dreamy, morally bankrupt, impotent bum with a book. Finding that the heroine wants to cut a swath in Paris, he tells her how much he loves her, reads her something beautiful, and then has himself shot in order to turn his life insurance into cash to pay for the trip. And all the while a devoted, passionate lover the heroine's own age holds out his arms for her! If he had had any manhood at all, he would have fought for the life he threw away and would have had at least an even chance of tramping through those French cathedrals he was always raving about in his new wife's company. (Our men *do* lack imagination; only the other day in North Carolina a husband had himself crucified —it was the only way he could think of to bring his estranged wife back to him.)

In *Three Men on a Horse,* an even more astonishing Broadway success, one of the biggest laughs is a scene in a hotel room. A husky young man occupying the room returns suddenly to find his girl friend, minus her dress, in another man's arms. With a semblance of great rage he shouts, "Good God, it's unfair; it took me three weeks and a diamond bracelet to get that far with her, and you've seen her only a few minutes!" The real gag is that the girl friend arrived in the other man's embrace, not because of the latter's conquering virility, but because, while he cowered, dumb and helpless, she stripped to

1. *To appeal to women film-goers, Hollywood's cowboys must do two things: make love whimsically, and moo into a microphone.*

2. *Glorious womanhood, as seen on the cover of a leading weekly magazine, with the all-conquering, modern male beside her.*

3. *The modern male, as conceived by a leading he-man's publication.*

4. *Whose styles are aping whose?*

5. *Concept of marriage, as commonly reflected in advertisements from a leading woman's magazine of large circulation.*

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her fighting frills and walked boldly up to her prey. And the poor fish who had to pay out great money for kisses was no aging, gouty banker or timorous parson. He was a muscular young gangster.

Women today actually can't tell whether a grown male is an object of desire or pity. "There must be something wrong with me," says a woman in one of George Clark's cartoons to a woman confidante. "I have to feel sorry for a guy before I can fall in love with him." In another of Clark's cartoons we are shown a youthful husband shinning up a tree in the distance while his wife and her woman friend powder their noses in boredom in the family automobile, waiting for him. "Oh, we get some variety," says the wife of the egg-hunting husband. "In the winter it's stamp collections and in summer it's birds' eggs." Is it any wonder that young women nowadays ask themselves what their young males expect of them? In the absence of any academic authority on this question, we turn to that most popular font of wisdom on stalking the modern bill-payer, Miss Dorothy Dix. In a full-page display of samples of her "horse sense" on the romantic problems of unwed girls in these perplexing times, she says to them:

"No matter how big and strong a man is, nor how many other men he bosses, he wants his wife to treat him as if he were a delicate infant who has to be nursed and dandled and chucked under the chin. Talk about women who can hand out intellectual companionship: Produce your living pictures! They are simply not one, two, three with the wise dame who pets and fusses over her lord and master."

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Man has so lost his repute that most women are finding him no longer worth fighting for, and our laws are being altered to acknowledge her new independence. Woman was once protected from man's tendency to love and run away by breach-of-promise statutes, which gave the duped maiden some financial reward for yielding up her love, if not that more precious than life itself. In New York, Indiana, Illinois, and some other states, this law has been abrogated; the male had to have protection from designing women who were using it as the basis for one of the worst rackets ever conceived.

George Jean Nathan wants the "unwritten law" discarded. The arguments for this are not all clear, but we may suppose that the husband, turned gunman to protect his property right to his wife, no longer has the public's sympathy; a wife who strays from her husband's bed is presumed to have good reason. The alimony racket still flourishes, even if in a few states the breach-of-promise racket doesn't, because women know that a husband will pay. Man has been stalked down to his last stand — the dollar.

If the average husband and father isn't bossed outright by his wife, he is told where to get off by his children. This failure to assert himself in his own home he rationalizes by boasting that he "doesn't want to be a tyrant." Many thousands of fathers who have dreamed of being able to develop some cultural interest in the little leisure permitted them have found themselves forced to identify themselves with their children's pursuits in the arts, instead of taking lessons and having a little bit of fun themselves.

Pushed down to his last stand, the dollar, man has now had that taken away from him. Women buy eighty per cent of the consumer goods; are the chief beneficiaries of most estates; receive eighty per cent of the benefits of life insurance, sixty-five per cent of the proceeds of personal trusts; they have sixty-five per cent of all savings-bank accounts, about forty-eight per cent of the stock of all railroad corporations, some forty-four per cent of the stock of public utilities, and about forty per cent of all real estate.

Now part of this trend was inevitable with the infiltration of women into business, and part of it was due to the male himself. He let women get hold of the reins and he can't get them back. Before the boom days of the twenties, most men took more interest in the home and its management. Then, when dividends were to be plucked from every corporate tree — and life was a round of sales meetings, committee meetings, club meetings, making "valuable contacts," and all the rest of that nonsense — there was no time for home affairs. He turned everything over to the little woman.

When things began to crack in the early, chilly thirties, he tried to go home — only to discover that his family didn't know him. A woman was running the household, and consciously or unconsciously resisted any attempt of his to stick his nose in. What did he know about the job? And the same thing applied to business generally; the conquering male of the twenties turned the routine and rough stuff over to his secretary, and often found the secretary carrying on in his job in the thirties after he had been eased out.

Now man's decline cannot be explained by these changes in the economic order. There were, and are, subtler forces at work. The causes have been discussed by many wise observers, though solutions are less frequently attempted. Mary Borden, comparing the childish mawkishness of the American male and his wife ("the most immoral woman in the world" with her divorce racket) with ideals of marriage in France, tells us that Americans are living in accordance with the romantic ideals of the Middle Ages, are sentimental, arrogantly opinionated, and lost in moral anarchy. Simeon Strunsky insists that the male has weakened under his female teachers in school, that the absence of domestic help in his home keeps his wife from a more companionable life, and that he clings to his sentimentalisms because big business makes them pay. Albert Jay Nock asserts that woman's ascendency is due chiefly to the growing economic importance which has given her control of all our organized expression of spiritual activity, and he pleads with her not to attempt to advance any further by imitating man and his ways, but to make the most of her management of the cultural activities of the country.

These commentators, you will note, as well as most others who essay this bristling theme of the balance between the sexes, address themselves almost altogether to the fortunes and destiny of the woman. The male today is without his prophets, his laureates, almost without a physician to serve as medical critic and friend. He has today his books on his sexual problems, but — how much he needs besides that! After a century-long campaign for the "rights of women," we find victory more than won. Woman has effectively demonstrated that she can equal his feats of physical endurance in swimming and in certain sports, can take over his jobs, can wear his clothes, invade his barber shop, smoke his pipe, and swear. Still she is not content.

Now she seems bent on extending her dominance of the home to dominance of society generally, and will evidently stop only when she finds herself enthroned in the matriarchate envisioned in the hop dreams of our novelists. Now if this strikes you as an exaggeration, consider the recent announcement in a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* by Women Investors in America, Inc., an organization with members in thirty-odd states: "America isn't a democracy; it's a matriarchy." The advertisement goes on to talk boldly about women deciding what the nation should eat and wear, where and how it should live, what is good for it, and what is not. . . .

Now, perhaps no one has studied the instinctive problems of the American woman in relation to her social and economic goals more exhaustively, and written about the subject more uncompromisingly, than Doctor Beatrice Hinkle. Doctor Hinkle believes that the most regret-

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table result of the emancipation of woman is that woman has, in attaining equality with men, tended to adopt man's values, and finding herself unable, by reason of her biological inheritance, to do this, she has developed a sense of inferiority. She has, in other words, adopted man's neurotic weaknesses along with his language, clothes, and skill in business.

Doctor Hinkle resents Otto Weininger's assertion, in his sensational *Sex and Character,* that woman is wholly sexual, while man is only partly sexual, and that woman can have no character apart from her relation to man; such statements she dismisses as themselves symptoms of male neuroticism and holds forth to women but one method for escaping from this psychic dependence and winning the achievement of a complete selfhood. "The greatest need for women is to attain self-realization, consciousness of herself as a distinct personality apart from her biological function, and thus gain an inner independence of man. Only when this is attained can a true relationship develop between man and woman wherein sex antagonism, envy, and rivalry cease to exist. Only then can modern woman give herself freely in love, and both man and woman gain the completion that comes from such giving."

There is a false premise here — even Doctor Hinkle would not deny that women are physically bound to women in a way men are not bound to women. As for a selfhood for women: well, men have been working at a selfhood, independent of a sane consideration of the demands of women, for centuries, and what has it got them? Nothing but the double standard, which was the most treacherous piece of moral hypocrisy civilization has known. No ideal erected by either sex which ignores instinct has any chance of success.

As a matter of fact, women today seem to be making a mistake even greater than developing a selfhood of their own: they seem determined to imitate man's neurotic selfhood. They cannot see that man by chasing the rainbow of ideals which strove to subject woman has finally sunk himself in a miasmic swamp of psychic anemia. Man, in man's language, is happy only with a hot blonde and a cold bottle. Woman today has to be a dumb push-over to enable these trembling Romeos to make the grade. Such is the male selfhood! No wonder our college-graduate young women go unwed; our weakened males are afraid of them and rationalize this fear by calling the flower of our potential wives and mothers highbrows and blue-stockings. If a man does marry one of them, he promptly cowers in subjection and, as soon as the first baby appears, he seizes the opportunity to begin calling its mother "Mama." What can women possibly gain by imitating men?

Out of his fear of woman in the sex relation, man has coined his prize rationalization: "Women are all alike." He intends you to think that they are all equally "easy," but the truth is they are all equally difficult. And from this difficulty man attempts to escape by making it the subject of his endless jokes about the ball and chain. And women, because they have adopted man's morbid view of marriage, laugh too!

More than one psychologist has faltered in the task of getting us straightened out, to get us to do this and do that, to think this and think that. But one approach offers hope of eventual solution, and that is a return to fundamentals. What is needed for both sexes — including in particular those individuals who think they "know all about sex" — is lessons in the sex instinct and its ways. We have got to begin at the beginning and start all over again.

Since the hygiene or "smut" courses given in most schools and colleges are almost worse than no instruction at all, the male might turn for enlightenment to the animals, in which instinct still functions normally. The beasts, though dumb beyond all reckoning, know the full lust and zest of living. The buck deer will regularly get himself half killed just to breed — but he is a proud animal. Consider even the poor fish: the salmon fights its way upstream with tragic relentlessness to exercise paternity and die. He's proud too.

Life is love, love is desire, desire is romance. In *New Spoon River,* Edgar Lee Masters gives these lines to a pioneer ancestress in rebuke to people today:

> What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
> Anger, discontent and dropping hopes?
> Degenerate sons and daughters,
> Life is too strong for you!
> It takes life to love life.

Man is, among other things, a mating animal and he should be aggressive and vain about it; he is not a sin-suffused wretch whose heritage of joy is his greatest curse. Woman is a mate to be captured and possessed and kept for more of the same; she is not a mama with a switch behind her back. Men who have missed this heritage, if they are not too old, have two doors open to them: one, riddance of morbid fear and, second, improvement of health.

Now there is no happy ending to this article — the one or two signs on the horizon that things may change are barely worth mentioning. But they are there. And among a few people one idea is taking hold: that is that many of the problems which seem to be toppling nations today could be solved by swelling the number of well-sexed, well-set-up men with strength in their bodies and minds free of the worries born of ignorance. Such men will demand that women be strong, feminine, and wise in a sexual sense — and such women will demand that men be virile and psychically equal to their tasks.

*

The editors of SCRIBNER'S *feel that in no sense has the last word been said on a subject as vast as the one treated by Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy. If there is an answer to the foregoing article — and there is certainly more to be said on the subject —* SCRIBNER'S *will gladly consider publishing it. Furthermore, the editors will also print any pertinent comments on the part of readers.*

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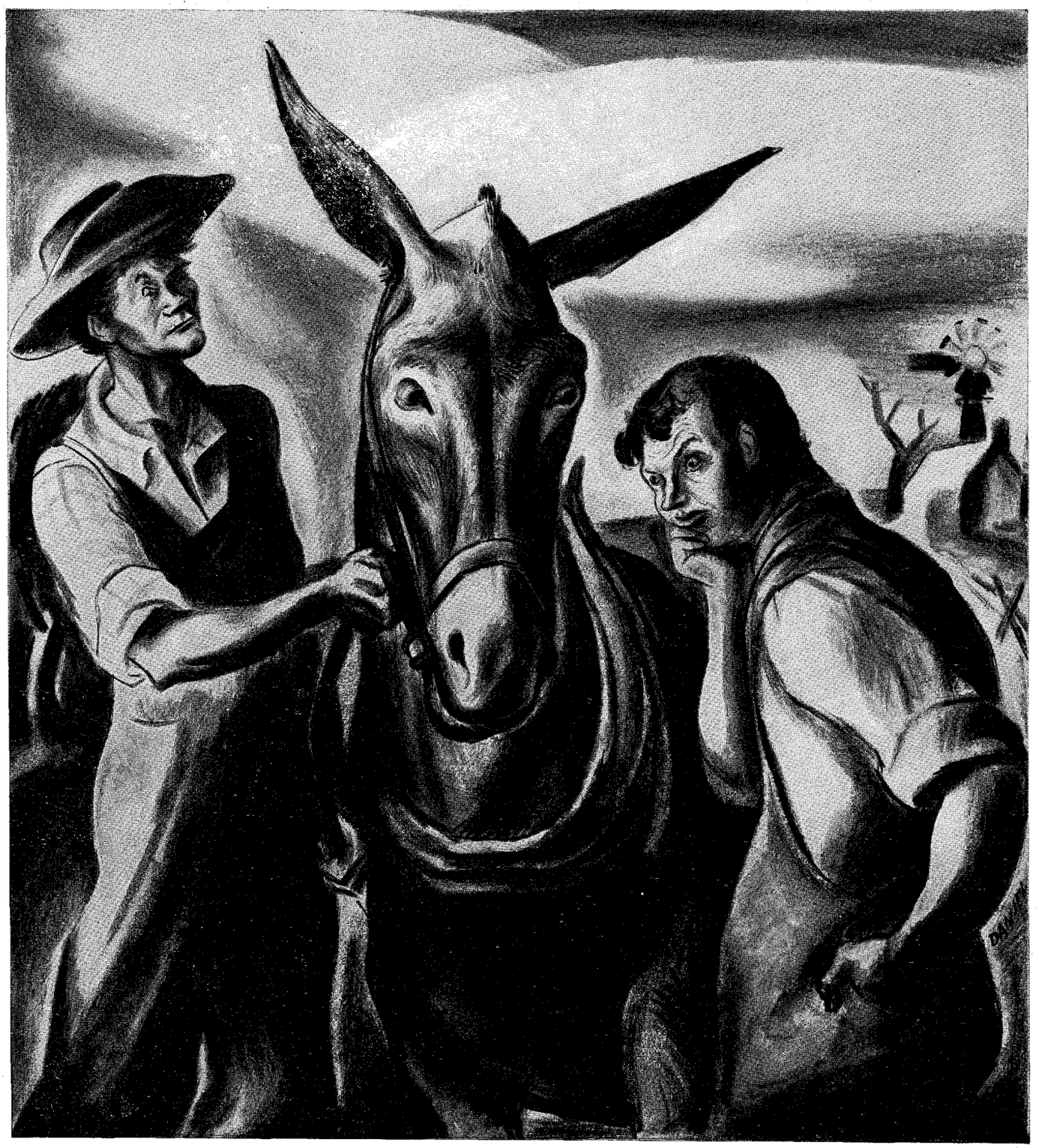

LEWIS DANIEL

VARMINTS

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

[26]

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Oak Bluff had three pet varmints—Luty and Jim and Snort

THERE'S no woman in the State of Florida has got more patience with the varmint in a man than me. It's in his blood, just like a woman has got a little snake and a mite of cat. A man's borned varminty and he dies varminty, and when the preacher asks do we believe our great-great-granddaddies was monkeys, I can't scarcely keep from standing up and saying, "Brother, a good ways back, I figure things was a heap worse mixed up than monkeys."

I ain't throwing off on my Will. Will Dover's a good man and a gentle. It ain't Will. It's Jim Lee and Luty Higgenbotham. That pair . . . I understand them. I've done been understanding them since we was young uns, and I've had patience with them.

My Will said yesterday, "Quincey, you been making the peace between them two all your lives. Nobody can't see how come you now to be so hard on them."

That's it. That's just it. They plumb wore out my patience. Menfolks had ought to know such things. A man'll seem like a person to a woman, year in, year out. She'll put up and she'll put up. Then one day he'll do something maybe no worse than what he's been a-doing all his life. She'll look at him. And without no warning he'll look like a varmint. That day come to me with Jim and Luty. It come on account of that blasted mule they owned together. And I say they got no good right to crawl me for what I wrote and the *Bugle* printed it.

Jim Lee and Luty Higgenbotham — Why, them two had never ought to have begun to own no mule together. Let alone no such mule as that un, that'd raise aggravation amongst the angels. Jim and Luty always was like pure game-cocks for mixing it. They begun it forty year gone, when they was two little old shirt-tail boys going to the Oak Bluff school together, and me a little old gal young un with a red knitted petticoat.

I remember oncet the three of us eased off from school and went fishing in Cross Creek. In them days the bream in the Creek was right smart plentiful. Jim looked over at Luty's string of bream and he said, "You putting my bream on your string."

Luty's easy-going, most ways, as a hound dog at noon in August. He's a little round feller with brown eyes, looked just the same then as now, mild and puppyfied. And hard-headed, too, like them gentle dogs can be.

He said, "No, I ain't putting your bream on my string."

Jim had one of his ornery fits on. Jim ain't changed none, neither. Shingle-butted and holler-chested and a mouth like a sewed-up buttonhole, and light blue eyes as mean as the Book of Job.

He said, "I ain't going to go fishing with nobody that puts my fish on his string."

Now if Luty had of spoke humble one more time, Jim would likely have shut up. But that's it. Neither one ain't never waited for t'other to speak humble one more time. So what did Luty do? He takened Jim's string of bream and he takened hissen and he turned them both upside down over the side of the rowboat, and the bream all swum off to where they'd come from. Luty rolled up his little old raggedy breeches and he stepped outen the rowboat, waist-deep amongst the lily-pads and the water-moccasins, and he waded back to shore. And that's the pair that growed up to try to own a mule together.

Oak Bluff don't entirely agree on just exactly how Jim and Luty did grow up. Jim's daddy owned the General Store and a nigger jook and a row of shanties in the Quarters. Jim growed up mean and close-fisted and now he owns the Store and two nigger jooks and the whole mess of shanties and ain't nary son of Ham in the county ain't always in debt to him, on account of him keeping the books hisself. When he got to be buggy-riding size, he got hisself married. His daddy was still alive and holding tight to what he had, so Jim seed to it he married him a gal had a nice little farm. And that's how come him to grow up to need a mule along about when he was twenty-one.

Now the way Luty growed up, some say the Lord done a pore job of raising him, for there wasn't nobody else to blame. He was an orphan and all he ever had to his name was his daddy's rowboat and a dozen fish-traps and a wore-out seine. Until he was a growed man, he never had no more shoes than a yard-dog. He fished along a little and he ketched alligators. He made a good haul of fish one time and he bought ten acres of land that joined up behind me and Will. He planted it to sugar-cane and he rigged up a piece of a mill and set up a syrup-kettle. And that's how come him to need a mule for the cane-grinding. . . .

I was passing Perry's sink-hole the very October day, twenty-eight year ago, when they traded. Old Man Perry had a small kind of a mule on a halter. Jim and Luty was standing thoughtful, just looking at the mule, the way men do when they're trading. Right then, it was only Jim was trading. Luty wasn't into it.

Old Man Perry called out to me, "Quincey, what'd you say to a feller won't offer but thirty dollars for a fine young mule?"

Jim said, "What'd you say to a feller asks fifty, and the mule not much more'n a colt, has never been broke nor worked?"

In them days I hadn't learned to keep my mouth shut. I said, "I reckon fifty ain't too much for him."

Jim spit one way and Old Man Perry t'other, and Luty grinned.

Jim said, "I'll raise me my own mule."

Luty said, "Jackasses is always the daddies, ain't they?"

Jim wheeled around, but Luty was scuffling the sand.

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Jim watched him, and I could see him catch a-holt of an idea.

"Looky here, Luty," he said. "You got you a fine stand of cane, and frost due on it, and no horse nor mule to grind it. Now my crops is all spring crops. You and me good friends, the way we always been, what say we buy this mule together?"

"Well," said Luty, "the way we always been friends, I don't know as buying no mule together has got too much sense to it."

I said, "You mighty right. You can't throw a mule in the Creek when you get put out at each other."

"Quincey," said Jim, "if you don't shut your mouth——"

About that time the mule hoisted up his ears and wrinkled his nose. He pulled loose from Old Man Perry and walked over to Luty. Luty had him a plug of tobaccy and he just shaved hisself off a nice thin sliver. The mule reached out his tongue and wrapped it around the sliver. He stepped back, closed his eyes, and went to chewing.

"Well, I'll be dogged," said Luty. "I'll just be dogged."

Old Man Perry begun to jump up and down.

"That don't mean nothing," he said, "he's normal."

"He ain't normal," I said. "I'll bet he's a stump-sucker."

"He's a May mule and he'll waller in the water," Old Man Perry said, "but if he's a stump-sucker, all I got to say is I ain't never seed him suck no stumps nor postes."

"I'll bet you're obliged to turn your back in mighty big of a hurry," I said.

Luty walked on over to the mule and pared him off another shaving of tobaccy. The mule takened it and kind of nuzzled him and went to chewing again.

"I'll be dogged," Luty said.

"I'll take thirty dollars," Old Man Perry said, getting nervous.

"Don't you trade, fellers," I said to Jim and Luty. "The mule's peculiar, and you-all are peculiar. Don't go adding no fat to no bonfire."

They paid me no more mind than the wind a-blowing.

"I got fifteen dollars cash-money," Luty said.

"I got fifteen," Jim said.

All two of them fished it outen their pants pockets. Old Man Perry takened it like a bream taking a earthworm. He dropped the halter over a myrtle bush and he headed it for home before they could change their minds. Jim and Luty stood a minute, looking pleased with theirselves.

"Well, you're bogged up now," I said.

"I expect you to feed him till spring," Jim said to Luty.

"I'll feed him," Luty said. "I sort of aim to enjoy his company as much as his work."

"What's that fuss?" I said.

It was the mule. He had a grip with his teeth on a lighter'd stump and he was sucking at it until you'd think he'd pop the breath outen his body.

"The blasted thing's a stump-sucker, all right," I said.

II

NOTHING ever takened to a new life the way that no-account mule takened to cane-grinding. All the week I could hear the rusty gears in Luty's cane-mill creaking like a whooping-crane. Right from the beginning the grinding just suited that mule. Walking slowlike around and around, nothing to do, no plow to pull, just walking in a easy circle like a buzzard wheeling. Now and again snatching hisself a stalk of sugar-cane to chew on. Figuring, "Ain't life pleasant."

I went on over to Luty's one day when he was setting on his stoop, giving his rum a fair try-out. The gyp was sleeping, and the mule was scratching hisself against a post, and I set down amongst them.

"Luty," I said, "what on earth's different about that blasted mule?"

"He's a mite sway-backed," Luty said.

I said, "A mort of mules is sway-backed. Look at him," I said. "Look at him droop his ears. He droops his ears more'n most mules droops them. He don't seem to want to hear much."

"He's just smart," Luty said. "He knows there's nothing much in the world wuth listening to."

"Look at him," I said. "Look at that trick he's got. Resting on three legs and tucking t'other leg under him. Like as if he used that leg the most. The left front un."

"He do use it the most," Luty said, and the mule went to pawing the sand. "He craves tobaccy. He uses that leg to paw the sand when he wants a chew." Luty got up from the stoop and pared off a shaving, and the mule went to chewing. "Or," said Luty, "a pinch of snuff will do him if no tobaccy ain't handy."

"Luty," I said, "the creetur ain't natural."

The mule looked at me then. Iffen you'll notice, most animals don't look much at persons. But this mule looked at me, and I knowed I was done looked at. Then he looked off again, chewing vigorous. He'd done forgot me, studying on whatever 'tis mules studies on. Then it come to me. He was knowing. That was it. He was knowing. He had a human kind of a look, blest if he didn't. And it was Luty hisself he looked like. He looked like Luty more'n most persons could of done. Pot-bellied and low-coupled and big-eyed and easy-going, and biggety, too. And chewing his tobaccy and looking at you sideways. I'll swear.

"Luty," I said, "it'll be like a sandspur under Jim's tail just to see the two of you together."

"Why so? Looking at us won't cost him nothing."

"Get rid of the creetur. I'd not give him lot-room."

"I would," he said, "and Jim Lee'll not trade me outen him, neither."

That night at dead midnight I was laying sleeping and trusting beside my Will. In my dreams, like, I heard a sound like a person choking to death. It come to me my Will was strangling, and I lep outen the bed, me not plumb used to him being in it. 'Twa'n't Will at all. He was snoring, but not no such sound as that un. It chilled

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LITHOGRAPHS BY THOMAS BENTON

my backbone. It come from the yard, and I knowed somebody was out there getting murdered. The sound quit, and I heard steps in the sand. I called out, "Will!" and I leaned out the window. I wasn't prepared. I just wasn't prepared. I run my face smack into that blasted mule's nose, and him standing there in the moonlight, peeking in the window.

And in the morning, there was my gate-post chewed to splinters where that on-natural mule had been sucking on it in the darkness. And that wasn't all. There was my fresh-set petunia plants — I've always been a fool for petunias — mashed to nothing. I followed the tracks, and there was my sweet-potato beds trampled something astonishing. Most creeturs'll walk in a low place, like the ruts of a road. But this mule had done rambled right down the tops of my potato beds. He'd walked down one row and up t'other, like a young un walking a fence, and ary place he'd set them big feet down, he'd cut a peck of sweet potatoes to where they wasn't only fit for the hogs.

You know what I done? I done nothing. I didn't want to lose all chancet of talking give-and-take between Luty and Jim.

III

SPRING come. The yellow jessamine had done quit blooming. I'd done cut back my petunia plants. Jim come to the house, and it about dusk-dark.

"I'm on my way to Luty's," he said, "to carry home my mule for my spring planting."

"I'll walk on over with you," I said, "and carry him a mess of greens and bacon for his breakfast."

So me and Jim walked on over to Luty's.

"Well," Jim said, "I've done come to carry home my mule."

"*My* mule ain't to home right now," Luty said, "iffen that's the mule you're speaking about."

"Well, *our* mule," Jim said. Then he rared up and hollered, "Why ain't he to home? Iffen you've done gone and rented him out——"

"He ain't rented," Luty said. "He's restless."

"Well," Jim said to Luty, "go ketch him."

"I wouldn't know where to go to," Luty said.

"It's four good mile to my place, Luty Higgenbotham. You should of had him in the lot. I can't traipse back and to, waiting and waiting all the time for no mule to get on-restless."

"Spend the night, Jim," Luty offered. "I got a extry bed in the south room off the blow-way. Snort'll ease in during the night, I'm satisfied."

"Well," Jim said, reluctant, "my wife'll quarrel, but I'd liefer hear her quarrel tomorrow than walk eight mile tonight. 'Snort'?" he asked. "How come you to call him 'Snort'?"

"He answers to it."

"It's a queer name." Jim said.

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IV

THE NEXT thing I knowed, it was day. I was in the kitchen cooking breakfast. I heard the gate click, and there was Jim leading the mule into the yard.

I called, "Come get you some breakfast, Jim, afore you rides away."

He come into the kitchen, and where the light from the lamp fell on his face, I seed he had him a lump on his forehead like a turkey egg.

"You see that?" he said, pointing to the lump. "Luty and that mule between them nigh onto kilt me, along toward day."

"Have some grits while you're talking," I said. "They're soft and soothing."

"Quincey," he told me, swallowing grits, "I should of knowed better than to stay the night. I goes to sleep in the room on the south side of the blow-way, just as trusting as a baby. I had me the door shut, but I was sleeping a mite light, it being Luty's house. Along about after midnight I hears a 'Pip-pip!' on the floor of the blow-way and then, 'Bam!' and my door flies open. I gets up and strikes a match and looks down the blow-way, and there's nary thing in sight. I figures I was maybe dreaming and I shuts the door—it don't latch too good—and I goes back to sleep. Two-three hours later, I hears 'Pip-pip!' on the blow-way and, 'Bam!' the door comes open again.

"I says to myself, 'Luty's maybe pranking.' But nobody ain't going to Bam my door open in the middle of the night without me objecting. So I gets up and I draws a chair up close to the door and shuts it and I sets there. I must of drowsed off, just at daybreak. The next thing I knows, that blasted door Bams open and knocks me that dead to where I couldn't of told a house-cat from my grandmammy. I staggers out when I comes to my senses, and there's Luty setting on the stoop feeding that tormented mule plug tobaccy.

" 'Who done Bammed my door open and knocked me senseless?' I said.

"I'll swear, Quincey, I don't know how come me to keep from laying out the pair of them.

" 'Must of been Snort,' Luty says, 'kicking the door open. Don't he trot acrost the blow-way delicate? I forgot to tell you last night, he don't like no doors left closed agin him.' "

I thought, "The Lord'll settle this thing, after all."

"You pore feller," I said. "Of course you can't be bothered owning no such creetur along with Luty—you just buy Luty's share offen him."

"Quincey," he said, "not at no price—not at none—Luty won't sell."

"Then sell Luty your share," I said. "Be done with the torment."

Jim narrered his eyes and he scrooched his mouth.

"He won't offer but ten dollars, and I'll not take less than the mule's wuth, not if I'm tormented until Kingdom Come."

"Merciful jaybird!" I said. "If all two of you aim to be more mulified than the mule, it's birds of a feather."

"Go back on me," he said, bristling up. "You always did favor Luty."

"I'd like to crack his head open," I said, "and agin yours'd be the finest place I can think of."

Then I seed things was getting worse by the minute.

"Don't pay me no mind, Jim," I said. "I'm just all fretted up by the creetur myself. You go home and shame Luty. You go learn the mule just the opposite. Learn him real nice and Christian ways."

"I'll do it, Quincey," he said. "I'll sure do that thing."

And you know what happened that fine Spring morning? This is what done happened. Jim put the mule to the plow. He lined up his first furrow. He said, "Giddap, Snort!" And what did Snort do? He set off as brisk as a gal in her first silk petticoat. But instead of going straight ahead, the way a plow mule belongs to go, he curved to the right and he made him a sweep and he curved to the left and dogged if he didn't make the purtiest circle in Jim's cornfield you'd hope to make for the circle pattern in a patch-work quilt. Jim's wife said he like to lost his salvation, cussing, he was that put out about it.

It takened Jim a month to get Snort to where he'd plow a furrow without sashaying like a square dancer. And when he got him to where he'd plow straight, he'd stop anywheres and paw the sand with his left front hoof, wanting tobaccy. I didn't blame Jim one mite for being short of patience. I sided with Jim all that summer. For the blasted mule'd get lonesome for Luty and he'd get lonesome for a chew and he'd leave out from Jim's farm t'other side of town and he'd hit it through Oak Bluff and he'd come cutting acrost my yard and my petunias and Bam open my back gate and head through my sweet potatoes and into Luty's cane-field and up to the stoop where Luty was generally sitting, expecting him.

And you know what happened that sure enough fixed things? This is what done happened. I seed it and I'll bear witness, for I went with Jim when he follered Snort to Luty's.

There set Luty on the stoop, and there set his rum jug. And there stood Snort, so wobbly on them short legs he couldn't scarcely stand. His eyes was closed. Swinging above his nose on a wire hung from the porch roof was a baby's nursing bottle. It was upside down and it was empty. Snort opened one eye. He looked at Jim and he looked at me, purely cock-eyed. Then he closed that eye again. Jim run and snatched down the bottle and he smelt of it. And him voting Temperance——

"It's rum!" he hollered. "You been giving him rum!"

"He'd ruther of had cane-skimmings," Luty said, "but I was out."

Merciful jaybird! I never seed a man go as wild as Jim Lee.

"That's why the creetur leaves Christian surroundings and slips off!" he squalled. "That's why he don't act like

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no decent mule belongs to act! You've done corrupted him! You've takened a pore beast along your evil way!"

"Don't think hard of me, Jim," Luty said. "I just found out the pore old feller's tastes by accident. The first fall we takened up together, I ketched him with his head in the barrel of buck. He was some kind of enjoying hisself. I drove him off, but he'd hang around and he'd hang around. 'Wait,' I tells him. 'Wait till I runs the skimmings through the still.' I no more dreamed he'd care for the rum — But I don't break no promises, not even to a creetur. So when I'd done run the buck through the still, I give him a snort, and Jim, I'll swear, his gratitude was pitiful."

"You heathen mule-corrupter, that's how come you to call him 'Snort.' How dast you even admit to it!"

"Now Jim," Luty said, mild as a May day, and Snort drooped his ears, not wishing to hear the conversation. "I'm surprised to hear you talk so harsh and all, you with a loving wife and family. Jim, ain't it never occurred to you I'm doing this pore feller a kindness? Iffen you'll just study on it a mite, Jim, it'll come to you, there ain't too much in life a mule can enjoy."

V

THEN COME the cow business. Things was getting springified again, and I was setting on the porch, rocking and resting.

I heard a scraping and a clomping. Snort was sailing down my fence-row. I hollered and I run at him. He done a buck-and-wing and put his head on one side and give me that knowing look and brayed the most impudent a mule could bray. He kicked up his heels and jumped the fence and lit out for Jim Lee's. That's where we found him. My Will drove Luty and me out to Jim's in his first Model-T.

Luty said, riding along, "I can't believe Snort's gone off and left me."

"Luty," I said, "I do believe you're getting to where you put too much store by that on-natural animal."

"No, Quincey, you're wrong. Snort's faithful to me, and he's loyal. He don't only go to Jim when he's obliged to. I'd take it hard if Snort found ary piece of pleasure, going to Jim's."

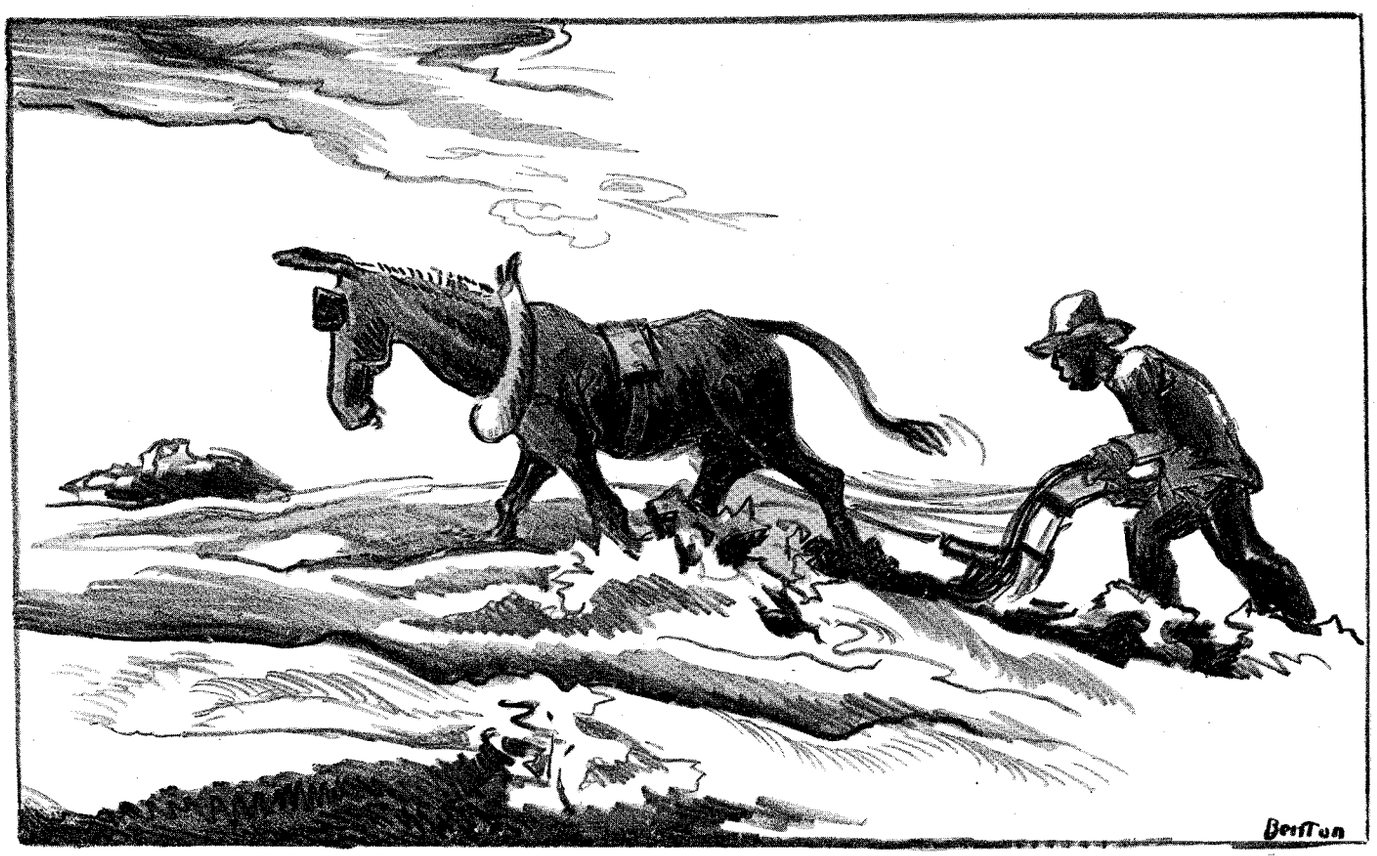
"Well, he's found it," I said. "Looky there."

There was Snort. There he was, the sly somebody. Jim's two cows was in the lot, and there was Snort hanging his head over the lot-fence. And them two cows was licking his nose. Now Luty always kept a salt-brick for Snort, and Jim didn't never keep none for his stock, and them two cows was getting theirselves a lick of salt. But Snort takened it for affection. His eyes was half-closed and he had him the silliest look I've ever seed on a mule. He inched up closer to the lot and he rested his chin on the top of the fence, bob-wire and all. No mistake about it, he'd come all them miles on account of figuring them cows was fond of him.

Luty set dazed-like in the Model-T.

"I'd not of thought it," he said.

"Perk up, Luty," I said. "A blasted mule's a blasted mule, right on."



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"I know," he said, "but I've done nussed that mule. He'd have the colic, and I'd put hot towels to his stummick. He'd be bound, and I'd drench him with lard and syrup. He'd come to me from Jim's plowing, hongry, and I'd feed him till he couldn't hold another mouthful. He'd want his tobaccy, and iffen so be I was a mite short, I'd give him mine and go without. And when it come to the cane-skimmings and the rum, I'd share and share alike."

"You don't expect gratitude from that creetur, do you?"

"Well, no," he said. "And well, yes. You don't understand a lonely man, Quincey. When a man's lonely, he'll set his heart on most ary thing that be companionable."

And Luty looked so cheerless that all the rest of the time him and Jim was having it, ary quarrel where I seed the chancet, I put in to take up for Luty.

VI

It don't make sense for no two men to quarrel twenty-eight year over no mule. If 'twas over a woman, that'd make little sense enough. But that Snort — that droop-eared, sway-backed, wise-looking, tobaccy-chewing, rum-drinking, trompling son of a donkey — that just don't make sense. I'll not admit to one scrap of dishonor for what I done. It was a month ago, come Monday. And what I done, come about like this.

Luty had him a fine stand of sugar-cane this fall. He was the last person in the county to grind. He invited all Oak Bluff to come to his last night of cane-grinding and syrup-boiling and make a frolic of it.

"It's a pity to leave out Jim Lee," I said to him, feeling mighty smart. "Ain't it about time you two was neighboring, more'n just to fetch that old mule back and to?"

"I can bear his snout in my cane-juice if he can," Luty said.

So I said to Jim, "Luty's takened the greatest notion you should come to syrup-boiling. You-all ain't getting no younger, and that mule that's stood between you ain't getting no younger. Somebody's due to feel shame too late."

"That's right, Quincey," he said, "but it wasn't me has been on-reasonable."

"Merciful jaybird!" I said, "Can it be I've listened to that for forty year? Come go with me and make Luty to feel good."

"I'll come," he said. "Can't be his cane-juice is poison."

Luty was pouring the last bucket of cane-juice into the syrup kettle when we got there.

"Look who's here," he said, "old Quincey, light as thistledown. And pore little old Will——"

"Oh, I make out," Will said, laughing.

"And here's Jim," I said, and I laid my hands on both their shoulders.

Luty hesitated and swallered. Then he put out his hand, and Jim takened it.

"Proud to see you, Jim," he said. "Welcome to syrup-boiling."

"I'm in pore shape for it," Jim said, "full of Quincey's rations. But I ain't never seed the day when I couldn't tuck cane-skimmings in around whatever else I'd ate, like wrapping a baby in a blanket. That right, Will Dover?"

"I got sickened of cane-skimmings," Will said, "on account of me being a puny young un and oncet gorging myself."

"You and me never was puny, was we, Quincey?" Luty said.

"Only you quit where you was, Luty," Jim said, "and old Quincey kept on growing sideways."

"You can't shock my modesty that-a-way," I said. "I can out-eat ary one of you and get enjoyment ten to your one," and we all laughed, sociable and nice as could be. I felt mighty pleased with myself.

Nigh onto all of Oak Bluff must of been there. The full moon rose, and I say there's nothing finer than full moon on a cool October night of cane-grinding. It raised up over the tall pine trees beyond Luty's house and it filled the night better'n kerosene or candles. The light from the brick cane-furnace glowed red and flamified ary time Luty opened the door to push in fat-wood.

"You plumb finished grinding?" I asked him. "I'd be proud to have me a drink of cane-juice, afore I gets down to serious business."

"I helt out a wagon-load of cane, just so folks could do that thing. Snort," he hollered, "wake up and wait on Quincey."

Off in the shadows that blasted old mule was standing hitched to the cane-mill. When he heard Luty holler, he put one ear up and t'other down. He cut his eyes at me.

"I'd as lief do my own grinding," I said, "as have that sway-backed son of Satan do it for me."

"Now Quincey," Luty said, "Snort's just about thirty year old. And look at him go."

The old mule was sure strutting hisself. You'd of thought he was dancing, the way he takened the curves, going around the cane-mill.

"Let's not waste his movements," Jim said to me. "He's like to stop and go to pawing."

So Jim and me went on over to the mill and we fed stalks of cane into the gears and dipped into the bucket that hung on the spout. The old mule passed us, making the curve.

"Quincey," Jim said, "what's that I smells? Smells like rum to me."

Blest if it wasn't. No mistaking the breath on that mule.

"'Tain't nothing in the world but the cane-juice boiling in the kettle," I said. "Let's get on back to the company."

I edged Jim away and dogged if that old mule didn't near about wink at me, his eyes was that knowing.

The syrup begun to cook down good in the kettle, and Luty begun skimming. After a while the (*cont'd on p.* 84)

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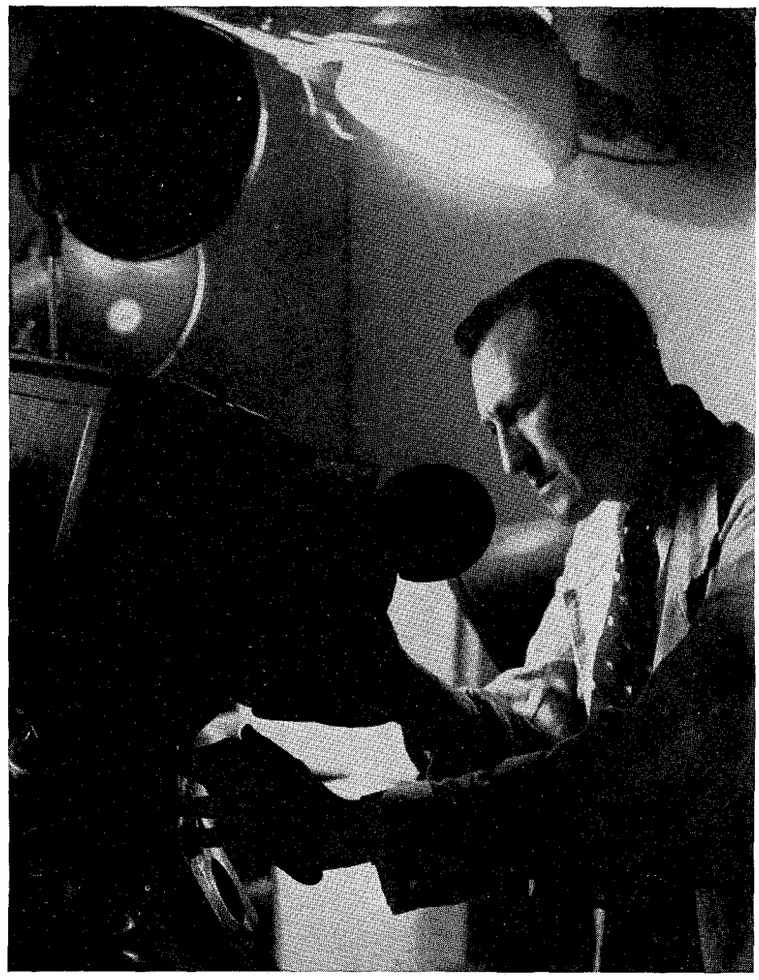
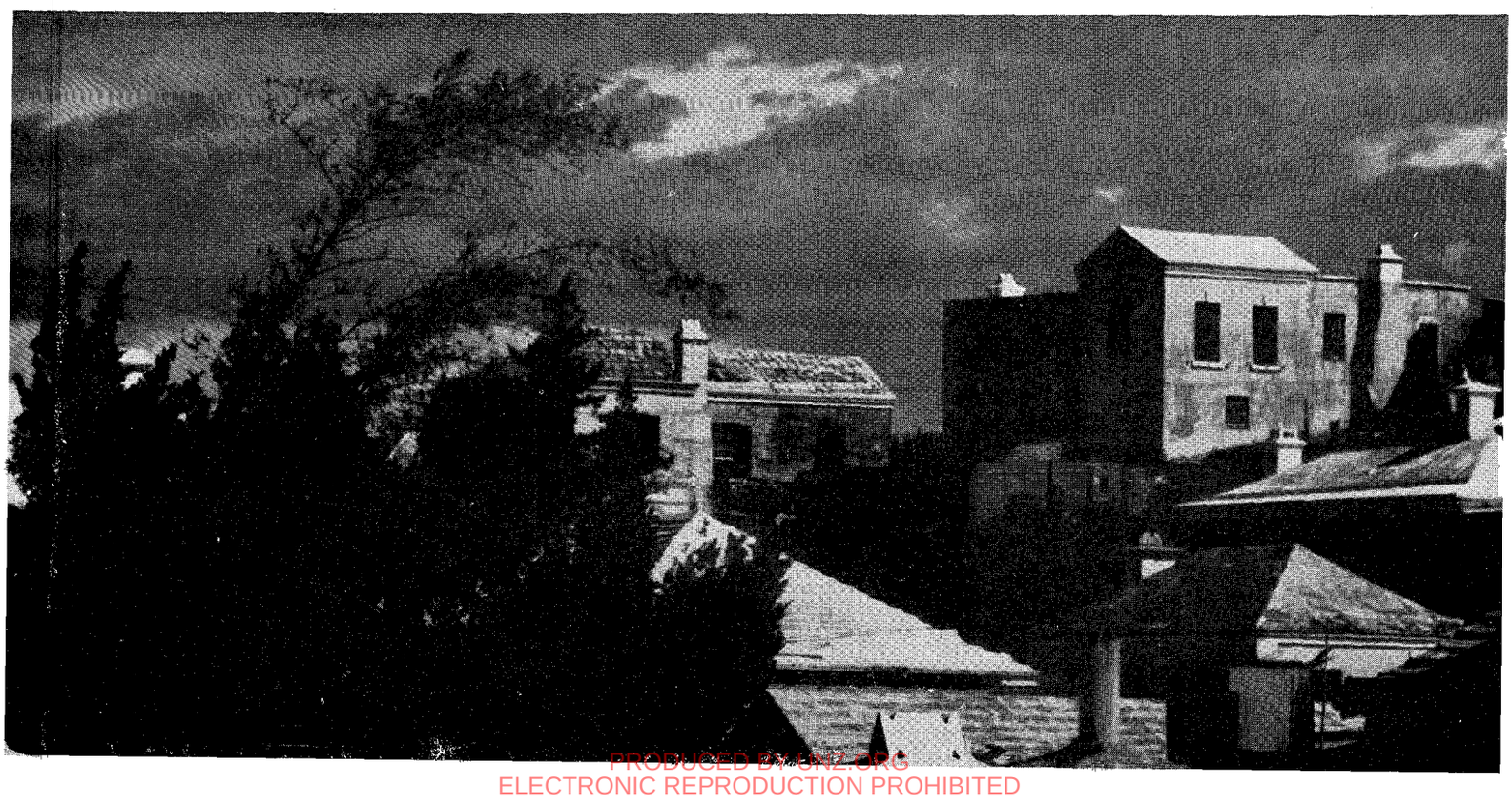


Arthur Gerlach and his color camera

Scribner's Presents Arthur Gerlach



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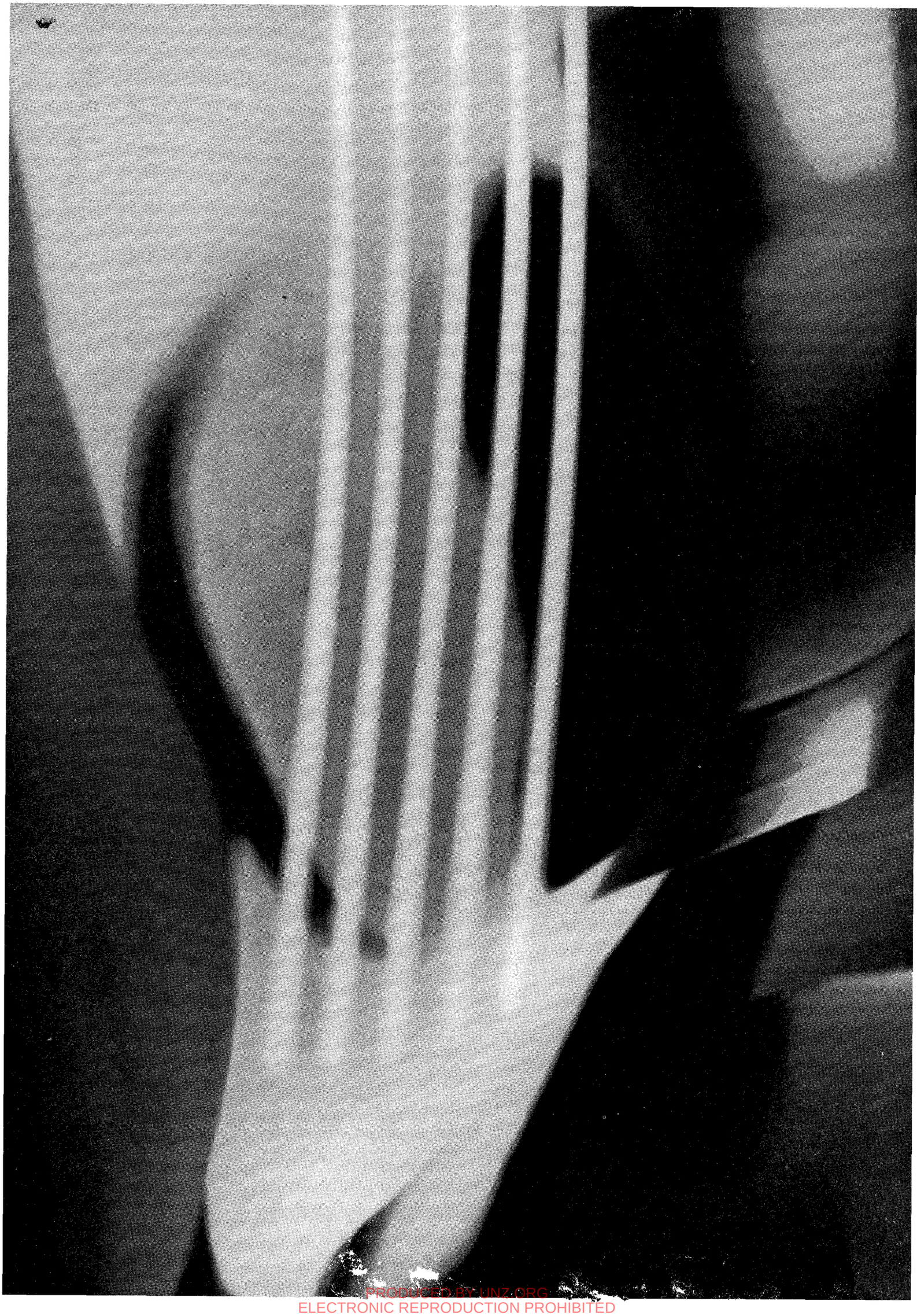

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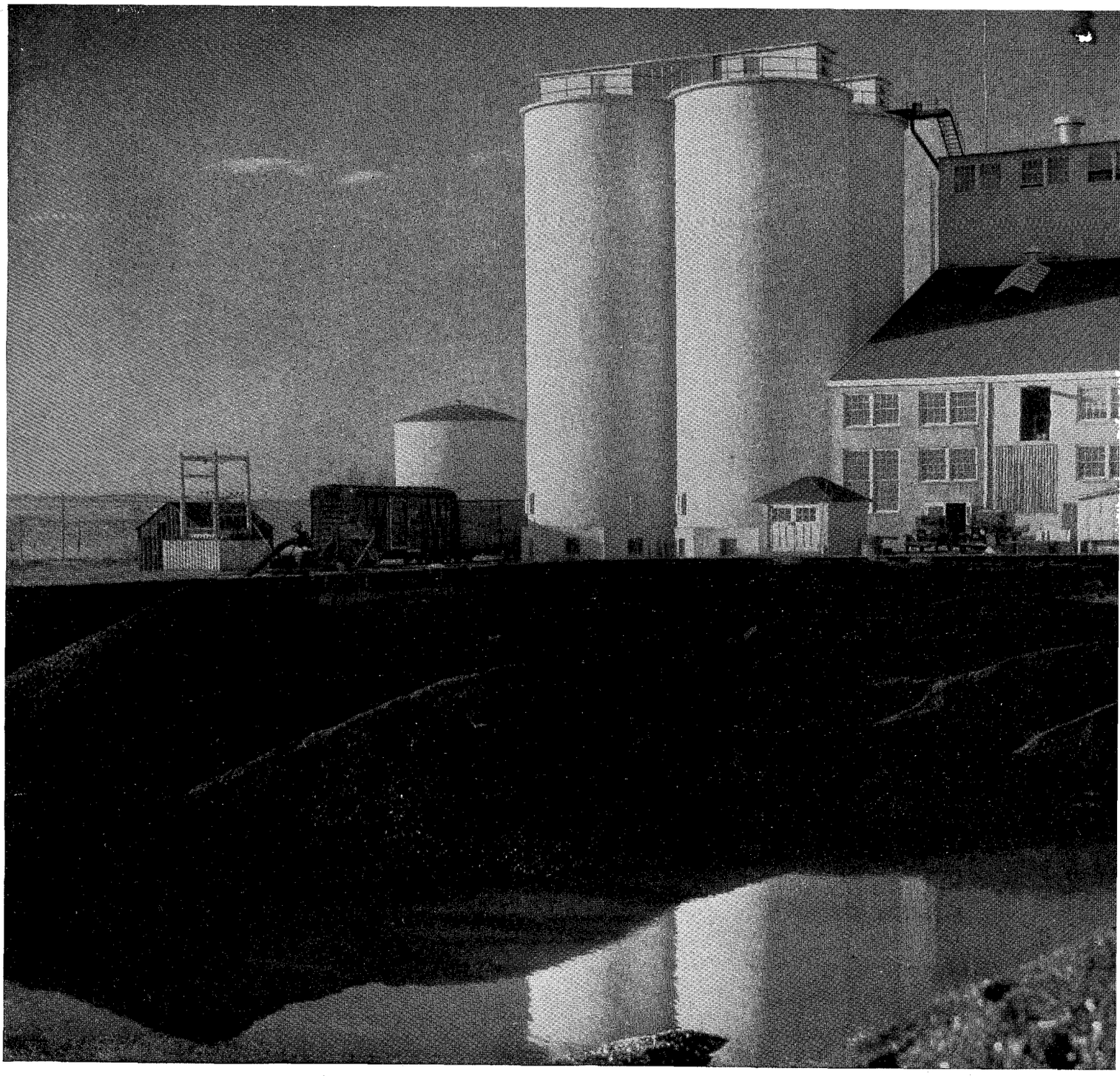

Arthur Gerlach first began to use a camera when he was a boy working for his father, a photographer in Chicago. His training was thorough, varied, rigorous. He did a good deal of advertising photography in Chicago in the early twenties, came to New York in 1928. During 1933–34 he was abroad doing work for a large advertising agency and special assignments for *Fortune*. He is thirty-eight years old, and next to photography his main interest is sculpturing. The photograph above is of a beet-sugar mill at Wheatlands, Wyoming. Mr. Gerlach does photographic abstractions, such as that on the opposite page, only occasionally. The photo at the bottom of the preceding page was taken by Mr. Gerlach while on a Bermuda vacation. He was intrigued by the roof patterns of the houses in Hamilton. Today Mr. Gerlach devotes practically all of his time to color photography.

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The Game

ALBERT MALTZ

It was a strange game Pop taught the boy to play in the fresh white snow, a very strange game, but the main idea was not to get caught while playing it

THEN I jump up on the wagon——"

"You forgot something!"

"What? No I didn't!"

"Yes you did," the man said. "What's the matter with you?"

The boy wrinkled his brows together. He was not over ten years old. His peaked, pointed little face was slightly blue from the cold. He blinked his eyes to get the sleep out of them.

"Come on now!"

"I can't remember."

"Listen — do you want to get caught?"

"I won't get caught. Jeez, Pop, I've played *games* like this. I can do it."

"How can you do it? You can't even tell me what you're *supposed* to do."

"Well, you just watch me."

"I won't watch you. We'll go home now, that's what we'll do."

"Aw for Chrissakes!"

"What are you swearing for? That's not going to help you remember. I've told you a thousand times I don't want to hear you swearing. You'll grow up to be a hoodlum, that's what you'll do."

There was silence between them.

The man sighed. "I used to just be getting up now," he was thinking, "to a hot breakfast, and walk down to the trolley with a lunch pail swinging from my hand."

He brushed the snow from his thick, black mustache. "You poor little monkey," he thought, "it's too early for you. You ought to be back in bed."

"Well," he said to the boy, "have you remembered it yet?"

The boy shook his head. His face was screwed up into a sullen little point.

"What are you gonna do now — cry?"

"I ain't crying," the boy said. "What do you think I am, a baby?"

"You act like one. You can't remember anything I tell you."

"Aw——"

The boy stepped out of the doorway and scooped up a handful of snow.

"Well, what's that for?"

"I'm gettin' some snow."

"I ain't blind. You don't hafta tell me. What are you getting it for?"

"I wanted to make a snowball."

"Is that all you can think of? I thought you said you wanted to help your sister?"

"Well I am, ain't I?"

"No you're not. Not when you have your mind on everything but what you're supposed to do. Come in here now."

He took the boy roughly by the arm and pulled him into the doorway. "You forgot the bag! You forgot the most important thing. How can I trust you to do it right when you forget the bag?"

"I didn't forget it, Pop," the boy said. "I got it in my pocket, ain't I? I didn't think you meant to tell about the bag."

"You got to tell me everything. I got to be sure you know everything. Take it out now. I want you to have it ready."

The boy took a crumpled paper bag out of his pocket. He opened it by blowing into it.

"Then what do you do?"

"Then I wait till the milkman goes around to the back of the house."

"Which house?"

"That one over there."

"The green one?"

"No, next door."

"Why not the green one?"

"Aw, gee — I know all that, Pop," the boy said. "I don't hafta go over it again."

"If you don't tell me, we're going right home."

"Because he only goes to the side door at the green house an' he goes all the way into the back for the other one. Gee, I can do it, Pop, you don't hafta be afraid."

"I know you can," the man replied, "but we just got to be as sure as we can. Are your hands cold?"

"Not much."

"Hold the bag under your arm."

The man took the boy's small, white hands between his own thick, red ones and rubbed them slowly.

"Then what?"

"When he turns the corner at the back of the house, I

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run out and grab a bottle. Then I put it right in the bag and walk the other way."

"Do you run?"

"No, I only walk."

"And if he sees you and runs after you, then you run, don't you?"

"No, I keep on walking. I let him catch me and then I just start crying."

"You sure you're gonna be able to cry?"

"Sure. I been practicing. I made Jenny think it was real." The boy laughed. "I made believe I was getting a licking."

"Sh! Don't make so much noise."

"My hands are all right now, Pop."

"Put 'em in your pockets. I'll hold the bag. Then what happens if you're caught?"

"I just keep crying, and you come up and say you know me and I'm a poor boy——"

"Sh!"

The man put his hand over the boy's mouth. "Some-

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one's coming. Make believe there's something in your eye."

The boy squinted one eye and opened the other. The man pretended to be examining him.

A homeless man shuffled past them, pushing blindly through the swirl of falling snow. His head was wrapped in a burlap bag.

"We're better off than he is," the man said to himself.

They watched him until the snow blotted him out.

"It's comin' down harder now," the boy whispered. "That milkman won't see me from away across the street. I could take more'n one bottle."

"One's enough! And after I tell him I know you — what happens then?"

"Then you say I'm just a poor boy with a sick mother and I'm taking it because of her and if he'll let me go, you'll see that I don't do it no more. . . . That's all, isn't it, Pop?"

"That's all." The man sighed and brushed his mustache. "You hungry?"

"Kinda."

The man squeezed the boy's arm. "It's awright. I am too. What you gotta do is spit and pat your stomach." He spit out into the snow and patted his stomach.

The boy imitated him. They laughed.

"That proves you just finished eating and your belly feels good," the man told him.

"Sure, I just had two eggs——"

The man stiffened. "There's the milkwagon! Take the bag. Don't go out till I tell you."

"I won't." The boy's face flushed with excitement. "Wait till you see. I'll do it right. I've snitched apples already."

"Here's somethin' else to remember. If something goes wrong, you listen to what I holler. If I holler 'run' you run. You run no matter what I'm doing, you hear?"

"Okay."

The milkwagon slowly made its way up the street. The man and boy crouched down in the doorway.

"When it reaches the hydrant! Don't be nervous now! Awright, kid. Awright! Go ahead now."

The boy stepped out. He walked slowly down the street, lifting his feet high in the soft snow.

"I should have told him to pull his cap down. The snow will get in his eyes," the man thought. He breathed with his mouth hanging open. His chest heaved, and each breath felt strangely painful.

The milkman disappeared around the back of the house. The boy's body seemed to leap forward. He jumped up on the front of the wagon and reached inside.

"It's taking so long," the man said to himself. "Oh, Jesus Christ, it's taking him so long."

The boy jumped down into the soft snow. He shoved the milk bottle into the bag and walked off quickly down the street. The milkman was just coming down the alley. The man watched him. He turned down the street to the next house. It was done. He was safe.

The man brushed his mustache. He swallowed and then sighed deeply. He set out after the boy.

The boy was waiting for him on the next block. His little face was radiant. "I made it. I did it, didn't I?" he demanded.

"Sure, Son, fine," the man said. He patted him on the head. "I'll carry it."

"I can carry it," the boy replied.

"Awright."

"Jeez, it was easy, Pop. I coulda taken another one easy." He followed his father down the street, running and sliding in the soft snow. "Can I take two of them tomorrow, Pop? Can I?"

The man didn't reply.

"Hey, Pop!" The boy tugged on his coat.

"What?"

"Can I?"

"Can you what?"

"Can I take two tomorrow? It's just as easy. I can snitch them."

"No."

"Aw, I could take two."

"No."

They walked in silence.

"I wish I could tell the fellers," the boy said.

The man stopped. "You tell anyone, an' I'll break your neck. I'll break your neck."

"Sure, I know. I won't tell. I was just wishing."

"This is stealing," the man said. "It's stealing!"

"Sure, I know. Gee, let's go, Pop. I'm cold."

The man suddenly stopped again. "You know stealing's wrong, don't you?"

"Sure, I know, Pop."

"Listen — listen —" the man said in a choked voice, "we're doing this for your sister. You know that, don't you?"

"Sure, I know."

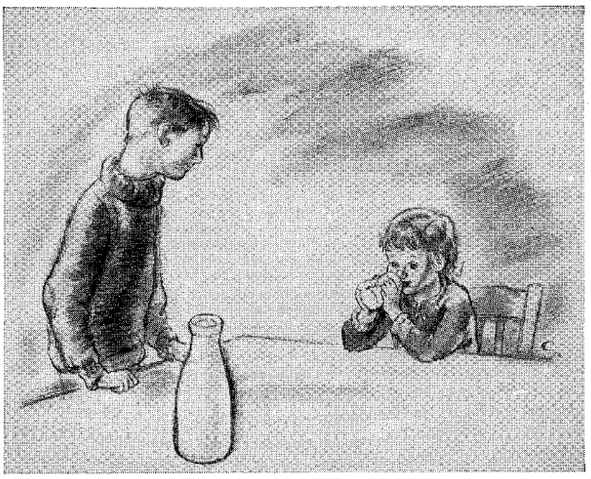
"I never stole in my life," the man said. "I worked hard all my life. I always provided. You can ask your mother."

"Gee, Pop," the boy said, "you don't hafta feel bad. I ain't gonna grow up to be a thief. I know stealing's wrong."

The man was silent. He stood staring at the ground.

"Let's go, Pop, I'm cold."

They walked softly through the fresh, white snow.



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GLOBE

In 1936 eighty-seven per cent of the nation's roads are still mud or dust . . .

The Motorist Girds for War

WILBURN CARTWRIGHT

Member of Congress from Oklahoma; Chairman, House Committee on Roads

WEARING the decoration of the double cross, the American motorist, some twenty-five million of him, arises to ask why he should continue to stand for taxation without representation — a small matter about which America once fought a war.

The taxation refers to the money the motorist pays in gasoline taxes and automobile-license fees. The double cross was pinned on him by some thirty-eight states which have been collecting the tax, presumably for roads on which he can run his automobile, but which have built only a portion of the roads he has paid for — what with the motor-vehicle money being so handy to spend for other things.

And so the motorist pays and pays — not only gasoline taxes, but also his share of ordinary state and Federal taxes. Thus it happens that in many states the car-owner pays more general-purpose taxes than his non-car-owning neighbor, but has no voice in how part of his tax money shall be spent — though for years he has cheerfully paid, believing that he was contributing toward good roads. In fact, the motorist has always paid his own way. He hasn't asked the government to build his roads for him. In truth, he has a huge balance to his credit — a balance which should be invested in roads.

For years the motorist has been too pleased with the ownership of a car to take notice of what was being done to him in the matter of roads. The very fact of the car itself, with sleek, new models of increasing safety every year, has been so satisfying that other factors in transportation have seemed unimportant.

Lithe, potentially swift, and safe though it be, an automobile is only half a unit of transportation. A road is the other half, just as a road-bed and rails are half of a unit of railroad transportation. An automobile can no more run comfortably and safely without roads than locomotives and passenger coaches can run without tracks. Recently, car-owners have begun to realize this fundamental truth.

Since the first gasoline buggy chugged and wheezed along a turnpike, motorists have assumed the existence of roads — taken them for granted. And as automobiles have multiplied, and roads too, the drivers have continued to be more interested in their cars than in the tracks on which to run them. The average car-owner knows a lot more about the intricate mechanism of his car than he knows about highway planning, financing, and construction. He has only the vaguest ideas about how roads are built and why they are located as they are

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— and until recently, very little realization that his gasoline taxes and motor-license fees are, in effect, a toll for the use of roads.

Suppose that in the early days, when it was realized that automobiles needed better roads, all the states had agreed to turn the job of road-building over to private companies who would build the automobile roads and charge a toll for their use? It would then have been quite clear to the car-owner that he was paying a fixed fee for the tracks on which to run his automobile.

The present system of gasoline taxes, started in Oregon in 1919, isn't so different in theory. The difference comes in actual practice, however, for if private companies owned the roads, they'd be compelled to give the motorist what he paid for, or else quit collecting toll. The states, however, have done an excellent job of collecting from the motorist, but they have not yet permitted their highway departments to give him value received in roads.

Not for more than twelve years has all the money the motorist has paid in gasoline taxes been used for road purposes. More than three-quarters of a billion dollars of it has been diverted to purposes unrelated to roads — a sum which would have paid for many thousands of miles of fine roads. A modern highway from New York to San Francisco, another from Chicago to New Orleans, and still another from New York to Jacksonville, Florida, could have been constructed with the highway funds misappropriated in one year — 1934. In 1935 this diversion reached a staggering total of $146,449,711, accord-

Are You Getting What You Pay For?

Diversion of Motor Vehicle Revenues by States, 1935

U. S. Bureau of Public Roads

State	Total motor-vehicle and motor-fuel receipts	Diversion	Percentage of diversion to total receipts
Alabama	$13,840,893	$653,183	4.72
Arizona	4,126,744	192,344	4.66
Arkansas	10,787,579	68,118	.63
California	50,546,457	1,282,510	2.54
Colorado	8,216,463	984,277	11.98
Connecticut	14,064,252	103,375	.74
Delaware	2,493,339	561,169	22.51
Dist. of Col.	3,102,110	924,589	29.81
Florida	22,851,746	6,986,495	30.57
Georgia	17,020,001	5,582,148	32.80
Idaho	5,003,899	———	———
Illinois	49,461,003	7,505,978	15.18
Indiana	27,547,223	2,102,591	7.63
Iowa	21,470,849	———	———
Kansas	12,456,766	———	———
Kentucky	13,343,067	———	———
Louisiana	12,980,349	1,869,184	14.40
Maine	7,842,597	———	———
Maryland	12,377,875	463,148	3.74
Massachusetts	23,654,486	9,527,688	40.28
Michigan	40,385,113	352,161	.87
Minnesota	18,537,581	156,098	.84
Mississippi	9,253,226	775	.01
Missouri	18,195,812	———	———
Montana	5,115,841	———	———
Nebraska	$11,807,378	$1,113,218	9.43
Nevada	1,224,504	———	———
New Hampshire	4,517,826	———	———
New Jersey	34,834,311	5,821,030	16.71
New Mexico	3,986,319	390,432	9.79
New York	99,764,327	58,526,852	58.67
North Carolina	25,761,227	1,757,462	6.82
North Dakota	3,704,869	905,776	24.44
Ohio	61,322,274	9,726,633	15.86
Oklahoma	15,738,517	3,494,006	22.20
Oregon	10,704,757	———	———
Pennsylvania	72,864,207	5,161,045	7.08
Rhode Island	4,522,358	671,750	14.85
South Carolina	10,432,654	140,880	1.35
South Dakota	5,686,445	2,356,601	41.44
Tennessee	18,623,588	2,654,785	14.25
Texas	49,394,319	8,290,061	16.78
Utah	3,785,830	———	———
Vermont	4,348,694	———	———
Virginia	18,491,260	28,849	.16
Washington	16,083,554	1,002,791	6.23
West Virginia	10,617,934	2,392	.02
Wisconsin	27,146,779	5,089,317	18.75
Wyoming	2,414,800	———	———
TOTAL	$942,454,002	$146,449,711	15.54

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In 1935 about 16 cents in every dollar of highway revenues were diverted by state governments to purposes other than those for which the money was collected from the country's motorists

ing to the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads. More than $86,000,000 went into general state funds; $15,000,000 into relief; $31,000,000 into education, and the rest into airports, oyster propagation, interest on non-highway debts, irrigation, parks, and other projects totally unrelated to roads. And yet nobody has asked the motorist's permission to misuse his money.

At last the motorist is becoming aware of his rights. It was perhaps inevitable that he should begin to wonder whether he hasn't been paying too much for gasoline taxes. There has been much loose talk about gas-tax rates. The facts are, though, that the average motorist pays more for garage rent each year than he pays for the tracks on which his car runs. Governor McNutt of Indiana reports that the average automobile-owner in that state pays $48 a year for garage rent. The average of all motor-vehicle taxes, state and Federal, paid for use of the roads is only $46.23 a year (1934 figures).

But primarily it isn't the amount of the gasoline tax that the motorist objects to, but the way in which it is spent. The motorist seeks to buy transportation with his money — economy, comfort, and convenience in getting

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from one place to another. This depends on just two things: the vehicle and the track on which it runs. The better the vehicle and the better the track, the less it costs to move passengers and merchandise from one place to another.

A wooden-wheeled ox cart driven over the finest road in existence wouldn't, by any stretch of the imagination, be comfortable or economical transportation — nor would the finest modern motor-car, operating on rutted mud roads. If motorists were called upon to vote as to whether they preferred 1916 model roads and no gasoline tax, or durable, safe highways and a gasoline tax just high enough to build and maintain such highways there would be no doubt about the result.

It is a well-recognized fact that good roads reduce driving costs for all vehicles. Theoretically, gasoline taxes are fixed by the highway needs for economical transportation in each state. A three-cent tax might provide roads which would save car-owners a cent a mile in vehicle-operating costs, but if a higher tax were needed to reduce driving costs still further, it would plainly be good business for the motorist to pay it. As a matter of fact, in most states no additional highway revenues are needed. If all the money the motorist is paying now were applied to road construction and maintenance, safe, economical, and adequate highways would be provided within a reasonable period of time.

An erroneous impression which is gaining credence among people who are not fully informed is that there are already enough improved roads in America; that the American system of highways is pretty well completed. The facts are quite to the contrary, as was made plain in Washington by the testimony of highway authorities before the House Committee on Roads, during March, 1936.

In a tabulation of road mileages, W. C. Markham, Secretary of the American Association of State Highway Officials, showed Congressmen that only 373,000 miles of America's 3,069,000 miles of roads are improved with any type of surface. And less than half of this improved mileage, or about 160,000 miles, is of high-type paving; 2,696,000 miles of American roads are still mud or dust, and more than half of the so-called improved mileage is of a type unsuited to modern traffic. Said Mr. Markham: "With reference to the type of roads, it might be well to call attention to the fact that in these 373,000 miles of improved road, over 40,000 miles are simply graded and drained."

No one can expect that the entire 3,069,000 miles of roads can be paved in the near future from gas taxes, but there is every economic reason why the 373,000 miles of main traveled roads should be paved without delay. Further, there are thousands of miles of main traveled streets used by city motorists who have been paying gas taxes for years without getting their share of safe, economical pavements.

How nearly completed is America's highway system may also be judged from the testimony of Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads:

"Many miles of the roads in the Eastern states, or in the states east of the Mississippi River, were completed ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. Many of them are still horse-and-buggy roads. In those states a large mileage of main roads is just as far from being complete as in the new state systems. Some of them are farther away."

And Thomas J. Keefe, General Manager of the American Motorists Association, quoting unimproved road mileages to the Congressmen, concluded: "Thus highway construction is still in its infancy." Mr. Keefe said further, "So long as more than 25,000,000 automobiles and trucks use the highways of our nation, the construction and maintenance of roads will be of major importance among public works. The Federal system of highways is by no means built up to a point that approaches public requirements. There is an impression to the contrary, but it is an erroneous impression. We are far from completeness in our highway system. The job is only about half done."

Does America have enough roads? The answer is found in official documents open to any who will read.

Another thing which has aroused the motorist is his realization of the tremendous accident bill he is paying, due in part to lack of modern highways. In dollars and cents, according to R. E. Toms, Chief of Design of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, this accident bill has mounted to the appalling total of more than a billion and a half dollars annually — in wages lost, medical expense, overhead, insurance and property damage, to say nothing of more than 37,000 lives and countless numbers of maimed and injured. Last year some 37,000 were killed in automobile accidents, 100,000 crippled for life, and 1,000,000 injured — a terrible toll that, experts agree, could be cut down considerably if the nation's roads were what they should be.

In a recent address before a conference of the National Safety Council in Chicago, Paul G. Hoffman, President of the Studebaker Corporation, declared that highway engineers have proved that it is possible to build highways which are almost accident-proof, and pointed to a number of specific examples of such roads. These, he said, all demonstrated "conclusively that modern highway construction can give both safety and reasonable speed. Certainly there is every justification for enthusiasm for the contribution that engineering can make to highway safety through a program of street and highway modernization.

"The pitiable aspect of this situation," Mr. Hoffman continued, "is that our highway engineers know how this job should be done, but it takes money to do it, and during the past five years, hundreds of millions of tax money taken from motorists for highway construction have been diverted to other uses. We have witnessed time and again the sad spectacle of public officials who have deplored the increase in accidents and at the same time encouraged diversion of highway funds which, if expended on modernization, would have saved hundreds of lives."

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Now, finally aware that he's been paying all that is necessary for adequate roads, but has not been getting them; that he's being taxed unfairly, besides bearing the brunt of the cost of highway accidents, the motorist is becoming articulate. In the language of the street, the motorist has the "gimmes" in an acute form.

"Gimme a square deal," he is demanding through a host of national organizations. And it seems likely that his demands may be heeded. Under the leadership of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, twenty-seven states have inaugurated rational highway plans to determine just how extensive a road system they can afford to own and maintain. Ten other states have announced the intention of dropping haphazard methods and basing road expenditures on the facts revealed by economic studies and traffic surveys.

Still red in the face from his decoration of the double cross, the aroused motorist has quit taking it on the chin. And he'll get what he wants, too, if he keeps informed about road matters and insists that his state adopt and execute a rational highway plan, for he has the whole highway-transportation industry behind him—one of the biggest industries in the country, too big to be kicked around for long and too vital to the nation to continue to get the worst of it.

At the recent election in Maine a referendum bill was passed by an overwhelming vote prohibiting diversion of highway funds to other uses. While no permanent diversion has taken place in Maine, it was the custom to "borrow" from the highway fund, and future raids were anticipated.

Maine is the fourth state to take legal measures to protect highway funds through constitutional amendments, following Missouri, Minnesota, and Colorado. A petition now being circulated in Massachusetts will, if successful, protect that state's highway funds. Motorists elsewhere are bound to win out eventually because their cause is right in fact and by official sanction. Diversion of highway funds—always unfair, always illegal—is being outlawed state by state.

GENDREAU & HOIT-GLOBE

. . . and less than half of the 373,000 miles of improved road in the U. S. is of high-type paving

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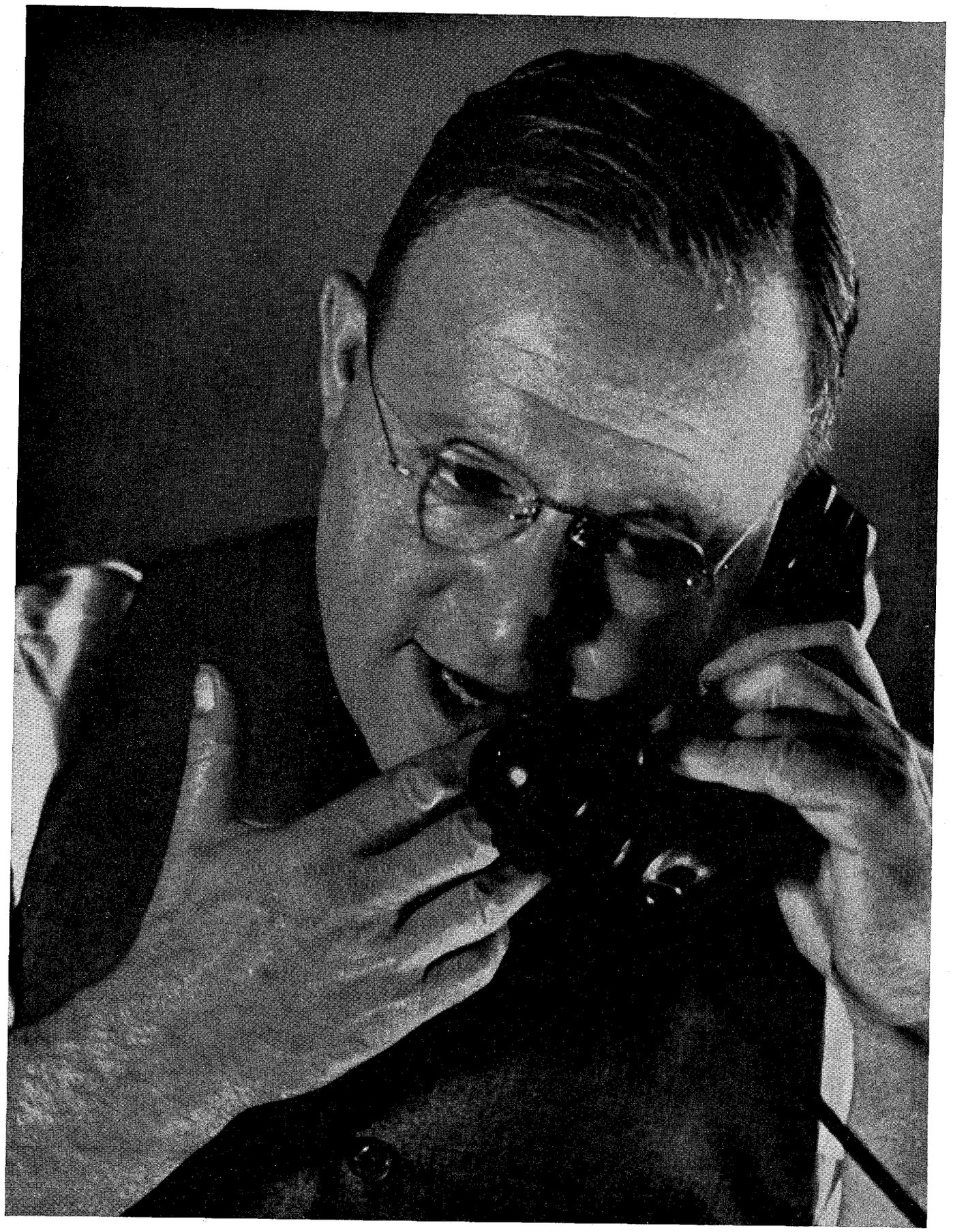

FOR SCRIBNER'S BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Julius David Stern — at fifty he is full of fierce energies, ambitious plans

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SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *a publisher forging a newspaper chain out of hard times . . . the impulsive Tom Paine of the Second American Revolution*

J. David Stern

BY DON WHARTON

THERE IS a new Hearst in the land, but he isn't Hearst himself or one of Hearst's sons or protégés, or one of his castaways either. He is a stout Philadelphian who signs himself J. David Stern and spends a great deal of energy and newsprint baiting the Master of San Simeon. This man Stern, who avoids his name Julius the way Hearst avoids the word "death," is an explosive by-product of the City of Brotherly Love. He has fashioned a newspaper chain out of the depression, and he has hitched this chain to the Forgotten Man.

The Stern press and the New Deal are as inseparable in the 1930's as the Hearst press and jingoism were in the 1890's. But where Hearst had a lot of journalistic company in the days of empire-building and manifest destiny, Stern is almost the only major publisher to stick with Mr. Roosevelt. Through newspapers, rather than the pamphlets of the eighteenth century, using editorial writers at so much a week, he has become the Tom Paine of the Second American Revolution.

He was advancing economic heresies almost a year before Mr. Roosevelt won the Democratic nomination of 1932, and he was publishing monetary heterodoxies long before he himself was named director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia. His political faith is today present even in his promotion copy. When the Democratic Baltimore *Sun* announced it would not support the President, Mr. Stern rushed into that city with advertisements reading: "IF YOU'RE FOR ROOSEVELT BUY THE RECORD."

Nine years before, at the top of the boom, Mr. Stern had merely a paper in Camden, an obscure sheet, profitable but not significant beyond the petty battlefields of South Jersey. At that time the American people were buying morning and evening papers at the rate of forty million copies a day, of which hardly one in a thousand carried the Stern masthead. Today this publisher has papers in three states dominating the Eastern Seaboard —New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Two of them, the New York *Post* and the Philadelphia *Record,* are metropolitan dailies pronounced dead and dying when Stern took over. They are not dead or dying today. Off the Stern presses in New York, Philadelphia, and Camden roll no less than one out of every sixty-three newspapers sold in the United States. This means, of course, that the Stern group is still miles behind those of Hearst and Scripps-Howard, but it suggests quite another thought. Mr. Hearst is an old, old man, and Mr. Howard is prematurely tired of battling for The People. But Mr. Stern — he is fifty, and full of fierce energies, ambitions, hopes, and plans.

It is futile to hunt for the common denominator in the Hearst and Stern backgrounds. Born on April Fool's Day in 1886, Stern was playing with a rattle in Philadelphia when Hearst was making a success of the *Examiner* in San Francisco. Their ancestry and early environment differed almost as widely as their years. Hearst's father was a pioneer in the ranch and mining lands of the West, a lucky, easy-going fellow who, with millions stored away, gave free rein to his son. The pioneering of the Sterns was of a drabber sort. They were German Jews who came over in the 1840's. Ellis Island was their Golden Gate; and small manufacturing, their El Dorado. First in clothing, then in watchcases (his mother's people were in watches), they patiently established themselves as solid, determined members of their race, far, far removed from the Ghetto. They sent Julius David Stern to the William Penn Charter School and then to the University of Pennsylvania. They watched him get his degree the same afternoon Pennsylvania made Vittorio Emanuele III a doctor of laws, and they sent him back to the then-hospitable Fatherland for a term at the University of Berlin.

Here certainly was no Hearst getting himself busted from Harvard, but some of that impulsiveness was to come. It popped out after his family had induced him to enter law school at Pennsylvania. He got his degree, but without the prizes that marked his undergraduate days. He was already thinking of himself as a newspaperman. It is doubtful, however, that Stern ever thought of himself as a reporter. He resembled Hearst in that respect, the Hearst who is supposed to have rushed from his quarters in Harvard's Gold Coast to each of Boston's newspapers, an undergraduate examining the presses,

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the workmen, the editors, and the publishers until he had learned what he wanted to know.

The same sort of legend has grown up around Stern. As a reporter on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* he is supposed to have spent all his spare time in composing, press, and stereotyping rooms. He is also credited with jumping to the *North American* because it was a more lively paper, to the *Bulletin* to learn the evening field, to the *Record* for advertising experience, to the Seattle *Star* to find out how it was done on the Coast, and to the New York *Globe* to acquaint himself with Park Row.

In two years he covered as much ground as a tramp printer, but possibly not for the motives imputed above. Damon Runyon once quoted Stern as saying, "I had the record of having been fired from every paper in Philadelphia because it seems that, after I'd been on any paper about two weeks, I couldn't resist telling the boss how it ought to be run."

If Runyon's Stern isn't to be believed, there are still some newspapermen in Philadelphia who remember the cub and the Harem skirt. On the creation of this skirt—a split affair pre-dating the hobble—Stern's city editor imported one from New York and engaged an actress to wear it on the streets of the Quaker City. Stern was sent along to cover the story, but according to the best memories, he proved not so much a reporter as an *agent provocateur.* He ran along, leering, beckoning, and all but sicking his Philadelphians on the hired lady. Thus his early reporting technique squared with his 1933 definition of a good newspaper: "It doesn't wait for news to happen. It creates news."

All this time Stern was impatiently looking for a newspaper of his own. His father had left him some $40,000, and his wife was no handicap. She was a sophomore at Bryn Mawr when he married her in 1908—Juliet Lit, the daughter and the niece of the Lit Brothers, whose department store ranks high in Philadelphia's low-price field. Some uncharitable critics have tried to trace everything to his wife's family, though this is hardly susceptible of proof or belief. One knows that the Lits helped him later on—in Camden, in Philadelphia, and, indirectly at least, in New York—but whether his first newspapers were financed out of Lit or Stern pockets is of little consequence. The fact is that he jumped into what Colonel Henry Watterson once termed "next to the most hazardous business in the world" (Colonel Henry put innkeeping first) and that instead of losing money, Stern doubled it again and again.

He didn't start with a large paper. *Editor & Publisher* tells the story of his inserting a classified advertisement in that trade journal reading something like this: "Young, ambitious, public-spirited newspaperman wants to buy a run-down newspaper on the Atlantic Seaboard. It may have little advertising, small circulation, and no prestige, but it must be a daily." Naturally, he had plenty of takers. In 1911 he ran up to Providence, Rhode Island, to look over the *News,* a Democratic organ with a circulation under 1000 and a staff paid at times in beach lots at a nearby summer resort. Stern took an option on the *News,* put up $25,000 as evidence of good faith, and moved in as general manager. He threshed around trying to get circulation with free copies, attention with boilerplate, and advertising with cut rates. In a few months he moved out, tickled to have his $25,000 back.

Here, except for the retreat, is the pattern of all Stern's subsequent maneuvers: A down-at-the-heel paper, a low price, and a half-dozen quick shots in the arm. He used this prescription—easy to give, but hard to fill—in New Brunswick, New Jersey; in Springfield, Illinois; in Camden, Philadelphia, and New York. But after the Providence indiscretion, he never again resorted to advertising for patients. He let friends lead him to the poor, suffering journals and he treated others after frantic calls from neighbors disturbed by a paper's delirium tremens. On one occasion Doctor Stern located a patient through a process almost psychic, and on another he reached the bedside only fifteen minutes ahead of the undertaker.

The New Brunswick *Times* was the first to get the Stern treatment in full. A Democratic paper edited by a Baptist preacher, it was in miserable shape when Stern arrived—so far gone that normally he would not have been called in. The fact is his very coming was prompted, not by any bystander's interest in healing the *Times,* but by a New York advertising man's desire to wound the Home News. Charged with placing department-store copy in suburban papers, the New Yorker told Stern to buy the *Times,* "and I'll see you get plenty of advertising." But Stern did not rely altogether on this little feud. Having bought the *Times* in 1912, he began boosting circulation with contests and attracting advertisers with low rates. He distributed automobiles as prizes, and dishes, kitchenware, and encyclopedias as premiums. New Brunswick today remembers him much as old people remember a hurricane that did no harm.

The town's favorite story is based on his ingenuity in besting a blizzard and giving New Brunswick readers word that a Vice-President was stalled in their midst. With the electric lines down and no power for linotypes and presses, Stern bought all the shovels in a hardware store, set his men digging a path through the snow from his home, and drove his Ford down to the plant. When he couldn't get it through the back-door, he called for an ax, widened the entrance, slipped the Ford in, and hitched it to the machinery. Thus he beat the *Home News* to the streets with his Thomas Marshall interview, as later he beat Johnson & Johnson, the town's industrial giant, in its fight for a commission government. Result: the treasurer of Johnson & Johnson bought Stern out, ran the *Times* for a while, and then sold it to the *Home News.*

Stern was all for putting his profits into another European junket, but it was 1914. The war caused him to put the $15,000 into another newspaper. This time he got out a map of the United States and a roster of newspaper circulations. He poked around the map for cities and through the roster for newspapers until he found what he wanted—a small city whose morning papers were

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greatly outselling the evening. His hypothesis was that in such circumstances the evening paper might be profitably rejuvenated. Thus Stern decided upon Springfield, bought a car, and started west. In a year after buying the *News,* he bought the *Record,* merged the two, and dominated the evening field. By 1919 Springfield's morning papers were so bewildered by Stern's aggressiveness that they bought him out. He came east with a profit not greatly less than a quarter of a million dollars.

In Philadelphia Stern tried studying philosophy, but not for long. Maybe the few hundred thousand didn't seem so much. Maybe he was sick when he thought that his Springfield sale had killed two more papers. Maybe, along with his philosophy, he read what some people were saying about Frank Munsey, the newspaper butcher, and swore that if he got hold of another paper he'd never turn it loose. After all, Stern was only thirty-three. He had time to start all over, and he did. Before the year was out he bought the Camden *Courier,* an evening newspaper losing money in an attempt to hold its circulation at 9000. In seven years, while Camden's population was virtually standing still, Stern pushed the *Courier's* circulation up to 40,000, bought the evening *Post-Telegram,* turned it into the morning *Post,* and shortly had 70,000 readers for his two papers.

In Providence, New Brunswick, Springfield, and Camden, Stern's negotiations were with senators, governors, and district leaders tired of losing money on newspapers. In Philadelphia and New York this was not true. The *Record* and the *Post* were losing money, but they were the toys of rich men rather than the tools of politicians. In each city Stern's purchase followed a death — Rodman Wanamaker's, in the case of the *Record;* of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, in the case of the *Post.* Their deaths, in 1928 and 1933, threw the two papers on the market but, save for other wealthy men, neither would have fallen to Stern.

Whatever his motives, it was Albert M. Greenfield who engineered the the Philadelphia deal. His Bankers Securities Corporation underwrote it for $1,200,000, and he took some $100,000 himself in stock. Samuel S. Fels, of the soap company, took probably as much, and the Lits came in. It was 1928, and Stern had little difficulty unloading *Record* stock. Most of the people he approached thought he was doing them a favor.

It turned out that he was. Some tabloids have had more rapid circulation growths, but the *Record's* pace has been faster than any other standard-size paper. Starting in 1928 with 113,000 readers, Stern ended 1935 with his circulation doubled, and will finish this year with it almost trebled. He not only sent the *Record's* circulation up where it had been going down but he bucked the trend of American newspapers as a whole. Chart the circulation of all the morning papers and you have a line swooping gently downward from 1928 to 1935, and then gradually rising back to the 1928 level. But chart the *Record's* circulation and you have a line rising sharply throughout this entire period — almost vertically during the past three years.

The New York newspaper field is one constantly invaded by journalistic carpetbaggers. Not one of the city's newspapers was built by a native. Ochs came to New York from Chattanooga, Hearst from San Francisco, Greeley and Dana from villages in New England. Joseph Pulitzer was born in Hungary, James Gordon Bennett in Scotland, and their New York careers were prefaced by newspaper work in St. Louis and Boston. Here in our own times the *World-Telegram* has been developed by Cleveland's Howard, and the *Daily News* by Chicago's Captain Patterson. So J. David Stern came up from Philadelphia in the best of tradition and in company which also included the *Post's* own founder, Alexander Hamilton, a child of the West Indies.

The *Post* was deader than any newspaper Stern had bought. It had been dead for fifteen years, and al-

Stern questions orthodoxy

Laughs at his 24 pages of comics

Beams over election returns

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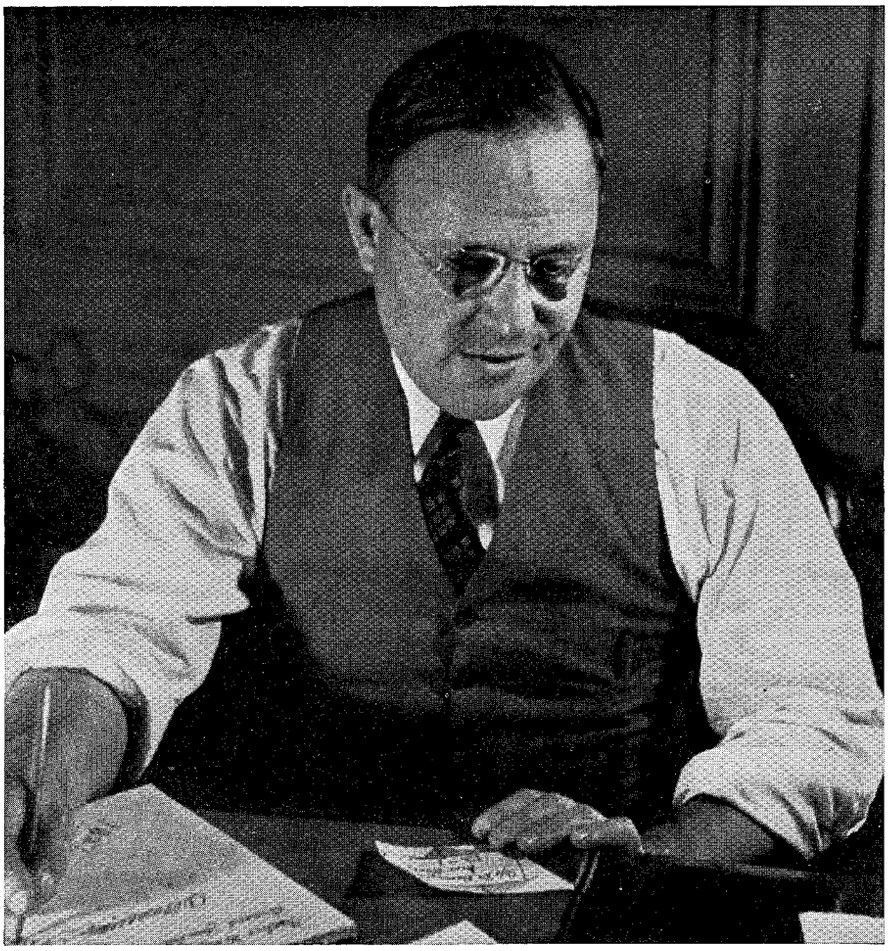

Bernard Gimbel and Forbes Morgan are the names scribbled on Stern's scratch pad. Gimbel (with his store manager, Kenneth Collins) helped entice Stern to New York. Morgan more lately besought Stern to supply the New Deal with money as well as editorials

most that many million dollars had been spent trying to bring it back to life. Thomas Lamont had tried to revive it with some of his J. P. Morgan money. Edwin F. Gay had tried with funds supplied by such men as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Owen D. Young. And then Cyrus Curtis—he had put in close to $10,000,000 before he died, and his stepson, John Martin, began looking for a way out. Martin turned the *Post* into a tabloid, and then decided to give it to the undertakers. Checks for $250,000 from New York's other evening newspapers—checks in payment for discontinuance of the *Post*—were on Martin's desk when in December, 1933, Stern's offer spoiled their plan to bury the paper.

Bargain though it was, the *Post* was too much for Stern to handle alone. He had been plowing his earnings back into his papers. The *Record* had two more years to go before declaring a dividend, and the prosperous *Courier-Post* was obviously not prosperous enough to finance a gamble in Manhattan. Stern lined up some of his old backers in Philadelphia, but he also drew support from a new crowd. Governor Earle and Senator Guffey, both Pennsylvania New Dealers, came in along with Samuel Untermyer, Tammany's friend. Thus the man who had started out relieving Republican officeholders of their papers had come to relieving Democratic politicians of their money.

This turnabout reaches back to Stern's crossing of the Delaware. When he bought the *Record* in June, 1928, it was a traditionally Democratic paper, already committed to Al Smith. On the other hand, his *Courier-Post* had already gone to the support of Hoover. Thus Stern found himself ridiculed as a Democrat in Philadelphia and a Republican across the river. Unable to extricate himself, he grimly held on to both his candidates, and in the end came out better than he had expected. His Republican swept the country, but his Democrat polled 276,000 votes in Philadelphia. This was 400 per cent more than the Democratic vote in 1924 and, as Stern noted, twice the *Record's* own circulation.

He entered 1929 with his papers classified as independent, but if Stern ever had any plans to let the word spell Republican for the *Record,* they were discarded after the crash. With no other Democratic paper in the city, the depression found him battling Hoover and helping Jim Farley line up the Pennsylvania delegation. In 1934 the *Record* was a factor in the Democratic victory that sent George Earle to Harrisburg and Joe Guffey to the Senate. And here in 1936 we have the result of its spadework: Pennsylvania electing a Democratic legislature and supporting a Democratic President.

But Stern did not merely ride the Democratic wave he was stirring up. In New York, as in Philadelphia, he has built circulation with contests, premiums, and stunts. The *Post's* jump from 60,000 to 205,000 readers in three years is a tribute to Charles Dickens, *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,* and gambling. In one period of less than three months, 230,680 sets of Dickens were exchanged for *Post* coupons and hard cash. Similarly, in a few weeks after offering a two-volume *Webster's* for 48 coupons and $1.86, the *Post* received 100,000 requests for reservations. Its puzzle contests were equally successful, notably the one in which entrants paid fees in order to get a shot at prizes of sweepstakes-lottery proportions. In addition to working these stunts in New York and Philadelphia, Stern bought the puzzle-prize company and farmed out the idea to other publishers. He now runs a book club for his New York readers and in Philadelphia supplies his subscribers with free accident insurance.

One cannot begin enumerating his stunts. Last Christmas the *Record* brought Santa Claus to Philadelphia in

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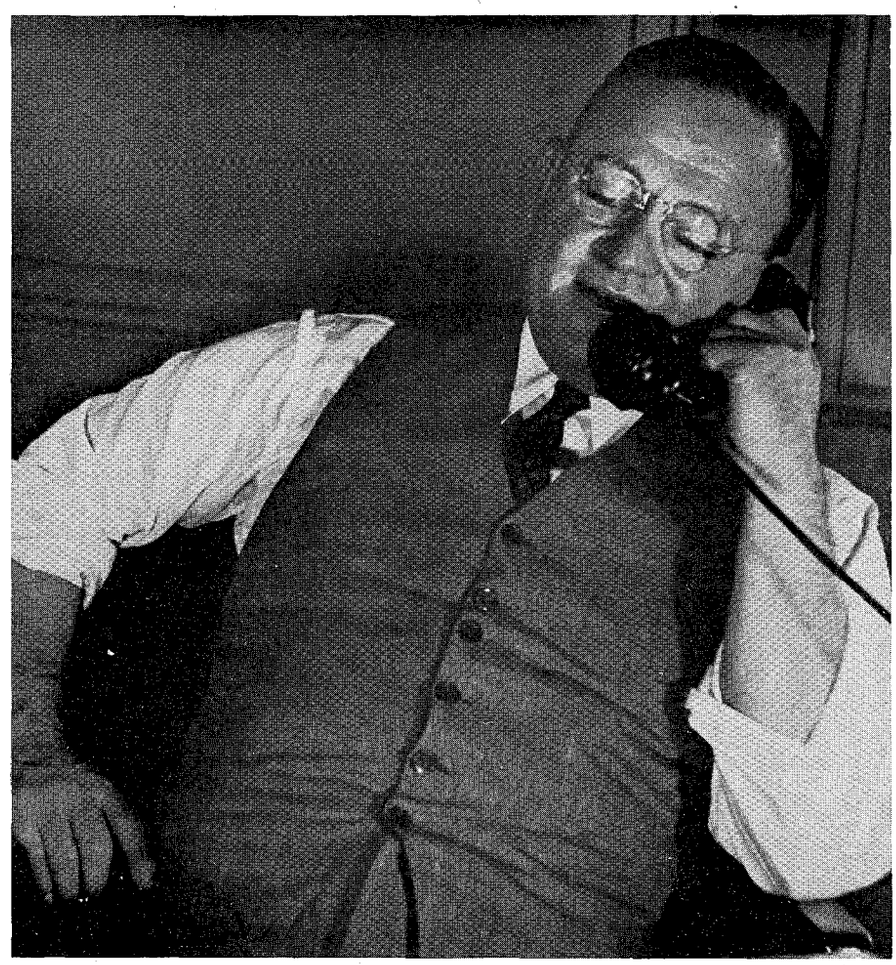
a style that would have pleased Barnum. No less than three airplanes were employed along with radio time and special phone operators. One plane pulled Saint Nicholas; a second threw colored lights upon the gigantic figure seemingly driving his reindeers through the evening sky; and the third carried a voice bellowing, "Santa Claus is here!" The Philadelphia babies were still talking about this spectacle when the children of Democracy were presented with another Stern *tour de force*. To each of the 3000 delegates, alternates, and hangers-on at the Democratic convention went a copy of the *Record,* across whose front page ran a streamer in type used for declarations of war and knifings of red-headed women. The trick was in this headline. You may have been Sam Johnson, up from Alabama. Across the front page of the *Record* slipped under your hotel door ran the streamer: SAM JOHNSON—PHILA., WELCOME. And so on 3000 papers, 3000 headlines, all different, all as efficiently solicitous as a hotel greeter.



ROBERT W. LEAVITT

When Stern bought the *Post* he planned to use planes for quick darts from Philadelphia to New York. Actually he has relied more upon the Pennsylvania's crack trains and his own leased telephone wires. Planes are now for fun, including the airing of his baby Jonathan.

Stern has christened the *Record* "A fighting newspaper for fighting advertisers," but his house copy also boasts "More Full Pages of Four-Color Comics Than Any Other Newspaper in America!" This line of advertising copy can be appreciated by those who have followed the *Record's* funny-paper war with the *Inquirer*. Starting with a measly eight pages of funnies, they battled back and forth, twelve to twelve, sixteen to sixteen, twenty to twenty, until at last count the *Record* had twenty-four pages, the *Inquirer* twenty-six. Stern still guarantees his readers "a solid hour of rollicking pleasure" but they don't always get it. What was advertised on September 13, for instance, as "twenty-four pages of best full-size color comics" turned out to be twenty-three pages of comics and a twenty-fourth page devoted in entirety to a war map of Spain.

This little slip, cheating the reader out of two minutes, thirty seconds of the promised hour of fun, could be called symbolic. If the Stern press were engaged only in stunts, these words would hardly be worth setting down. They are ancient stunts, employed by papers in their adolescence, discarded when they are no longer useful, and then frowned upon when employed by some younger rival. Hearst has used some of them, and there is a little Hearst in every publisher. But in Stern there is more than a little.

Stern is like Hearst, not because they have the same ideals or the same desires or the same abilities, but because of a great similarity in their basic policy. Personally, they cannot be compared. Stern is a short, stumpy man. He stands but five feet, five and a half inches, only an inch or two more than his spiritual brother, Fiorello LaGuardia. He avoids the splendid isolation affected by Hearst. He runs around his shops in shirt sleeves, bobbing into composing rooms, rewriting a lead to an editorial, demanding a new head on Page 1, smoking cigars, playing chess with employees, bringing them to his home, preferring, perhaps, to drink with them, rather than with some big-shots. He is impulsive. Once he actually hired a press agent. On another occasion he gave a department store a contract for the *Record's* second page—a contract that would have been ruinous had the advertiser refused to release him.

But for all these dissimilarities there is that basic policy. It might be called sensationalism, but in Stern's case it is sensationalism pointed toward sociology, rather than sex. He is out to shock Wall Street and the Union League, rather than stenographers and housewives. In that sense the Stern press is much closer to the old Hearst than to the tabloids of the 1920's. They were concerned almost entirely with sex, but Mr. (*continued on page* 124)

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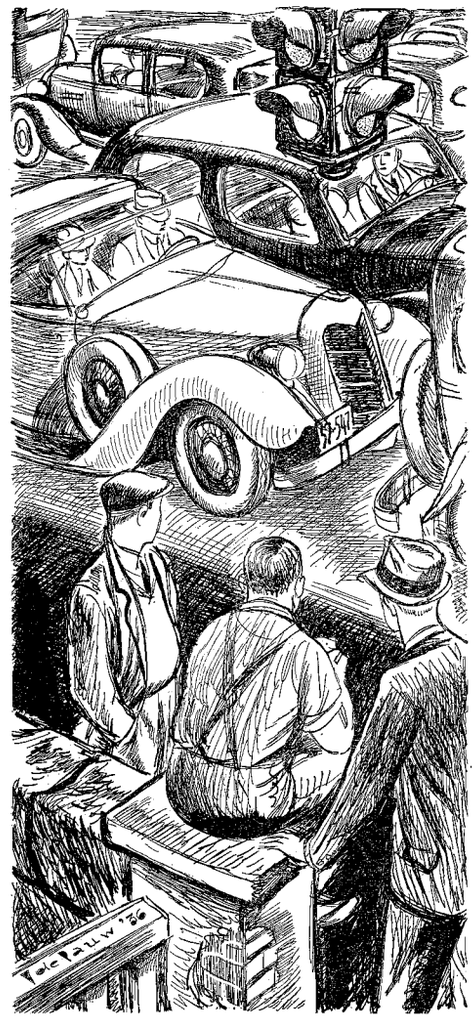
There's Always an Accident

PAUL COREY

THE LIGHTS changed in the signals suspended above the Sweet Valley Corners, and the Sunday-evening traffic on the Post Road slowed to a stop. Up the highway, two machines clashed bumpers, but Fatty Thompson, seated on the stone post at the fence corner, jotting down out-of-state license numbers, paid no attention. The Phillipsville Road, as it joined the Post Road, formed a Y, the left branch swinging north, the right cutting across the Post Road at an angle. At the sound of bumpers crashing, George Norton and Art Frunmaker, who had been talking with the town cop on the gravel between the forks of the Y, dashed across the Phillipsville Road to where Fatty sat. George said, "Just a kiss," craning his neck, turtle-like; then he leaned against the board fence and watched the cars coming from Phillipsville way. Frunmaker, as gangly as a cockerel two-thirds feathered, dug Fatty's thigh with his elbow. "How many today, Fat?"



VICTOR DE PAUW

The boy screwed up his face until it looked like a pumpkin that has stood in the cellar too long. "Six hundred and eleven. That's eighty-three more'n I got last Sunday." He squinted back at the maple on the curve of the Phillipsville Road, leaf-golden against the sun. "It's an hour till supper," he added.

Norton remarked, "Ain't many folks down here yet this evening."

"Don't get the crowds they used to before they put up those lights," Art said. "I've seen as many as a hundred sitting up on that bank." He gestured toward the stone ledge to the southwest of the Corners.

Fatty was jotting down an Iowa license. "There was a wreck here three weeks ago. It was a honey," he said.

The lights changed, and the Post Road traffic began to move. Two girls, one in yellow shorts and orange halter, the other in white slacks and blue jumper, were climbing up the rocky bank overlooking the Corners. "Did you see that?" Art exclaimed. Now if he hadn't had to give last week's wages to his folks and if he had a car, there were some "pick-ups." Holy smokes! A guy never got a break!

At the question, Norton looked about eagerly; then picking up the line of Frunmaker's glance, he grunted, and resumed his study of the line of moving cars punctuated by the silver bulk of a milk-truck. A brooding expression on his square face deepened; he and his family had planned to go on a picnic down by the river this evening, but his wife had started nagging him about buying an electric refrigerator, so he'd walked out on her. He set his jaw grimly; they couldn't afford an electric refrigerator just because the Rayburns had one.

The lights had changed again, and the intersecting road traffic moved steadily past, the variety of body colors making a jerk-jerk to the eye vision. The occupants seemed like an endless ribbon of words passing along an electric sign.

Fatty clucked his tongue. "Wisconsin. First one today."

Art said, "Come on, George, let's go talk to them dames."

"Hell! I'm a married man." Then he asked, "Where's Wisconsin?"

"Out West—by Chicago," explained Fatty.

"You're screwy," said Art. "It's down near Florida."

Fatty gave Frunmaker a look of pitying scorn, then glimpsing a New Jersey number, began writing again.

Art said, "Hey, Fat, what're you goin' to do with them numbers?"

"I don't know," said the boy, frowning.

George interrupted. "Jeez, two years ago, there was a bird of a wreck here—a guy was killed. It happened right in front of me."

"That wreck the other week," remarked Fatty, "was New York cars." He drew in his lips to indicate that the event had no significance for him.

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A newish machine stopped at the side of the village road, and a young fellow in striped trousers and polo shirt climbed out. Art, noticing, said, "It's Harry Boyd. Where the hell did he get that car?"

"They're on relief," said George. "Ain't they?"

"Sure." Art waved at the newcomer. "For almost two years."

Boyd saw Frunmaker's waving arm and came down toward him.

"Where'd you get the car?" asked Art.

"Bill Sundberg," explained Boyd. "I worked for him half a day, and he's lettin' me use it with five gallons of gas." He slapped Fatty's thigh playfully. "Who're the dames on the bank?"

"Couple from Camp Nacoutchee, I guess," said Art. "Let's pick 'em up."

Frunmaker was embarrassed. "Somethin' might happen here."

"Hell, nothin' happens on the Corners anymore." Then Boyd asked, "You still up at Camp Sunrise, Art?"

"Yeah."

"What they got you doin' now?"

"Rakin' gravel on the sewage filter."

"That's a stinkin' job."

"Oh, you get used to it." Art edged away; he was always afraid the smell of the sewage clung to him even after he'd changed his clothes.

In the Post Road traffic brakes shrieked suddenly and bumpers crashed. George said, "Another kiss." Boyd whistled. Art, looking back up the Phillipsville Road, saw a tall, hulking fellow ambling toward the Corners. "Here comes Ed Neiwart," he said.

Boyd said, "I gotta pick me up a dame. Jeez, a guy don't get a dame often enough when he's on relief."

"Wait till after supper," Art argued. "If you pick up them dames now, you'll have to feed 'em."

"Aw come on," insisted Boyd. "Maybe they got some money."

Art didn't reply to this. Norton was scowling at a new sedan which had stopped right in front of him—how can a guy buy an electric refrigerator for a hundred dollars on a fifteen-dollar-a-week job? Answer me that! The sedan started with a jerk at the "go" signal but when the driver shifted into second, the clutch didn't take hold instantly, and the car behind banged into the sedan's bumper. Norton watched the vibrating steel just in front of him. The line of cars moved on. He said, "All they do is kiss."

"Come on, Art, let's go talk to them dames," urged Boyd.

Ed Neiwart joined them, his face like the butt of a red-cedar post. "Howdy," he said with an asthmatic tone. "Any excitement?"

"Dead," pronounced Norton.

"Hmmmm," purred Fatty. "Maine. Third today." Then he clucked to himself. "Nertz! Now I gotta wait till I get another. Three's bad luck, an' I want to go to the circus tomorrow." His small eyes stared at the traffic as if he were confiding this predicament to the passing cars.

"All right," Art said to Boyd. "I'll go over with you."

The two dodged between the cars on the Phillipsville Road, and Boyd accosted the town cop. "Better get a bed, Cadge—and an umbrella."

The sharp nose of the constable seemed to dart forward, pulling the lines of his face into a grin. His one hand slapped the road sign upon which he sat—PHILLIPSVILLE 3 MI.—while the other spun his whistle on its chain, letting the chain wrap up on his extended index finger. The boys continued on across the south fork of the highway, smiling up at the girls. Cadge got up and faced the Post Road, legs spread wide apart. He adjusted his pistol belt and holster on his hip, fancying himself quite a sight—the alert young officer ready to spring into action at any emergency. His eyes shifted to the other side of the Post Road where a state trooper stood beside his motorcycle, and a look of disdain came into his face—them troopers, pfui! His eyes lost their alert expression and became centered upon the whitewashed trunk of one of the huge trees which lined the other side of the highway. A car swung down the Phillipsville Road. "Hi, Cadge," said the man at the wheel. The town cop turned sharply, startled, then saluted. "Good evening, Mr. Dorrance." Cadge resumed his vigilance—he was glad he'd been on his feet when the president of the Town Board passed.

Ed Neiwart rubbed his red nose, remarking, "The Corners ain't what they used to be." Norton grunted his

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agreement, and Neiwart continued, "Ain't nothin' like it used to be, these days. Used to be, a man runnin' a store like me could make a livin' for himself, but he can't anymore. Them damned chain-stores take all the business away from a fella. An honest man can't make a penny these days." He lapsed into a brooding silence.

Norton glanced up at the storekeeper — yes, he guessed Ed was drunk; Ed was drunk all the time now, and his store was goin' down hill.

Fatty exclaimed, "Hah, another Wisconsin!"

Over by the rocky bank, the girl in yellow shorts rubbed her brown legs, saying, "They told us at camp we'd see some excitement down here. I don't call these cars exciting. I can see that every day on Fifth Avenue." Leaning forward over her doubled-up knees, she tightened the strap on one of her green sandals; her breasts in the hammock of the orange halter bounced softly against her legs.

Boyd puckered his lips. "Sometimes there's a swell accident here, but they don't happen so often since the lights were put up."

The other girl observed, "They're always takin' the fun out of life." Her eyes, as brown and gleaming as fresh-hulled horse-chestnuts, gazed about with an abstract, contented expression.

"This's a dumb place!" snapped her companion, wedging her sharp chin between her knees. "They don't even have a good movie in the village."

Art said, "There's a swell show on tonight." He thought the girl wearing slacks was pretty nice, but he suddenly felt an impulse to sniff at himself to see if he smelled of the sewage filters.

The girl with her chin on her knees flattened the corners of her mouth contemptuously. "Nertz! I saw that on Broadway two weeks ago."

In a family group, a few yards away, the mother was straining her ears listening, although her eyes were centered on the stop and go of the traffic. She turned suddenly. "Stick around," she said. "There's always an accident Sunday nights."

The eldest of the children, a boy, playing at the foot of the ledge, piped up, "There wasn't any last week, Mom."

"There was so," contradicted the mother. "That car without any brakes that smashed into a new Ford. Remember?" Then her head wagged to the young people. "You should have seen what it did to that new Ford."

The boy said, "I'd rather go to a show."

"We haven't any money to go to a show," said his sister.

"Sssh!" said the mother, flustered.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the girl wearing slacks. "Here comes a wrecker." A red tow-car pulled up on the gravel triangle beside the town cop.

"That's Tommy Benton," said Boyd. "He's looking for business." On the red hood of the machine they read, TOMMY'S GARAGE — TOWING.

The garageman, stocky and dark, climbed out of the wrecker and approached Cadge. "They're drivin' careful tonight," he said.

"Yeah," replied the cop. Along the Phillipsville Road a half dozen cars had parked, while their occupants sat in them watching the traffic. Cadge continued, "Well, them lights has helped the Corners." The lines of his dark face tightened over this remark — yeah, helped it so's the town'll begin to think a cop ain't necessary any longer; well, he was glad he'd been on his feet when the president of the Town Board went past.

Tommy Benton frowned. "Not for me," he said. "I don't get half as many wrecks since they put up them lights." His shifting glance had noticed the two men and the boy by the corner post, and he crossed to them.

"Hi, Tommy," greeted George.

"How's business?" Neiwart asked.

"Lousy! Two flats and a 'century' of gas today. How they expect a fella to keep alive and pay rent on business like that?"

At the ledge, the girl in shorts was saying, "I'd like to go some place and dance. If I had a car, I'd go some place and dance."

Boyd smirked. "Well, I got the car."

"Well, why don't you take us where we can eat and dance?"

"Sure," said Boyd. Frunmaker was blushing — Jeez, easy like this but no jack. Boyd continued with a wise laugh, "We haven't any money."

"We've got money," the other girl drawled, blinking at Art; and her companion added, "Sure, take us some

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place where we can eat and dance; we'll pay the bill."

Art was sweating — God damn it!

"Sure," said Boyd.

The girl in shorts stood up. "Come on, Sylvia." And the four started toward Boyd's car.

The woman on the ledge glared after the departing couples. "Them girls from the City think they're wise! A wreck ain't excitin' enough for 'em." Her husband, who had resumed his pebble tossing, grunted, "Kmmmmh."

George Norton watched the couples drive off toward Phillipsville. "Boyd and Frunmaker have picked up them dames," he said.

Tommy was shaking his fist between Norton and Neiwart. "Hell, last week I got a wreck on that curve below my place. I towed it in, and the guy says, 'You can have it for your trouble.' What can you do with a paluka like that? It'll cost me more to fix it than it's worth. And the parts ain't worth takin' off." His shaking fist dropped, fingers loosening in a despairing gesture. "My wife's goin' to have a baby, and I got a hospital bill to pay. How am I goin' to pay that?" He spat, slipped a cigarette out of his shirt pocket, and lighted it.

Turning his back to the traffic, Ed Neiwart began excitedly, "Yesterday, a woman comes in and wants a dozen eggs, and when I tells her they're thirty-five cents, she says, 'I can get 'em for twenty-seven down at the chain-store.' I says, 'Well, you'd better trot right down to the chain-store and buy 'em, lady.' And what does she do? Well, she does it. Hell, I can't sell fresh eggs for what them chain-stores sell storage eggs."

"Sure," said Tommy. "Another time a blow-out lands a guy smack into the guard rail. When I gets there a big moving-truck has hooked a chain to his front axle and pulled him out. There ought to be a law against that sort of thing! I gotta make a livin', ain't I?"

George wasn't saying anything; he drove a lumber-truck, and he'd pulled a fella out of the ditch once; the fella gave him a buck — but Jeez, gettin' only fifteen bucks a week, an extra buck came in handy. His wife bought at the chain-stores, but hell, they couldn't pay the prices of stores like Neiwart's. And his wife wanted an electric refrigerator. . . .

A car pulled off the Post Road and stopped right at the beginning of the Phillipsville Road. The driver got out with a businesslike air and approached the town cop. Cadge touched his cap, replying to a question about directions, "You've come south too far for the Ferry."

"Then I should have turned off at the red light up the road?"

"Right," said Cadge, and began spinning his whistle on the end of its chain. "But I'll save you some trouble. Go right on into Phillipsville." He gestured toward the town, and his glance saw a gray sedan coming around the curve, traveling fast. "Down in the village," he continued, "you turn right at the traffic signal and go back along the river. That'll bring you out at the Ferry." The sedan shot past, trying to turn north before the lights went red. "Nice ride along the river," Cadge said.

On the inside lane of the two lines of south-bound traffic, the first car stood with its front wheels beyond the "stop" sign painted on the cement. The driver had his machine in low gear with the clutch out and sat looking up at the light, waiting for the "go" signal. The automobile parked just inside the Phillipsville Road, while its driver talked with Cadge, shut off a clear view of the Corners. As the warning globe turned orange, the driver in the poised machine let in his clutch, and the car jerked forward just as the sedan shot out of the Phillipsvile Road, swinging north. His wife, in the seat beside him, screamed; he swung the steering wheel, veering left, and the sedan struck his machine cornerwise with a brittle crashing sound, knocking it across the left lane. The sedan itself glanced off and plunged over the side of the road and into one of the whitewashed tree trunks with another crash.

The state trooper began blowing his whistle instantly, but Cadge had to untangle his whistle chain from his finger before he could start blowng. The man who had been asking directions of the cop surveyed the scene quickly, crossed to his waiting machine, and drove off. The three men by the corner post were so absorbed in their complaints that the crash stunned them. Ed Neiwart spun around and glared at the machine knocked crosswise off the far lane. Tommy Benton threw away his cigarette and ran into the street, then stopped and started back toward his wrecker, then turned again and ran across the pavement to the accident. George Norton slid off the fence, exclaiming without knowing he said it, "Jeez, it's a honey!" Car doors slammed on the Phillipsville Road, as the occupants jumped out and started running toward the Corners.

The driver of the car still on the road sat frozen to the steering wheel, while his wife slumped against him, with a gash cut on the side of her head by the window that hadn't been lowered completely, and with blood streaming over her freckled neck and bosom and cream-colored dress. In the back seat, one of the four children, knocked in a heap by the jolt, was screaming, "Get off my head! Get off my head!"

From the car jammed into the tree, a shriek arose in sweeping waves that never seemed to break, and was answered far back on the lines of blocked traffic by the impatient tootling of a French horn. Tommy Benton stopped by the first car and tried to pull open the right door, but it was wedged shut. He ran around to the other side, jerked that one open, and hauled the man out, shouting, "Stand up!" The driver, knees wobbling, face pale, staggered against the fender. "He hit me! He ran into me!" he complained. Tommy was shouting, "Hey, someone take this woman to the hospital!" He glared frantically at the line of cars, while he dragged at the woman's shoulders. The children, seeing blood, began wailing at the top of their lungs. A touring-car pulled up, and the driver said, "I'll take her down." He spoke nonchalantly as if he did this sort of thing every day in his life. The husband, pulling himself together, helped

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lift his wife out of the wreck and into the back seat of the waiting machine. Tommy kept saying, "I'm a garageman. I'll tow in your wreck — half a mile up the road — Tommy's Garage." The driver of the touring-car beckoned to the four scared children. "Here you kids. Get in here." He flung open the door to the seat beside him; then he said over his shoulder, "Don't let any blood get on the cushions."

George and Neiwart had rushed down the bank to the sedan, instantly noticing the smell of scorched clothing and flesh. The hot engine had been knocked through the dash, catching the driver's right foot against the brake pedal; the steering wheel, bent vertical, held him crushed to the seat. He stared pop-eyed through the shattered windshield, breathing with long roaring gasps, pink bubbles snapping from his lips. The girl beside him had ducked when the car went over the bank, and her head had split open against the narrow roll of the dash. The state trooper and two of the onlookers on that side of the highway were lifting her out to the grass.

The continuous screaming came from a girl huddled on the floor of the back seat, face buried in her hands. The man beside her, one arm dangling, leaned over the front seat, trying with futile, clawing movements of his good hand to free the driver. Neiwart and George yanked open the door and pulled at the driver's shoulders. His hoarse breathing had subsided to a rasping groan, and with a crunching sound, he slid out from behind the wheel, but his foot remained fast. Neiwart, holding the man, felt something soft and sticky on his right hand but paid no attention to it. Norton was trying to get the man's foot free. "Rip off the shoe!" Neiwart yelled. George burned his hand on the engine, but finally shoved down on the heel of the shoe. The foot slid out, and they laid the man on the grass. In the crowd someone was shouting, "Call an ambulance! Get a doctor!"

Tommy Benton hooked the chain of his wrecker crane to the front axle of the car on the road and hoisted it up. He yelled to the trooper, "All set?" The trooper, giving the position of the machine a quick final survey, shouted back, "Take it away!" Benton drove off, his face set grim, thinking: ten bucks, ten bucks. The wrecked car swung dizzily at the end of the hoist chain, the crushed fender whamming. The garageman drew back his lips in a snarl — Jeez, livin' offen others' hard luck!

The trooper and Cadge got the traffic straightened out, and the cars resumed their normal stop and go. Neiwart, out of curiosity, walked over to where the girl with the cracked skull lay on the grass. The sight of the crushed crown above the pale, pretty face made him conscious of the soft sticky stuff on his hand, and looking down, he saw a clot of bloody gray pulp mixed with hair. Brains! He turned and hurried through the crowd and across the road, careless of traffic. His heavy face had gone a bluish white; he walked fast but unsteadily until he was beyond the corners; then he vomited. The ambulance whirled past him, red headlights glowing and bell clanging. Leaning against the big maple of the Phillipsville Road, pulling himself together, Neiwart realized that his anger at the chain-stores had vanished.

George Norton helped lift the two injured into the ambulance, wondering where Neiwart had gone, thinking at the same time: Jeez, Art missed a honey, runnin' off with them dames. The crowd began to break up, and George crossed the road, looking for Fatty on his post, but the boy wasn't in sight; then he figured he'd better be getting on home. He remembered walking out on his wife over their refrigerator squabble, but at that moment the whole business seemed to have little significance. Wait till he told the family about this wreck! Jeez! He began to hurry — and maybe Benida and the kids would like to go to the movies tonight.

On the gravel triangle, Cadge teetered up on his toes — he'd report this accident in every detail to the Town Board; that'd make 'em see how indispensable he was out here. In the family group by the rocky bank, the man said, "We can go home now, Mom." The woman climbed dumpily down from her seat, panting a little with the effort.

Among the few still eyeing the wreck was Fatty, notebook in hand, looking satisfied. Suddenly he said to a man near-by, "Maine!" pointing his pencil at the license plate, "I can go home now." The man stared at him as if he thought he was crazy, and the boy turned, cautiously crossed the highway, and walked down the Phillipsville Road with a hip-swaggering gait.

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Hearts of Oak

JACLAND MARMUR

H. M. S. *Royal Sovereign,* ship of the line, one hundred guns, Lord Collingwood, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, is leading Nelson's leeward squadron off Cadiz in search of Napoleon's battle-fleet. Astern, the men-o'-war swing lofty topsails in the sky, faint white squares against the gloom. It is still dark night of that famous October morning of 1805: the time of England's greatest naval triumph is at hand.

Far in the north and west, the lurching signal-lanterns burn aloft, tangling the stars. That will be the *Euryalus* and the *Sirius,* frigates, the eyes of the sailing-fleet. And all around, atwinkle and aglitter, are the running-lights of England's ships and England's men. The divisions are standing north, slowly, for they are ungainly sailers, square and lofty-pooped, wall-sided ships of war, two- and three-deckers with gun-ports tight. The stirring, throat-catching names of them! *Tonnant, Colossus, Swiftsure,* and *Belleisle.* And to windward, the famous *Victory,* the fighting *Téméraire, Conqueror, Defiance, and Britannia.*

The wind is quietly west of north and hauling farther westward, from where a strong, deep ground-swell comes surging in toward the shoals of San Pedro and Cape Trafalgar on the Spanish coast. The *Royal Sovereign,* on the port tack with sail braced in alow and aloft, heaves ponderously through dark water, soughing the wind from her drawing canvas and slicing a steep swath in the paling stars with the sky-high trucks of her masts. On the quarter-decks, the officers murmur together in rumbling whispers, dark clusters of heavy-faced men.

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DAUGHERTY

They are in search of glory, those dim, grim shapes far aft on the decks of command — frock-coated admirals with cocked hats and golden stars on their breasts, flag-captains in tight-fitting hose and buckled shoes, sailing-masters and lieutenants with grizzled cheeks in the wind, and little midshipmen boys of ten and twelve with burning eyes and cutaway, brass-buttoned coats. They are out from England's Narrow Seas in search of England's glory. Nelson, on the poop of the *Victory,* has already given one arm and an eye for it. He is presently to give his life. But the vast Atlantic, dispassionate and disdainful, continues to suck and gurgle at the stately hulls.

On a coiled-down rope on the *Royal Sovereign's* deck, Bert Wallering, quarter-gunner, sits like a lump of granite with his thick arms folded across his chest. The night is beginning to thin, and his face can be seen. It is a stolid Sussex face, with slow thought kindling patient gray eyes. He is not thinking of Bonaparte's ruthless appetite for power and mangled men. He is thinking of home and of Bess and the kids, and when the recruiting gangs will at last have done with him. . . . There was a schooner he used to sail in trade past the Foreland and up to the North Sea ports. . . . But he doesn't complain, not even to his chums who are standing close by, whispering things in the night. Somewhere out across that sea of heaving slate there is Villeneuve and Gravina, coming out of Cadiz with Napoleon's French and Spanish fleet. And if common men didn't pay for England's glory, who would?

One of the men stirred closer, speaking hesitatingly in a hollow and hoarse whisper, as if afraid to disturb the impending dawn. "It'd be nice of a mornin' like this back home. Wouldn't it, Bert?"

"Aye, Jack, it would," Bert agreed solemnly. "The trees all goin' brown, an' dry, gold leaves in the Channel wind. Had a letter from Bess at Gibraltar, Jack. She says

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'twas a wonderful summertime they had . . . an' me chasin' Villeneuve to the Caribbees an' back again."

"Aye, Bert."

"She writes funny, Jack. Funny things. How she watches the western sky at night, wonderin' if I'm there. Women are like that, I guess. An' the glory of the sun goin' down." Bert frowned. "I can just see her eyes gleamin' when she's talkin' like that. Y'know, Jack, before me an' Bess got married an' had the kids, she used to teach at a fancy Portsmouth school. Learned a heap more'n me, Jack, Bess did. Lord!" Bert's voice trailed off feebly. He shrugged. "I dunno. . . ."

Home seemed somehow very near and very bright that still morning, before the sun rose on Trafalgar. Men remembered it with a quiet and vivid clarity. They spoke of it reverently, the one thing they might be certain of in a time of great trouble. Jack scowled, pulling his forelock angrily.

"What's the matter of him, Bert? That feller Bonaparte?"

"Matter? I'll tell you what's the matter!" A corporal of marines wiped his chin with the back of a hairy hand.

His voice was firm and decisive, the low voice of a man uttering studied judgment. "He can't take no joy makin' love to a pretty girl like common men do. That's what's the matter of him! If he could, he wouldn't be tearin' the bloody guts out o' half the earth. Someone's got to crack him down!"

Bert Wallering grinned. "That's funny, Nat. Maybe so you hit it right at that."

"Maybe!" the corporal snorted with a large disdain. "Ain't no maybe about it, Bert. That un's a bloomin' maniac!"

"Them frogs, Bert," Jack murmured after a silent pause. "Do you reckon they're comin' out to fight?"

"They *are* out, lad." The gunner stood up, a huge, solid man, gesturing broadly with one arm. "Have a look off there to the east."

The bronze bell of the *Royal Sovereign* tolled two double strokes. The sound throbbed to the thinning vault of night. The stars were all but gone now, and the ocean showed itself, gray-green before sunrise, heaving in unhurried majesty beneath little clumps of cloud overhead. The huge three-decker made a great noise of canvas and water and lofty gear, rolling slowly to the north with the leeward squadron coming up astern. To windward, the rest of England's battle-fleet stood on, with Nelson's *Victory* in the van. The frigates broke halyards full of signal-flags to the dawn. They seemed so gay and merry, all that colored bunting undulating brightly in a light breeze that was settling at west southwest. But they were no longer needed. The enemy was in sight.

In the still and pristine clarity the Allied fleet could be plainly seen, heads south on the starboard tack, like immense white moths moving slowly across still water. Presently the sun burst up behind them, flaming their sail to crimson. Bert watched them with narrow eyes. Jack gasped. The corporal of marines set his teeth.

"Lord A'mighty! There's over thirty ship o' the line!"

"Get a bellyful this time! So we will. What's Nelson gonna do wi' *that?*"

Far aft the whistles piped. A master's mate cracked orders out. The *Victory* shot signal-flags aloft. "Prepare for battle." Collingwood answered from the *Royal Sovereign's* poop, and then sent flying up the orders for his own division of sail. The first maneuver of Trafalgar began. The *Royal Sovereign,* hauling her wind, stood east at once for the French and Spanish fleet, white clumps before a delicate blue horizon. The topmen sprang aloft, shaking out topsail reefs, setting royals and studding sails. From every quarter-deck, long glasses read the stiffening flags.

"Form the larboard line of bearing."

Villeneuve and Gravina were standing in, and someone had to crack them down. Bert, thinking of Bess and the kids, turned for the hatchway in silence. And as he went, all through the ship of war, the drums began to rattle out the raucous call to quarters.

"Hearts of Oak!" they played: England's hearts of oak.

The harsh, dry rattle of the drums filled the ship. It came droning up with the wind from all the rest of the fleet. The *Royal Sovereign* was overrun with her men now, clearing for action. Hammocks and blankets, rolled tight, were being fastened to protect bulwarks and gangways. Splinter-nettings were rove below each mast. Sails, decks, and boats were drenched with water, and buckets left standing full. Wet blankets at each hatchway and along the entire passage leading to the magazine. Below, the carpenter and his mates tore out cabin partitions and furniture. The ships left a trail of rubble in their wakes. Two pigs and a bullock went overside, drifting off bawling until, still struggling, they sank from sight. They were not to share in England's splendid victory.

On his gun-deck Bert Wallering was grimly attending his long guns. Buckets of fresh water there, with swabs by every piece. And the big tubs over which he carefully hung each smouldering match. Quietly he inspected the filling shot-racks, examined the powder-tubes, and at last, with ports swung open and tampions drawn and lashings struck, stripped to the waist, the gun crews overhauled the running-tackles of the fighting-guns.

Eight bells went. Bert peered out through the open port along which the black gun-muzzle lay. A little midshipman came rushing along the sanded deck. He at least had clear headroom under the heavy deck-beams. His

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eyes were burning, and his cocked hat was askew. He was about to go into action. His first. It would teach him what that wet sand meant, strewn on the narrow fighting-deck.

"Lord Nelson has just signaled to bear up and sail large for action, men!" he cried out in his shrill, excited, boyish voice. "We have the weather gauge. He asks for twenty captured ship of the line. By heaven! We will give him another splendid victory!"

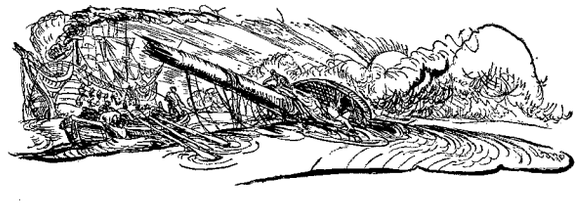
Bert Wallering didn't even turn. Good enough, all that, for a stripling midshipman boy. He didn't know. The gunner did. He only muttered tightly, "Aye, sir," and went on peering through the gaping port.

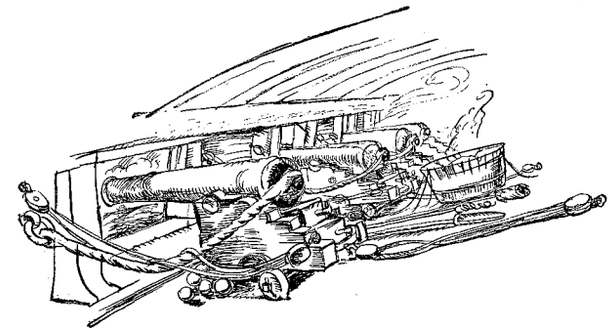
He had his eye on the enemy fleet. He could tell by how those white-bellied sail swung just what to expect. He was a veteran at this sort of thing. Good English gunners weren't allowed to remain on shore for long. The wars. The wars! The long, interminable endless wars. . . . That was a funny thing Nat said about that fellow Bonaparte. Maybe the corporal had it right, at that. What would a man want, tearing Europe and half the earth to bloody shreds, unless he could take no human joy of an amorous woman's flesh? Balmy, they must be, those fellows! Balmy, and no mistake.

Bess said funny things too. What would she possibly mean about the glory of a setting sun? She spoke as if it were something splendid and fine, something common men ought to know about. That's all he wanted — all he had ever wanted. To get back to her, to his Bess and the kids, and find out maybe just what she meant. Well, it would have to wait again. It would have to wait till the guns were done, till the business of stinking powder-smoke and sweating bloody men was done. England's men, though they served beyond their will, served well.

"Hearts of Oak!" the drums cracked out, rattling, hard, and dry. Merciless, hard, and dry. England's hearts of oak.

To Bert Wallering, through the square frame of the port where the gun-muzzle stuck, the French and Spanish fleet seemed almost motionless in the light, unsteady airs — an irregular line of white patches of sail heading south, with a thick clump of them at its head. That was Admiral Gravina's squadron. Suddenly they started to pirouette gracefully, all wearing ship at once in obedience to signal. The maneuver was slowly executed in so light a wind. It brought the enemy headed north, with Gravina in the rear instead of the van. And the reefs of Trafalgar came under the lee of both opposing fleets. For a time it seemed Villeneuve meant to run back for the harbor of Cadiz. Nelson was ready to attend to that! But they shaped slowly now in the form of a deep crescent and laid topsails to the mast, awaiting the Admiral's





attack. Bert grunted softly to himself. It was all very clear now. He gave slow word for double-shotted guns.

Aloft, from the poop of the *Royal Sovereign,* the scene seemed so bright and full of gaiety. Lofty pyramids of canvas from better than fifty ships of war sparkled in brilliant sunshine. The sea was full of the blinding sheen of them. The English fleet, in two single lines, crawled eastward across deep blue water toward that shapely crescent of bristling guns, with the frigates hovering on the windward flank like smaller pilot birds of prey.

Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign* led the lee division with the plan of battle clear in his mind, the famous Memorandum with the Nelson touch. Against superior force of sail and metal, he was to cut through the Allied line at the twelfth ship from their rear, while Nelson kept them busy in the center until the business to leeward was through. Nelson himself in the *Victory* sailed on at the head of the windward fleet. Where he would strike, no one could tell as yet. Neither Nelson nor Collingwood should have been at the head of their lines, going first into such an enemy fire. But Collingwood would not allow his next astern, the *Tonnant* ship, to pass; and Lord Nelson, signaling his *Téméraire* to come ahead if she could, at the same time gleefully crowded the *Victory* with every stitch she could bear. Whole hog or nothing on the glory road!

So they closed. Quiet lines of tall, white-winged ships drifting slowly over a calmly heaving sea all drenched in Spanish sunlight, almost as if about some pleasantly diverting game. An hour before noon of that famous day, the fleets lay less than two miles apart, the French and Spanish ships utterly motionless now in their line with topsails backed. "Close action!" flung out from the Victory's signal-yard. Maneuvers were over. The fate of England's empire gurgled forward with the threads of white foam at the ponderous bows of the leeward fleet.

On Bert Wallering's gun-deck, too, the matter was very plain by now. The massive overhead beams seemed suddenly to be stranglingly close and low. The crews stood taut at their hump-backed guns, motionless, alert, with wide, flaming eyes. Gaunt shadows danced on their polished backs from the smoky fire-matches hanging over the water-tubs, smouldering. The running-tackle lay clear, rammers and swabs on the wet sanded deck. At the hatchways the cartridge boys stood rigidly.

The *Royal Sovereign* ghosted in. It was clear now where that ship would strike the waiting battle-line. Just astern of that huge Spaniard, *Santa Ana,* and just ahead of the French *Fougueux*. Bert could see them both, vividly, across a narrowing strip of peaceful sea, gun-maws

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bared, their rope-patterned fighting-tops thick with black specks of men. It all seemed so still and quiet at that moment as they closed, a stillness made more intense by that slow hiss of water close at hand, the hard breathing of a chum, the faint brashing of canvas, the rattle of a block aloft. Bert Wallering breathed hard too. Then an officer shot down with a rattling of saber chains. He stood for an instant rigidly erect, surveying the fighting-deck with a flashing eye.

"Lord Nelson has signaled, men!" he shouted in a startling, deep bass voice. "Nelson has signaled: 'England confides that every man will do his duty!' "

Wild cheering broke loose instantly. Well, that was good. Men had to cheer or go stark mad. In the sudden uproarious din of that confined space, Bert Wallering cheered too. What man of England wouldn't? But his lower jaw twitched. And under his breath he growled——

"Does he have to *tell* us that?"

No: he didn't have to tell common men that. They did what they had to do in the face of fame or disaster, hoping vaguely there would be an end one day. Because there was always Bess and the kids for them. That was what Bert thought about in a moment of vivid lucidity, even as he pointed the cannon with an expert's care. And in the very midst of that lusty-throated cheering the *Royal Sovereign's* bow gun spoke. . . . A deep, dull boom! . . . The action at Trafalgar began.

The sound of that single explosion reverberated with thunderous echoing, the first challenge of the mailed iron fist. An instant of silence followed. Then the French ship roared out answer, her forward ordnance belching flame and smoke. The *Royal Sovereign* held her fire. Through the gaping ports they saw the opposing line of battle burst flags and pennants high aloft. The English fleet broke colors too. Starred flags of the admirals fluttered in the breeze. The rest of the ships broke the ensign loose, Nelson's pale-white ensign with the flaming cross of St. George. Far to windward on the poop of the *Victory,* Nelson, seeing the enemy flags, knew at last where Admiral Villeneuve was—in the eighty-gun *Bucentaure,* almost in the center of the line. Calmly he ordered Captain Hardy to bring the *Victory's* head to starboard. French and Spaniard started pounding him, a terrific fire as he sailed down the van, cutting his upper sails and yards and bloodying his deck as he sailed straight for the *Bucentaure.*

But it was the *Royal Sovereign,* leading the leeward division, that smashed the enemy's line first. Bert Wallering, crouched behind the haunch of his gun, held one arm rigidly outstretched, fingers stiff. The quarter-gunners glued their eyes on his outflung hand. The *Santa Ana* was so close now he could see the staring eyes of her men and hear their cries. His arm slashed down. The matches touched: the men sprang back. A moment later the entire port broadside exploded with a deafening roar, raking the Spanish flagship as they passed. The black guns recoiled. Sweating men lay hold of the lanyards. Gunners roared for fresh cartridge and shot. They heard the starboard broadside smashing at the *Fougueux,* but the acrid, stinking smoke spat back through the ports, filling the fighting-deck. They could see little. But they all could hear the din, the roar, the cries of the wounded, the crash of toppling spars and rope and slatting canvas, as the *Royal Sovereign* cut the Allied line between the *Santa Ana* and the French *Fougueux.*

You could hear the tons of metal, if you only had time to listen, splintering and smashing through stout oak. On the deck overhead, the marines cheered. The topmen started a stiff rattling of musket-fire and hand-grenades. Behind Bert Wallering as he worked his guns, he heard a shrill, excited voice cry out. The fever! The fever was at its full. He turned for an instant to shout a word. But he didn't. For that voice of England was never ended. There was no one there now where its owner had been. Only the wet sand on the rubbled deck was no longer colorless. . . . Well, that's what it was there for, the sand. To keep naked feet from slipping before they were hit. The little midshipman boy would know now, wherever he might be, what its purpose was. Farther along the quarter a Spanish shot scored a direct hit against one of Wallering's guns. It roared inward, blasting the carriage to splinters. Through the thick smoke Bert saw men stagger away like grotesque shapes seen in a soiled fog. They were his chums, those lads, but

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he couldn't help them now. There was nothing to be done. Nothing. Except to work the guns. Work the guns! The flame-hot, wet, black guns that drooled dirty smoke from their yawning maws.

Meantime the *Royal Sovereign,* smashing through the line, yawed up to leeward of the Allied fleet. The crashing of the guns had killed the wind. The huge ship staggered as Bonaparte's iron ripped at her sides. One by one, the rest of Collingwood's leeward division cracked down, shredded white canvas aloft, clouds of ejecting smoke below. The still sea vomited billowing powder-smoke, hot screaming metal, splintered spars. The two huge three-deckers, Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign* and Gravina's *Santa Ana,* almost aboard each other, fought it out like two snarling mastiffs. And Bert Wallering worked his guns.

Overhead on the upper deck he heard faintly, in all that violent uproar, the crash of a falling spar. Then another. It wasn't his business, but by the sound of it he knew a mast had gone. Two, in fact. The *Royal Sovereign's* mainmast, shot through and coming down astern, carried the mizzen along with it. Momentarily the smoke cleared away from the square hole in the fighting-vessel's side. Bert was just in time to see the *Santa Ana's* mizzen-mast go toppling like a felled tree. A sailor's nightmare, this! She was swinging in close again, crippled, her after-gear and canvas dragging a welter of wreckage in the sea astern. He saw men there on that wounded deck, the glitter of naked cutlass steel and boarding-pikes. Closer. Closer.

"Grape!" he screamed, as if anyone could possibly hear. "Grape!"

He went down the quarter-tier himself, clawing at the gun-pointers and shouting in their ears. The hot cannon came in, those of them still in action. Bert helped them strain at the tackle. Then he pointed his gun. Savagely he clawed the hair from before his eyes. God! why did a man have to do a thing like this? Then he flung down his hand. The matches touched again. The big guns roared. Half deaf and blinded, the men staggered back, waiting for the smoke to drift off. When it did, Bert Wallering saw the *Santa Ana's* deck swept clear. Quite clear. He shuddered. From aloft he heard a tremendous and overpowering cheer of victory sweeping over his ship. The *Santa Ana's* remaining masts wobbled like match-picks, then went crashing over the board. She no longer fired. Her guns were silent. From the stumps of her main her colors drifted down. . . . She had struck!

Bert Wallering didn't know how long the battle went. Things like that are mercifully not remembered in time. He knew only that after a century or two the furious roar of cannon slackened. Then, after a time, it ceased altogether. Off in the distance a single big gun blared. How loud it seemed! Then another. Then silence. He was utterly astonished to discover quite suddenly that daylight was fading; that the evening dusk was setting in. And he wondered vaguely how such a thing had happened, all of an instant while he was busy with other things.

He found himself leaning, utterly exhausted, against the bulkhead, close beside a toppled gun whose carriage lay splintered at his feet. Both his hands were pressing for support against sweating wood. His knees felt wobbly, and he wondered why it was he felt so tired when the fight had only begun. It was a long time before he sensed that the smoky battle-lanterns were lit in their brackets at his back. Now that was strange. It had been hours, then, not moments—all that roaring hell. Dear Lord! what men could endure and still survive. Someone was at his elbow, speaking in a quiet voice.

"Ain't hit, are you, Bert?"

Bert Wallering drew himself painfully erect. "No, Jack; not a scratch. Good to see you, lad."

The *Royal Sovereign* wallowed in the swells, unmanageable and only just able to keep the sea. The gunner looked out through the open port. It was a ragged hole now, splintered and torn. But it was true enough. The evening twilight was settling upon the shoals of Cape Trafalgar. The sea heaved, leisurely, lifting wreckage and débris for miles around. The fading light made more intense the terrible desolation of that famous battle-ground. Five of the enemy ships could just be seen, scurrying away to the south and east, desperately wounded. But seventeen of them lay captured—dismasted, leaking, battered hulks, (*continued on page* 123)

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist . . .* *turn to page 76*

Ring in My Hand

DONALD WAYNE

WITH PRISON SKETCHES BY RAPHAEL SOYER

THERE WAS something different about the death house on Sundays. Somehow it felt clean and fresh and quiet, and the men were not so restless. It felt purified and hushed, cleansed by some mysterious hand that swept over it. Everybody seemed washed and shaved and dressed in neat blue suits, standing in their cells with the sun streaming over their shoulders through the tiny windows up above. Instead of slippers they wore shoes with laces in them, and their shirts were white and smelled good, and they wore bright ties, and their hair was neatly combed back. Yes, it was different on Sundays. It did not seem true that anybody was going to die, ever. There were only the cell bars and the gray walls and the cold stone floors, but there were those little square windows up above where the sun poked through with a sweet warmth, and birds sang outside, and there was no muffled roar of traffic, no shrill blasting of whistles, no bleating and rumble of hustle and movement, no noise and honking and clatter rising from the street. There was quiet—soothing, sedative quiet. Everywhere there were green things, trees and grass and sprouts, and the sun touched them all with light and warmth and made them fragrant and lovely. There was a peace on Sundays, and that was the only time that the men, if they thought about God at all, thought about Him without fear. They swaggered, were bold, defiant, for they knew that nobody died on a Sunday. It was an era of life, a portion of time that they seized by the throat and held in a desperate grip. It was then that they could not die. It was then—it was on Sundays—that they knew they were alive.

Number Five sat down on the edge of his sagging cot and stared at the patch of amber sunlight on the floor of his cell. He cleared his throat noisily and spat at a dark corner. Then he got up and started to pace slowly back and forth, shuffling in his shoes. He ran his hand over his face nervously, his lips moving in silent malediction against the barber who had just shaved him. Wise guy, with those clever remarks! Grinning and winking at the guards and making those dirty cracks all the time! If Cook hadn't been there, and those two guards, he would have twisted the razor out of the bastard's hand and cut his damn head off—one, two, three! Barber!

What time was it? What time was she——?

Well, she *was* coming. She had to come, because today was the day. Today! It was a beautiful day, the sun was out, and the birds were singing like hell, and it was nice out, warm, with leaves on the trees and fragrant breezes and distant pleasant sounds. Sunday, oh, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday! She was coming with the priest today, oh, Sunday, with that fat priest, Father Halsey, with that swell voice of his, that swell voice. He wasn't nervous, he wasn't nervous. If he stopped thinking about it for a minute, his heart wouldn't pound so much and make him feel weak. Witnesses, there would have to be witnesses, the warden and the guard, the warden and the guard. Best man? No best man? How about Death? Let Death be the best man. Death *was* the best man!

She would come up close, and he would shut his eyes and kiss her through the bars—the bars, hurting, pressing against his face, always between them, pushing him back, away, away from her, *away,* hurting, pushing, pressing, back and *away,* bruising, cold, hard, straight, between them forever.

Forever. That meant for all the time of his life, eight days, for all the time of his seeing and hearing and kissing and wanting, eight *days,* and after that he would be dead and everything finished. *Eight days!* No seeing, no hearing, no kissing, wanting, laughing, no wife, no life, no thinking—NOTHING! And that would be not for fifty years or a hundred years or a million years, when he would come back again and everything would be all right, but it would go on, go on, never stopping, on and on for all time, for all the days and years and hours, and *seconds* that were to come, never stopping, never stopping! She would forget him, she would forget him. SURE! Things happen in life, and you can't be thinking of something all the time. Lots of things happen as time goes on, and you forget the people who are dead. . . .

What the hell was she coming up to marry him for, anyway? He couldn't go home! He couldn't live with her, sleep with her, eat her breakfasts. Let the kid be a bastard—what's the difference?—nobody'll have to know. Give

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the kid a name, make one up. He'll be better off. Why marry ——?

Maybe it was because she still loved him. Old man or no old man she loved him. He hadn't meant to kill her old man.

He was wild! The old man made him ——

It was raining that day, and he got wet on the way over. It made him worse. It made him sore as hell.

"No!" the old man said.

"Listen, you, she's going to have a baby."

"I know, I'll take care of that. And if I ever see you near her again, I'll split your damn head!"

"You will."

He just wanted to scare the old man — scare him and make him take back what he said. He just wanted to see the old man's eyes pop and see him shake and die with fright and say it was all right about getting married.

"Listen, I'll give you just one second to change your mind, or it'll be too bad."

Smiling? Smiling? What was the old man smiling for? What the hell ——?

"Go ahead and shoot — you're yellow — you got no guts — you're yellow ——"

He didn't mean to do it. He went up there in the rain and, honest to God, he didn't intend to, really . . . the old man made him do it. Sat there with that smile, with that look, with that goddam look in his eyes . . . he dared him, asked for it. And he *had* to do it — he had to but he didn't mean ——

God! Sometimes a man has to do something like that. Sometimes you have to kill somebody.

II

Five licked his dry lips and looked out into the corridor. He wiped his hands on his trousers and stepped up to the bars, gripping them.

"Screw!" he called. "Hey, screw!"

The guard answered from his invisible post at the door: "Quiet, there, Five. Whaddya want?"

"Gimme a smoke, will you?"

"Smoke?"

There was a loud sneering laugh from one of the cells. It echoed weirdly through the corridor.

"He's gettin' hot already," yelled One. "Wants a smoke!"

"Lot o' good that'll do him!"

There was more laughter, forced, grating.

"Pipe down!" the guard called angrily, getting up.

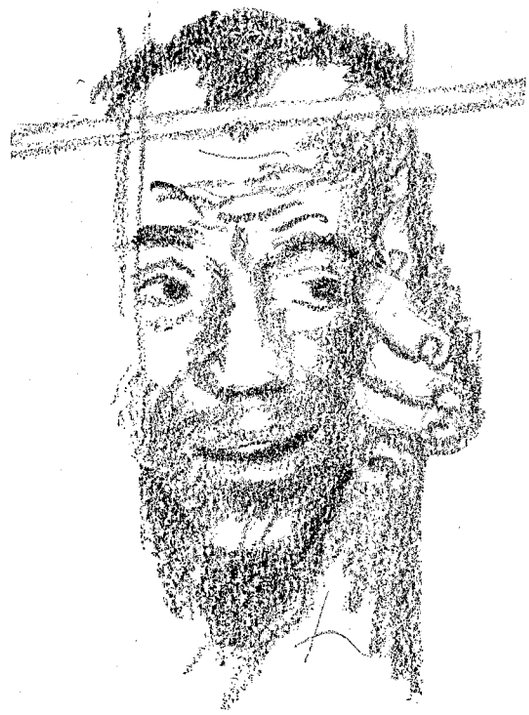
"He'll smoke, all right. Plenty of it," intoned Seven in a deep sonorous basso.

"Oh, shut up, Seven!" growled Three angrily.

The guard passed a lighted cigarette through the bars to Five, who seized it and stuck it nervously between his lips. Then he went back to his post.

There was a long silence. Everybody seemed to be listening to the sudden crescendo from the birds outside.

"Well?" One broke the silence. "When's the bride coming? I can't wait all day. Got a director's meeting at four o'clock!"



"She'll be here soon, J. P.," called Nine. "She's out getting her trousseau!"

Loud broken laughter sounded again.

"Where you takin' her for the honeymoon, Five?"

"Where? To hell! That's where *he's* goin'! Ain't you, Five?"

"So are you!"

"Maybe she don't want to go. Did you ask her?"

"What does her old man say?"

"Yeah, what *does* her old man say? Eh, Five?"

The roar of laughter that rose was taunting, abusive. Five hurled his cigarette to the floor and swung to the bars, his eyes flashing murderously.

"Shut up! Shut your damn traps!" he shouted, white with rage.

The laughter, that had begun to abate, swelled again.

"Look, he's gettin' sore!"

"Careful, boys, he's a dangerous character, a 'love slayer'!"

"Aw, he only kills girls' fathers."

Five stood glued to the bars, sweating and shaking with a wild rage. A shrill madness swept over him.

"Shut up, you lousy bastards! I'll —" he screamed wildly.

"You'll what?"

"He'll tell the Governor on you. You hurt his feelings."

"Sure, we're talkin' about the woman he loves."

"He can go to hell. For two dollars she'll love me."

"I bid three!"

"Four!"

"Five!"

"Screw, screw!" Five yelled hoarsely, his tense, sweating face pressed against the bars. "Make 'em shut up! Make 'em shut up, for Christ's sake!"

"Shut up, you guys," called the guard scowling.

"What for?"

"Teacher's pet!"

"We don't know any better!"

"That's the trouble with these dumps, they don't teach us any manners!"

"I wanna go home!"

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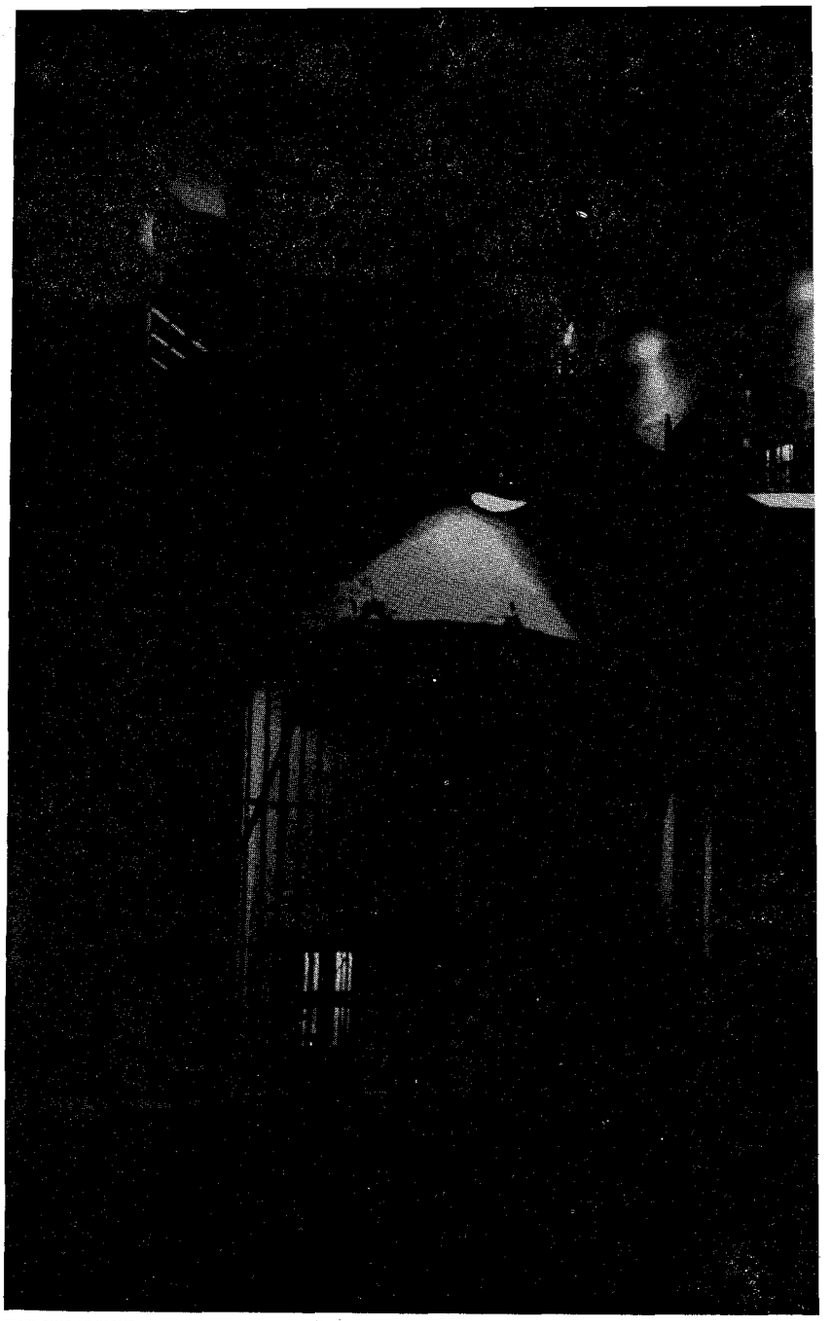

SING SING AT NIGHT

"Shut up, did you hear what I said?" The guard was getting angry.

"What we want is freedom of speech!" yelled One.

"Yeah! Let's petition the Governor!"

"It won't work!" yelled Three. "I've been doin' that for six months. The Governor can't read!"

There was a roar of laughter at this, punctuated by a fit of coughing from Three which continued after the laughter had died down. The coughing echoed through the corridor, then stopped, and a heavy silence descended. Five sat down on his bed again and stared at the floor. The anger within him ebbed, and his breathing grew softer.

Suddenly a faint murmur of voices drifted to his ears. He leaped to his feet and listened tensely. No, it was nothing, his imagination. Then it came again, indubitably. He heard them, the murmur growing, and suddenly the steel door in the corridor clanged open. Two strides took him to the bars. The guard was talking. Then he heard the rich tones of Father Halsey. The warden chuckled. The guard said something again, and then the door clanged shut, and the bolt slid into place. Somebody started to hum the wedding march, but broke off abruptly, belched loudly, and laughed with hissing restraint Where was she? Why didn't he hear her voice? His legs were trembling, his hands and face were wet.

One brief moment, and then they came into view. His eyes fell upon the girl. She was dressed in blue, with a black coat, and looked very short beside the warden. He gripped the bars savagely, and his body seemed to swell. The girl uttered a faint cry and darted forward.

"Carl!"

Her hand found his own through the bars. He looked down into her eyes and saw there a mad, searing grief, a

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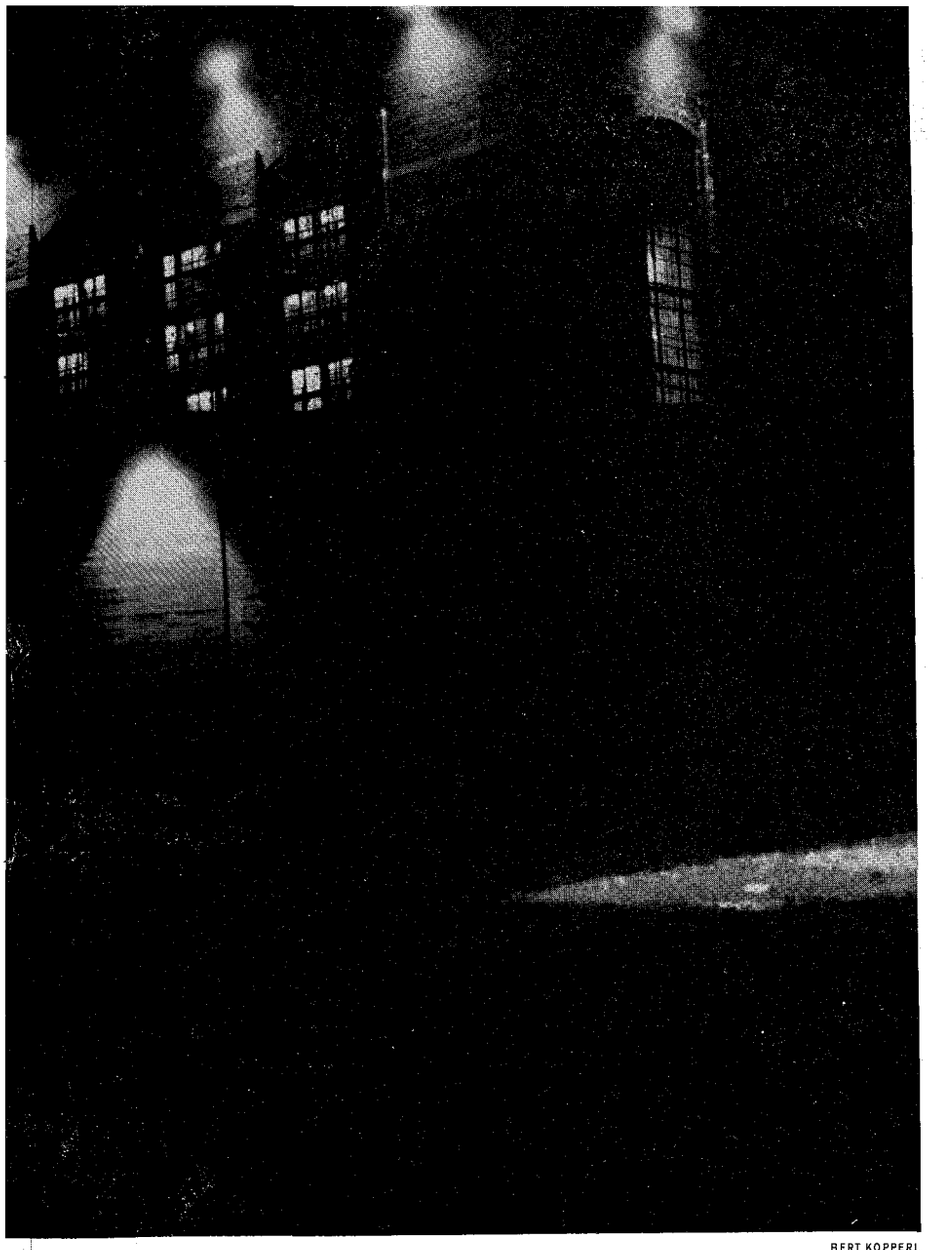

BERT KOPPERL

pleading, helpless despair. "Darling, oh, darling!" they seemed to say. Words rushed to his lips, but they would not come through. He wanted to yell, he wanted to shriek and cry, he wanted to take her fiercely into his arms and squeeze her against him until she melted into him. He wanted to tear through the bars.

"Well, my son!"

It was Father Halsey. Those deep, rich tones. That swell voice of his. He looked up quickly. Father Halsey was smiling.

"How are you today, eh? You're looking fine."

Looking fine! Sure! It was nice here. Good food, good climate, nice people, plenty of rest. Everybody happy. No running around, no staying up late, no women, no liquor. It was swell! Yes, sir! Brought roses to the cheek and sparkle to the eye! Great! Great! Tell your friends!

"Well, are we all ready?" asked Father Halsey.

"Let's get going," the warden said.

Father Halsey touched the girl's shoulder.

"The ring. You have the ring, my dear."

She looked up at him quickly.

"Yes, I have it." And she started fumbling in her bag.

Ring? Ring?

She found the ring.

"Give it to the groom," Father Halsey said.

Groom! Ring! Yes, he was getting married, like anybody else. But no, no-o-o, this was different! Couldn't they see it was different? What the hell were they rushing about, anyway? Groom! Groom! They wanted to get it over with. Oh, they did, did they? Who the hell were they to want to get it over with? This had to last. This had to go along very slowly, take a long time. Ring! Groom! Why didn't they get the hell out of there and leave her alone with him and come back later and marry

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them? Why didn't they shut up? Why did they have to come around and be in such a rush? Oh, yes, yes. Ring. Groom. Yes that's right. This girl is the bride, and I'm the groom I've got the ring in my hand.

III

FATHER HALSEY opened his little book to a place marked by a strip of purple ribbon. He cleared his throat and started to read in clear, deep accents. It was very quiet, and there was no sound but his voice and the echoes of his tones as they rumbled and boomed vibrantly against the gray walls and the stone floors and through the cold bars and the small square windows in the cells. It was a drone, steady and deep, rolling like a sea, rippling and splashing into cracks and dark corners and swirling there, rising and falling and rippling, moaning and purling, low and deep, ever rippling and rolling, on and on.

She had been crying. Her eyes were puffed and red-rimmed, and now tears were welling up again. Her hand was hot and sweating. Or maybe it was his. It was theirs. That hand belonged to him. It was his now, by the law of. . . . Law! Law! God! That face was his, too. Sure, it belonged to him. Not before, but now it did. YES! Kiss it, he could kiss it in front of anybody. Why should she cry? Goddam it, stop it! He could stop her if he wanted to. She would be his wife now—it would be their kid.

Maybe the kid would be a boy, a little one with a straight back and chunky legs and dark brown eyes. Little legs running on the street, and a small shrill voice.

"Where's my Papa?"

Maybe it would be a girl with a small round face and thick dark hair curling down her neck. A little girl with a doll in a white dress, laughing, eating candy, kicking her slender legs in the air.

"Where's my Papa?"

"Your Papa isn't here, darling. He went away on a long, long trip."

"When is he coming back?"

"He isn't ever coming back. Now hush, child. Run along and play."

Play-y-y. Run along and play in the street and play with your new doll in the white dress. Don't eat too much candy! Your Papa went away on a long, long trip. Yes, darling. Oh, a long time ago, before you were born. Your Papa's in hell, darling. Ye-e-es, they took him out and sat him down in a big chair and *strapped* him in, darling, and then they threw a switch and he bur-r-rned. Oh, no, not outside, darling, inside. He burned inside. Like charcoal, burned to a crisp, baby.

She wouldn't tell the kid. But he'd find out. He'd know. Maybe when he grew up. Maybe he would never grow up? Maybe he would die.

Mrs. Blaine? Your son was injured by a car. It's—maybe you'd better come with me. . . . Daugher hit by a truck, she's lying out there. . . . Will you come down and identify. . . . Now, don't be alarmed, Mrs. Blaine, but. . . . Crushed under the wheels of. . . . Fell down and. . . . Are you Mrs. Blaine? Well, now control yourself, Mrs. Blaine, but your. . . . Limp, limp, crushed. . . . Don't leave him lying there! Oh, God!

He'll get killed anyway. Let him grow up. All through his life he'll go on getting killed. . . .

Like father like son like father like son. . . .

My father went to the chair, but I won't go. I'm not going to shoot! I'm bluffing! Go ahead and sneer and say what you damn well please, I'm not going to shoot! I'll think! I'll think! I'll. . . .

She'll get another man. She'll marry somebody else, another man. With a red face and gray hair and big shoulders and a deep voic-c-c-e.

Dearest, dearest. . . . Oh, darling, do you love me? . . . I love you, I love you. . . . Look at the moon, look at that moon! . . . It's warm tonight, it's warm. . . . It's cold. . . . Put your arms around me, it's cold. . . . Tighter! . . . Good night, good night. . . . Let's go to bed. . . . Put out the light. . . . Sweet, sweet darling. . . . I love you, I love you. . . . Are you happy? Are you happy? . . . Smile! . . . Smile! . . . CRY, damn you, CRY-Y-Y! . . .

Haven't you heard, Mrs. Smith? Why, her name used to be Mrs. Blaine. *Carl* Blaine's wife! Well, maybe you don't remember, but Carl Blaine was a . . . Carl Blaine went to the. . . . Yes! . . . And do you know *why* she married him?

Haven't you really heard, Mrs. Jones? . . . Yes! . . . *Carl* Blaine, the man that was. . . . Yes! And I can't for the life of me see how a good man like. . . . And she has the nerve to. . . . My Heavens! . . . *That* child? Are you sure? . . . Oh, wait till I tell. . . .

Sonny, I don't want to see you playing with . . . Junior, there is one boy in this neighborhood that I absolutely forbid you to. . . . Come into the house this instant, Gerald! . . . John! . . . Vincent! . . . William! . . . I want to talk to you. . . . I want to talk to you. . . .

But we *can't* go away, darling! . . . My business, my friends, my home. . . . It isn't as simple as that. . . . We *can't!* . . . Well, *I'm* not making you miserable. . . . Can I help it if? . . . Can I help it if? . . . It's your own damn fault! . . . Why the hell did you have to marry m—? . . . Shut up and stop crying! . . . *You* did it, *you* did it! I'm not to blame for that, am I? . . . Shut up! . . . I'm sorry I ever m— . . . Yes, goddam it, I'm sorry I ever m— . . . Go to hell! . . . That's what I said! Go to hell!

Ro-o-o-l-ll. . . . Ummmnnn. . . .

God the Father God the Father God the Ummmnnn . . .

Blessed are the meek blessed are the me-e-e-k-k. . . .

Da dum dee da-a-a. . . .

Here comes the bride. Here comes the bri-i-i-de. . . .

Ro-o-o-l-ll. . . . Da dum d——!

IV

THE SILENCE was sudden, shocking. Father Halsey was staring at him. "The ring, son."

Ring. Ring.

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The girl slowly extended her small hand through the bars. Her fingertips grazed his shirt. He looked down and realized that his fist was clenched. He opened it quickly and found the ring embedded in his palm. He pried it loose, wiped his hand on his trousers, and in a second awkward attempt, slid the ring down on her third finger. Her hand groped at his shirt for a moment, then she threw herself impulsively against the bars. He strained toward her, and they kissed. He closed his eyes. His heart was pounding again. The bars were pressing into his face. They hurt him. Her lips were hot and dry, but they were a woman's lips, they were soft, a woman's lips! His WIFE!

He had kissed her before. All he wanted to. And how! But now — but now — ! He hadn't seen a woman in — he hadn't kissed a woman in — they were always yelling about women, how they wanted them ——

Oh, come on, kiss me, kiss me. COME ON!

Those bars, those bars, those stinking bastard BARS! He wanted his wife. Take them away!

Let her come inside! In here with me! She wants to! Can't you see she wants to? Come on in! Let her come in!

Take those BARS away! Let me alone with her, just for a minute. Just for one minute. For Christ's sake! I won't run away. I won't do anything! Shoot me, if I try!

Oh, Jesus, Jesus!

V

"COME on," said the warden, "let's go." He nodded to the guard.

"What's goin' on over there?" called Nine.

"He's kissin' the bride's foot!" replied Three.

"Pipe down, there!" the guard called angrily, then turned to the girl, dropping a hand on her shoulder. "Come on, Miss."

A cracked falsetto suddenly raised itself into the atmosphere:

"Oh, purromise me-e that some-aday you an' I
Will take our-r love to-o-gethur-r . . ."

"Quiet, quiet!" the guard shouted.

The singing ceased abruptly, only to be followed by a contemptuous lip-and-tongue salute and subdued laughter which the guard chose to ignore. He was leading the girl to the door.

Father Halsey nodded affably to Five.

"Good-bye, my son. God bless you."

"'Bye. Thanks," Five managed to mumble, staring at him.

"So long, Father," called One cheerfully. "We'll be seein' you!"

"Regards to the Virgin Mary!" yelled Nine.

Nine laughed at this, but nobody else did. The steel door clanged open, its echo reverberating down the corridor, and the visitors went out. Nobody said a word, and, as the footfalls began to die away, the door clanged shut, and the bolt shot into place. The guard shuffled his feet as he sat down on his stool. It was very quiet, and the incessant chirping of the birds outside was beginning to get on his nerves.

"Screw, screw!" Nine shattered the silence. "I want a smoke!"

The guard shook his head slowly, r ring something, then put his hand in his pocket t up.

VI

IT WAS raining that day. Raining, and he got wet. It made him sore as hell. . . .

"No!" the old man said.

It was raining, raining.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat on the window, pr-r-r-rrr, pat-pat-pat on the window. . . .

"Go ahead and shoot."

What? What! WHAT!

Bang — two, three, four; *bang* — two, three, four. . . .

"We'll get you out of this, my boy . . . stiff upper lip . . . my boy . . ."

"No!" the old man said.

"Go ahead and ——"

"Where did you get that gun? . . . Where did you ——?"

"Don't worry, my boy . . . my boy . . . my boy . . . my BOY!"

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT ——?"

". . . Prisoner will stand. . . ."

"Where's my Papa?"

"Haven't you heard, Mrs. Smith? Mrs. Jones? Mrs. Smith? . . . Haven't you heard, haven't you heard, haven't you heard?"

"Where's my Papa-a-a!"

"*You* did it, *you* did it! I'm not to blame for ——!"

"Where's my PAPA?"

"Papa? Shhhhh!"

". . . Long, long trip. Shhhhh!"

"WHERE'S MY PAPA? WHERE'S MY PAPA?"

"WHERE?"

"SHHHHH!"

"Haven't you hear-r-r-d-d?"

He's dead.

Some doctor's got him. They're cutting up his body! They've got his brains in a glass jar.

He's dead, he's rotting, he stinks to high heaven, he's stuck in the ground, he's pickled in a glass jar, can't see, can't hear, can't talk, can't move, can't do a damn thing, he's been that way for years. GONNA STAY THAT WAY TILL THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD BLOWS UP, be-e-cause they strapped him down and covered his head and they BUR-R-NED him, they burned him, they burned him to a crisp. . . .

"What's wrong with Five? Not a peep!"

"Hey, Five!"

"How about a little talk on matrimony?"

"Yeah. The gentle art!"

"Let him alone. He's thinkin'."

"He ain't thinkin', he's on his honeymoon."

"Hey!" the guard shouted. "Shut up!"

. . . they burned him to a crisp. . . .

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Antique Dealing

EDWARD P. BORDEN

When Great-grandfather died, Aunt Clara, my great-aunt, hired a dray and rode on it down to his house. She loaded it up with all the best furniture and took it with her. Of course her sisters were furious. They wouldn't speak to her at the funeral.

None of Grandmother's sisters ever liked each other, and even when Aunt Clara stole all the furniture, the other two couldn't agree, except that they both thought she ought to go to jail. Uncle Dick Warner — he wasn't an uncle, just a friend of Great-grandfather, and his lawyer — said he would try to fix things up. He called on Aunt Clara and told her she would have to send the furniture back.

"I won't do it," said Aunt Clara. "I'm the oldest and Father left it to me."

"I drew his will for him," said Uncle Dick Warner, "and he left it to all of you in equal parts."

Aunt Clara wanted to know who was going to get the sideboard.

"I don't know," said Uncle Dick Warner, "except that you are not going to get it all."

"Well," said Aunt Clara, "there certainly isn't any use in hauling it all over the country every day. I'll just keep it here and when it's decided, they can come and get their share."

Uncle Dick Warner knew all about Aunt Clara. He told her if the furniture wasn't back in Great-grandfather's house by noon the next day, he would have her arrested. That frightened Aunt Clara. She knew he'd do it, so she sent it back the next morning. Aunt Addie and Aunt Kate were there to see that she didn't keep some, and they got to wrangling about who was going to get which piece. My great-grandfather had been buried by this time. Aunt Clara came along to see if she couldn't steal some of it back, and they had a royal afternoon. Finally one of the maids ran up the street and got Uncle Dick Warner.

There weren't any sons in Great-grandfather's family, only daughters, and Uncle Dick Warner saw it was up to him, or there'd be bloodshed. He was such a nice old man, too. I guess he'd rather have let them fight, but it didn't seem to him that he'd be acting right by my great-grandfather if he did.

"There's only one way to do this," he told them. "You'll have to get an auctioneer and sell it off, piece by piece, to the highest bidder."

Of course they wouldn't hear of anyone outside the family getting a chance at it, so he said they could have a private sale, with only the three of them and Mother, who was their dead sister's only child. Mother was sick, so Uncle Dick Warner asked Father to represent her. Father went, but Aunt Addie and Aunt Clara and Aunt Kate said he was an outsider. They thought they could cheat Mother out of her share by saying that, but Uncle Dick Warner made them agree to divide all the money from the sale into four parts, and each would get one part, and Mother would get one. Uncle Dick Warner said it would be breaking Great-grandfather's will if they didn't, but nothing had been said about dividing it up, so they could do *that* any way they pleased. Uncle Dick Warner asked Father to stay to give him strength.

I forgot to tell you that there was a fight about the auctioneer, and *that* was the only thing they finally agreed on. They wouldn't have a paid man on account of the expense. Uncle Dick Warner had to be the auctioneer, too.

The first piece that went up, Aunt Clara said, "That's mine. Father gave it to me years ago."

"He promised it to *me*," said Aunt Kate. Father said he thought they meant it, that they'd gotten Great-grandfather to promise to give them everything. Great-grandfather was pretty old when he died — eighty-two — and I guess he'd do anything to keep the peace.

Aunt Addie said, "You'll have to outbid *me*. Fifty dollars."

Father said it was a chair that used to stand by the door into the dining-room. He could have bought it any day for fifteen dollars.

"Sixty!" said Aunt Kate.

"Eighty!" said Aunt Clara.

"One hundred!" said Aunt Kate.

"A hundred and fifty, you huzzies," said Aunt Addie. Father thinks Aunt Kate got it for three hundred dollars and some pretty fine language.

Every piece that came up the same thing happened. Father rolled on the floor for a while and when he got tired laughing, he started bidding. They were so mad they didn't notice him, and he pushed the prices way up, figuring he had nothing to lose and Mother had a lot to gain.

About seven o'clock — they started right after lunch — Uncle Will, who was Aunt Clara's husband, came around to see what had happened to her, and found they were only half way through. He heard Aunt Clara bid sixteen thousand dollars for a Georgian secretary, and nearly dropped dead.

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"Clara!" he yelled at her. "What in Tophet do you think you are doing?"

"Mind your mouth," said Aunt Clara. Uncle Will sat down next to her and she nearly bit his head off. Father heard her say to him,

"Will, you're a damned fool. This only costs a fourth in actual money." Uncle Will tried to convince her that it cost *three*-fourths, and that, anyway, a fourth was twice too much. Father said he thought all of them had the same idea. Uncle Will went away and came back with Uncle Matt and Uncle Edward, but they couldn't do anything, either.

Father said he never heard such language from Presbyterian women. It was well after midnight when they got it all sold, and Father had to get four cabs, because no two of them would ride in the same cab. Father lived on the opposite side of town. Father said he got so many different orders that he made three trips to the livery stable, which was a mile and a quarter away. They made such a row, he said, that it started to rain.

When Uncle Dick Warner got rested up, he found out they had spent a hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars. Of course, there wasn't that much money in the whole family, so Uncle Dick Warner came to Father and suggested that they settle it for ten cents on the dollar.

Father remembered how they wouldn't give Mother a chance to bid on the furniture, and even tried to beat her out of her money share, so he said No, he wouldn't do that—they would have to give Mother forty-three thousand dollars according to the terms of the sale. And who would pay such a price, even if he had it?

"You're within your rights," Uncle Dick Warner told him. "What do you suggest we do?"

"I'm going to sue," said Father.

"You *can't* do that. It would be a terrible thing in the family."

Father said, "It wouldn't be any worse in the family than those three old buzzards."

Uncle Dick Warner suggested that Father take some of the furniture.

"Not at those prices," said Father. He said he was willing to make a fair offer, but if they didn't accept it, he'd put them in bankruptcy. Uncle Dick Warner argued with him, but Father said he didn't care how they treated each other, but they had to act right toward Mother while *he* was around.

"They would sue each other, or me, or the minister for fifty cents, and you know it," Father said.

So that's how we came to get all the furniture. We didn't get any of the extra money, though. Mother said not to bother with it. Father let them know they owed it, though. He said it would keep them out of the house. When Father sold two chairs and a desk to a museum for more money than even they had bid, he saw to it that they heard that, too.

They didn't speak to Father ever again.

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THE FAMILY ALBUM

In the center of our parlor was a heavy and ornately carved mahogany table. It had claw feet with a great glass marble in each claw. On this table lay the parlor's supreme treasure — The Old Family Album.

How well I remember it: Heavily bound in faded blue plush, with the word "ALBUM" in shiny tin letters. On the first page was a little sepia-brown picture of — but let's skip into the parlor and thumb through it again.

To begin, let me make you acquainted with Uncle Dick Johnson and his chum, Fred Sims. Uncle Dick could clip a squirrel right in the eye at fifty paces. He used to lug home a turkey from some shooting-match pretty near every Saturday. As Aunt Mag often said, "It's the only single living thing he's good for."

— Lyman Clark

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

No Starving Armenians

ANONYMOUS

If you don't actually know one, you've heard of the kind of person who would cheerfully give you the shirt off his back if you needed it, those generous souls who are always doing for others. I happen to be the husband of such a person, and it has been a revealing experience. The beginnings of my training in doing the generous thing were reluctant and even rebellious. I suppose I shared the usual ideas about giving. At times I balked rather violently at spending money we really needed ourselves for furthering the cause of some stray waif Dot had picked up. But it made her so unhappy I had to give in. Starving Armenians never excited her a bit. She wanted to know the people she helped, to talk to them, mother them, give of herself as well as of our meager means. And after fourteen years of this sort of thing, I find that I am sold on the general idea myself.

Of course, I am well aware that many people are skeptical about any program of giving or doing for others, particularly such a one as adopting homeless children for the summer or sending a bright boy to college. They hesitate at shouldering the responsibility, fear the hazards of such an experiment or that, in doing for others, they may get done themselves. Giving, they believe, is all right, often necessary but invariably painful. Putting it pragmatically, does it all pay? How will such a program work out anyway? In answer I submit some of the highlights of our experience.

Before we were married, when I first came to know Dot — a thumb-nail edition of a girl with an eager, fluttery look in her eye — I was intrigued with the evident pleasure she derived in sharing her shirt with others. She reminded me of that line in one of Ibsen's plays which goes, "Without a fixed point outside myself, I cannot live." I always thought that summed up a real philosophy, but I had never encountered anyone who lived it until I met Dot. Her disarming unselfishness strangely appealed to me. I realized it was a quality I lacked and something it might be worth while to cultivate.

After we were married, my education began. I was slowly and often painfully changed from a self-centered person to one who would at least go part way with her. At first her own brothers and sisters, eight of them, were always needing something, and our slender salary was dolefully dented. An ice-cream soda stood out as an event, a weekly luxury. We lived in a one-room kitchenette affair with horse-hair furniture, but undeniably it was one of the happiest years of our lives. And part of the thrill came from thinking that, were it not for us, Dot's sister would be unable to stay in the sanitorium. We could deny ourselves a better place to live in for that.

My first intimation that, after all, there might be something in this thing of being so nice came one morning when, on our way for a vacation trip, we were summarily stopped by a traffic cop for passing a red light. To make matters well-nigh tragic, I was driving without a license, having forgotten to renew the old one.

"Well, I've got you on two counts, that's bad." The copper seemed to exult in hauling out his little pad.

But he hesitated while rubbing his chin with his pad and, looking us over appraisingly, opined, "It's too bad. You look like nice people too." Taking hope, Dot postulated that she might drive the rest of the way, since she had a license, wouldn't that be all right? And she assumed that poised position, as though to take off in flight, which she affects in making a request and which I have repeatedly found it difficult to resist. After fifteen minutes of harangue, interrupted by traffic duties, he finally waved us away with, "Oh, all right, go ahead, you look like nice people, but," turning to Dot, "you drive the rest of the way."

"So we look like nice people," laughed Dot as she took the wheel. "Well it has its compensations in such a situation anyway."

Another stranger must have thought so too. Well not quite a stranger. I think Dot had met and spoken casually to her at a luncheon. Anyway, one morning a flustered husband called up Dot saying his wife was about to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. He went on to explain that she was almost frantic, wondering what to do with her six-weeks-old baby, and had said that if only Mrs. S — would take him, she could go away feeling perfectly at ease. When he suggested calling, she said, "Oh, we can't ask her. We hardly know her." But he did.

When I came home that night, I was flabbergasted to find a brand-new baby duly installed with crib and all accessories, and even expected the worst until Dot explained. Dot had always been crazy about babies anyway, and heretofore we had not been very successful in raising our own, the first two having died shortly after birth.

The aftermath of this was that we became so fond of the young man that, at the end of two months, when the mother was fully recovered and we had no possible excuse for keeping him longer, we hated to give him up. Dot, especially, went through a period of aching void, and we were on the point of adopting a child when another presence knocked on our portals, and we decided to wait. She is now nine years old and has a brother four. But that first baby was only the beginning of our experiences as parents to youngsters not our own and in other adventures in living.

There was the question of Gene's education. Gene, whose mother was dead,

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was a favorite cousin of Dot's. One morning Dot assumed that poised attitude and said, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could send Gene to the university here and let him take the chemistry course he is so interested in? He could stay with us, and it wouldn't cost much. It will mean a lot to Gene, and think how happy it will make us — knowing we gave him his chance."

How could I refuse such a request? Dot rarely asked for anything for herself. If she had, it would have been easier to hedge. But she was always poking around and uncovering someone's pressing need and then coming to me to ask if we couldn't do something. I finally consented. We gave Gene his education, and he stayed on after graduation, making himself more and more at home. In fact he played us for a couple of easy-marks, which I suppose we were. His attitude had changed from one of appreciation to the idea that the world and we especially owed him a living.

When relations got strained, we were sorely tempted to put him out but never did. We have always felt that a home should be a sure haven to one's own or adopted children, something to fall back on, a place to turn to in time of need. And although Gene is now out on his own, we still want him to feel that way.

Dot's attempts to make something of John were happier. He appeared one winter morning at our front-door, a lad barely nineteen, dirty, disheveled, but as Dot said, "with such a nice, honest face," asking if we did not have something for him to do, that he had not eaten in two days. The hunger march to our door, and I suppose to most others during the depression, was a daily occurrence, and Dot fed all comers, on the theory that it was better to feed panhandlers even than to pass up those in real need. Dot could usually detect the former, anyway, in the drawing-out process, in finding out whether they really wanted work, a bath, and other essentials of citizenship. John verified his story by eating loudly and lustily, afterward doing a neat and thorough job of washing the windows, a job which netted him a dollar. Then he was provided facilities for a bath and fitted out with some of my old clothes. Without preachment, Dot kept playing on his pride to make something of himself and soon had a number of her friends giving him regular work.

Then after an absence of over a year, he appeared one day looking like the answer to a maiden's prayer, with a brand-new suit and a ready-made smile. He had a steady job and blushingly confessed he was going to get married.

Friends of Dot have repeatedly warned her about taking such nondescripts as John into the house — no telling what they might do. Whether we are just plain lucky, I do not know, but we have never had any unfortunate experiences or anything stolen, with the exception of Dot's engagement ring.

Lillian was a girl of sixteen, a girl from the orphanage and one of the few allowed to help week-ends in homes carefully chosen by the social-service worker. What they made was their own, and to go out helping mothers with children or with light housework was considered a privilege.

After we had taken her back to the Home one Saturday, Dot discovered that her diamond ring was gone. And since Lillian had been dusting in the room that afternoon, the inescapable conclusion was that she had taken the ring. We immediately called the Home and talked to the superintendent, who assured us that Lillian could not possibly have taken it. Her record had been exemplary. She was one of their nicest girls and would never dream of doing such a thing. Lillian was called to the office and was heart-broken that we should even suspect her of it. The superintendent, too, seemed to feel that we were doing the girl a great injustice in accusing her, and suggested that the ring must have been mislaid.

The next morning Dot said, "Will you drive me to the Home? I know Lillian has the ring and I mean to get it, not alone because of what it means to me, but because of what it would mean to Lillian successfully to make what may be her first misstep. She must not be allowed to get away with it."

Down at the Home a little later Dot tried in the presence of the superintendent to secure a confession from Lillian, but could get nowhere, so she asked permission to talk to Lillian alone.

Dot understood why she had been tempted. She had never had a ring, had she? Taking it didn't mean she was a bad girl, but keeping it would. Sympathy and understanding were too much for Lillian, and she tearfully confessed. It was hard to tell the superintendent, but Lillian saw that it was best, and from where I sat, I could see them all having a good cry and knew that Dot had found her ring. Lillian is married now and we hear from her every Christmas.

Last summer we took to the country with us a little girl from a children's home as a playmate for our own Janet, and it worked out so well we are taking her again next summer and in addition a boy, so that both our children, who are separated in age by five years, will have playmates. The chief objection to this plan is that by the end of summer everybody just hates to say good-bye.

It was a joy to watch Helen when we moved out to our summer quarters last year. Her own parents were dead, and she had almost no recollection of them. As a result she was starved for affection and smothered us with her hugs. At first Janet, who is affectionate but not demonstrative, was jealous, and claimed we loved Helen more than her. But that gradually wore off in the joy of having a constant companion.

Helen's influence on Janet has been highly salutary. Not to be outdone, Janet began overwhelming us with affection. Helen had been trained to do little routine duties such as making her own bed. Janet, who had never made a bed before in her life, was soon following suit.

No parent needs to be told that getting children to eat what they should is a major problem. Helen had a particular aversion to spinach. But she was so anxious to please in every respect that she ate every morsel of her portions, albeit haltingly and washed down with many gulps of water. Both of us made much to-do about her gameness which naturally piqued Janet, who began calling attention to her own clean plate. Then Janet was inclined to be inconsiderate of her playmates and sometimes downright selfish. In these respects Helen helped straighten her out too.

The usual doubt voiced by my friends about this experiment is: Won't these children be worse off in returning to the institutions after having had a taste of parental love? To which I recall that old bromide, " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And the superintendent of the Home shares this belief.

In a good institution children get everything but parental love, and there is a constant hunger for that. If you have ever visited a children's home, you no doubt have been deeply touched by the way the little tots especially want to hold your hand, to touch you, to cling to you. Why not appease this hunger, if only for a brief time? It will give the youngster memories he will never forget.

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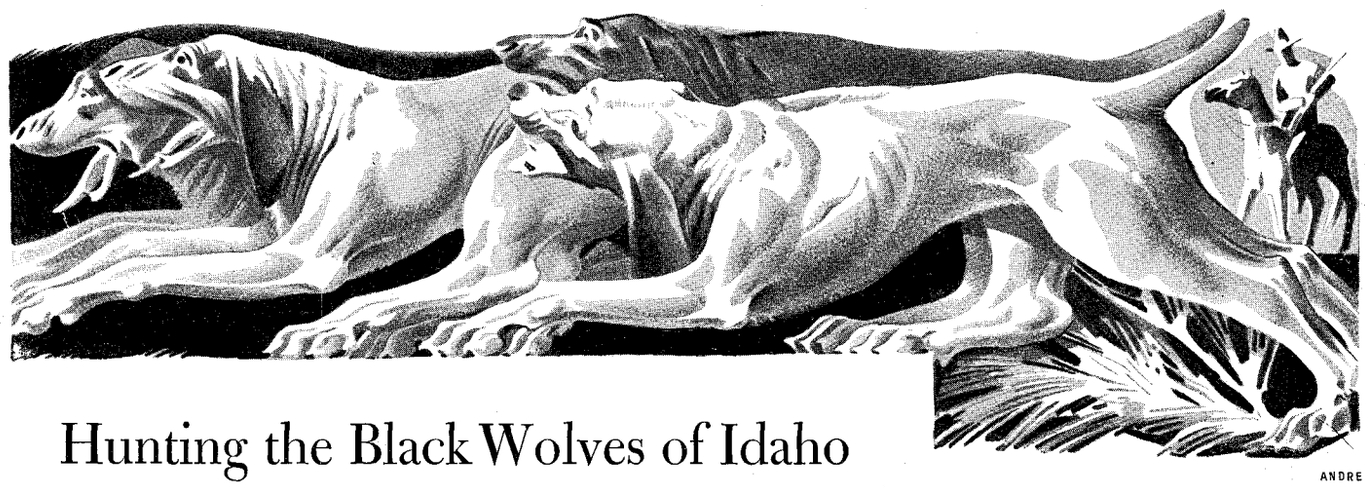
Then again, having taken a child for the summer, you invariably continue your interest. We have had Helen and her friends at our home on a number of occasions, particularly at Christmas time. It's one of the most soul-satisfying things anyone can do, to gather several waifs who have no mother or father around your Christmas tree and watch pure ecstasy light up their faces. Quite a few of our friends are now doing this, and we are getting a few interested in taking children for the summer.

As to the justification of all this, well, it has been a lot of fun, has provided plenty of thrills, and has kept up our interest in life. We never expect to have much of a bank balance, but we have, thanks to Dot's ability to cut corners, managed to do a lot with comparatively little. We could not afford most of our gratuities; we just went ahead, and something usually turned up. One month it looked very dubious as to just how we would meet a mountain of bills, and along came a check from a magazine article I had sent out and forgotten about. We got in a hole when Janet was a baby, and finally told the nurse we could not keep her any longer. She asked to stay on without pay until she found another job, and did for three months.

The older I become, the more I find it necessary to justify my life. I do not know whether this is something generally experienced, but I realize now that if I had followed my original self-centered way, I would be facing more bitter moments as I go along than I do. Just living for myself and family would not be sufficient. It's no more than a normal obligation. Those enlargements of family experiences have given me the most satisfaction. I'd rather be called "Daddy" by youngsters not my own than by my two. You somehow expect it from your own.

Another thing I've found. Painless giving is just a palliative to ease a restive conscience. As we used to be exhorted in buying Liberty Bonds, you must "give till it hurts." Unless it means some sacrifice of time, money, or of yourself, there will be small return in satisfaction. Both of us have got back much more than we gave out. I can already sense it—Dot coming up to me and saying, "Let's just keep the children from the Home."



ANDRE

Hunting the Black Wolves of Idaho

JAMES A. (PATT) PATTERSON

Several years ago I was camped in lower Idaho with my pack of huntin' dogs. For years I'd heard about the wild region farther north of me, up in among the Bitter Roots where there was so many predatory animals that stockmen feared runnin' cattle and sheep in that rugged country. Old prospectors had told me stories about black wolves that was bigger than any I'd ever seen. I'd listened to these old fellows until I made up my mind to go in there and see for myself.

One night I was sittin' on a block of stove-wood in the dim shadows of a smokin' lantern, lonesome, half-dreamin', with my eyes restin' on my big hounds that lay curled up on the dirt floor, when my mind commenced ramblin'. I became restless, and noticin' Grouch arouse himself, stretch, then give several big, lazy yawns, why I called him over to me.

Grouch was the largest dog among my vicious pack of nine hounds, and by far the most violent killer of them all. He was a cross-bred Irish and Russian, a rugged old fellow, and ready for a kill or a fight at a second's notice. He ambled over to me and with his shaggy head restin' upon my knee and his sharp gray eyes lookin' up at me in a manner almost as lonely as I was, why he seemed more like an understandin' pal to me than he did just a hound dog. I commenced talkin' to him.

I had no sooner mentioned wolves than Grouch's eyes began sparklin'. An instant, and they was flashin' about the cabin. His long, shaggy tail started waggin', and bein' the killer he was, I knew he understood what I'd said. Next mornin' early found me tryin' to pack my three young horses. After some delay, I succeeded; then callin' in my hounds, I headed for the Lost Canyon country.

Two days on the trail, then a mad fordin' of old Salmon River, and I found myself and whole outfit completely lost and wanderin' about over the mountains. For three nights I listened to the howls of coyote and the wails of the big timber lobos.

On the fourth day, to my sudden surprise, I came upon an old prospector's shack hidden way back on the side of a hill. I made camp with him and found he knew all about the country I was interested in. He told me all about the black wolves, about where they was dennin', and about different parts where mountain lion, lynx cats, and bear was to be found. And he didn't cheer me any by warnin' me about the spotted ticks, tellin' me how dangerous their bite was and how they caused you to have a heavy fever. He gave me the directions of the ranges I would cross before reachin' the Devil Range or the Lost Canyon country, so tellin' him good-bye, I headed on once more.

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As I rode along, a strange feelin' got hold of me, and while I eagerly looked forward to this hunt, I couldn't shake off the notion that somethin' was goin' to go wrong. The strong animal scent was causin' my hounds to become riled. My bloodhounds kept lappin' the air and throatin'. They fought among themselves. Even the big killers resented my holdin' them in check any longer, and became ugly and quarrelsome. Several times the killers fought the bloodhounds.

At night when the mountains was dark, I found I was gettin' afraid that I might lose my hounds — they might get lost or killed before I could set up a camp, for I knew now I was in one of the wildest regions I'd been in for years. I got busy locatin' and buildin' a crude camp, pickin' a site some three ranges away from the rims of Lost Canyon.

The early mornin' hours found me out ridin' the hills, listenin' to my trailers cold-trail and line out hot, or watchin' the five killers go breezin' out and pick coyotes. Old Grouch and the rest was handlin' the rough country even better'n I'd thought, and Eagle, a young hound and the most beautiful snow-white Russian cross I ever saw, was showin' his makin's mighty fast.

Dan, the swift old fellow, just couldn't seem to dodge the smaller pines and snags, and kept runnin' head-on into them, until he was becomin' a sight from carryin' so many scars and ragged cuts. Only a few weeks had passed when I realized I better not take him along on any more hunts, for his whole head and shoulders had become a raw, bleedin' mass of ragged gashes. As eager as he still was to follow and hold his place, I was forced to leave him chained up inside my lopsided cabin.

I kept spendin' most of my time out in the hills. I'd already collected a pocketful of rattles and had killed many more big mountain diamond-backs, but so far, none of my pack had been bitten by them. For added sport, I done a little more experimentin' as to a bear's actual gameness as well as his ferociousness, and done so without losin' any of my dogs. It was hard to ride out with my pack and listen to Dan sit back on his haunches cryin' for me to take him along, as I had always done when runnin' the lower country. Each night as I came in, I'd pet and make a fuss over him until his spirits would be revived. From the looks of some of my other hounds and the ragged gashes some of the long dogs was carryin', I felt that unless they started usin' a bit more caution, I would soon be compelled to pull stakes or take time out for them to rest up and nurse their wounds. They was a game pack, though, and kept runnin'. Even Dan's head soon healed, and I figured another three or four days and I'd let him try followin' again.

But on the second evenin' when returnin' into camp, I smelled a peculiar odor. It was so strong that my pack commenced settin' up a terrible commotion before we was within two hundred yards of camp. Just figurin' that some old bear had been prowlin' around a little close, why I gave it but little thought until I'd turned my horse loose; but as I approached the doorless shack and looked in, I became dazed and stunned, for there lay Dan's chain and collar smeared with blood. Then the suddenness of seein' Dan's head layin' there on the dirt floor, and no signs of his body anywheres, sickened me more than I could stand, and I was forced to brace my hand against the pole logs in an effort to steady myself.

"It's a bear, a bear . . ." was all that I could say.

In less than ten minutes, my feelin's of horror changed to rage, and makin' a wild run for one of my horses, I hurriedly saddled, and set my tired bloodhounds on the trail. So sure and determined was I that I'd get the bear that'd killed my hound — and do it myself — that I left Grouch and the remainin' three killers chained up at camp.

I'd gone barely a mile, when I heard the hounds' voices change, and I knew they'd bayed or treed their quarry. They had — a massive, lumbersome grizzly. He'd already raised upon his haunches, his head was movin' slow on his shoulders, and his long forepaws was swingin' awkwardly at his side, waitin' the approach of airy a hound. I wasn't afraid of this, for they was well trained to stay their distance and torment him, rather than go dashin' in and get slashed by his wicked claws.

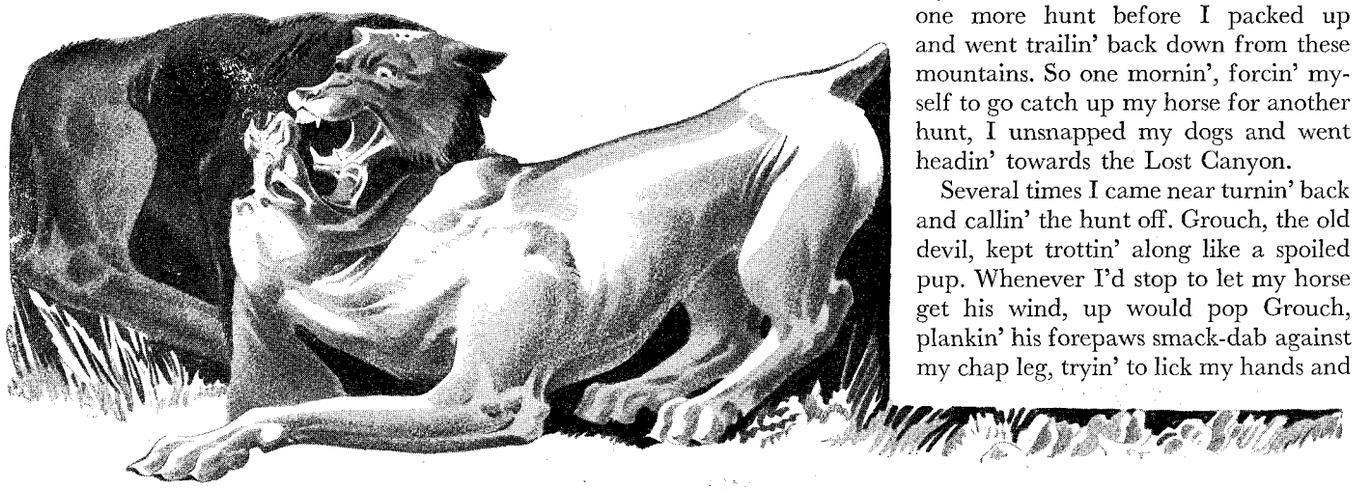
But he had already killed his last dog! Droppin' the reins to my horse, I took my time in reachin' the scene, as I also did in takin' aim. Then pullin' the trigger, I sent a 30–30 slug rippin' through his brain. He dropped in his tracks without even as much as a grunt. Steppin' up to within two paces of him, I sent another bullet through his heart. Then partly to satisfy my grudge, I reached for a huge stone and crashed it down upon the bear's head with all my might, picked up my rifle, called my hounds, and headed back for camp without even skinnin' him.

Losin' Dan caused me to stay around camp for a while, and I removed the hobbles from my horses, for bein' camped here now as long as I had, I felt they wouldn't wander away. I did leave them carry the bells.

From that time on, I commenced losin' my appetite, and went about my huntin' with less interest.

I'd stayed in camp several days, just layin' around, when I decided to take one more hunt before I packed up and went trailin' back down from these mountains. So one mornin', forcin' myself to go catch up my horse for another hunt, I unsnapped my dogs and went headin' towards the Lost Canyon.

Several times I came near turnin' back and callin' the hunt off. Grouch, the old devil, kept trottin' along like a spoiled pup. Whenever I'd stop to let my horse get his wind, up would pop Grouch, plankin' his forepaws smack-dab against my chap leg, tryin' to lick my hands and



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even my face. He'd never done this before, and I could have knocked his head clean off, for as much as I like dogs, I don't want them lickin' my hands, and especially my face. The last time, when I roughly shoved him away, why I reckon he knowed I wasn't in any playful mood. Maybe if I'd tried to understand what he knew and was tryin' to tell me, we'd been better off.

As I rode along, I kept givin' my best imitations of a wolf's runnin' call. It was nearin' dusk, when ridin' out into a clearin', sort of meadow-like, I noticed my trail hounds start sniffin' the ground, cold-trailin'. They had barely lined the trail out when, from a distant range, I caught the wailin' sounds of mixed howls. Listenin' again, I immediately recognized it as a wolf pack that had already joined up and was now on their slaughterin' run of a fiendish night's kill. From the echoes of their blood-curdlin' wails, I could hear their sounds fade out, then burst forth again, and knew they had picked their sweepin' stride of the chase.

For a time my huge killers stood with ears lifted and listenin'; then as if someone had released a mechanical hare before them, they sprang into action. A second, and they was gone, but by now the four bloodhounds had hit hot, and was whippin' over the ground in long strides. The sight of my hounds tearin' down through the windfalls and the sound of their cryin' voices caused me to forget my nauseated feelin'.

Strikin' my horse a sharp cut down across the flank, I done what any eager hunter would do, regardless of feelin' ill, and went boundin' in swift pursuit, tryin' my best to stay in sight, or at least within hearin' of my hounds. Across ridges, up canyons, and over fallen logs and jagged rocks I went, ridin' pell-mell; and all the time listenin' to the hot throats of my pack, until at times it seemed I was completely intoxicated.

Then from the distance, I heard the timber lobos give their last sharp call, heard my hounds change their course to almost a complete right angle, and immediately I felt myself draw a deep breath. "They've picked the hot trail of a joined-up pack!" I shouted, too keyed up to realize I was alone.

Darkness swallowed the mountains. I soon found myself gropin' and flounderin' my way along in among the massive spruce and pines. Then presently, I became conscious that my dogs had all gone out of hearin' and that these black killers would surely turn upon my pack and perhaps cripple or kill every dog in my bunch. Alarmed, I tried to overtake the pack or, at least, to scale my way out from this jungle of black, heavy timber; but as anxious and as determined as I was, I hadn't gone far when a succession of hot sweats rushed over me, and I realized the excitement of the hunt was too much for me — I was a sick man. It was then that it dawned on me that I had been bitten by the dreaded spotted ticks, and remembered removin' several from my body. Grouch was smarter than me. He'd known all along and done his best to tell me. I knew now I must get back to the old prospector's camp, but not without my hounds.

I tried hard, but was unable to shake myself out from under this spell. With a great effort, I crawled down from my horse and stood leanin' against his shoulders. I felt my forehead. It was hot and burnin' with fever. My breath seemed vile, even to my own nostrils, and I immediately went into a succession of convulsions. Slumpin' to the ground, I lay too deathly sick even to give notice to the sounds of my runnin' dogs as they came sweepin' their way along back over the high ridge which lay almost directly above me.

Some two hours later, feelin' a trifle more steady, I mounted my horse and headed on. About one o'clock, the moon commenced risin' above the rugged ranges. It was round and most full, and with the stars shinin' bright, the mountains loomed up in weird forms. Lost, though still ridin', I could soon hear the bayin' of my dogs. Listenin' I caught sharp barkin' sounds, and I knew my four remainin' killers was still stayin' in the chase. This let me draw a breath of satisfaction, for so long as my pack hung together, I was pretty sure it would take a terrific combat to stop them. Bein' unable to overtake the tireless hounds, I sat listenin' and waitin' for daybreak.

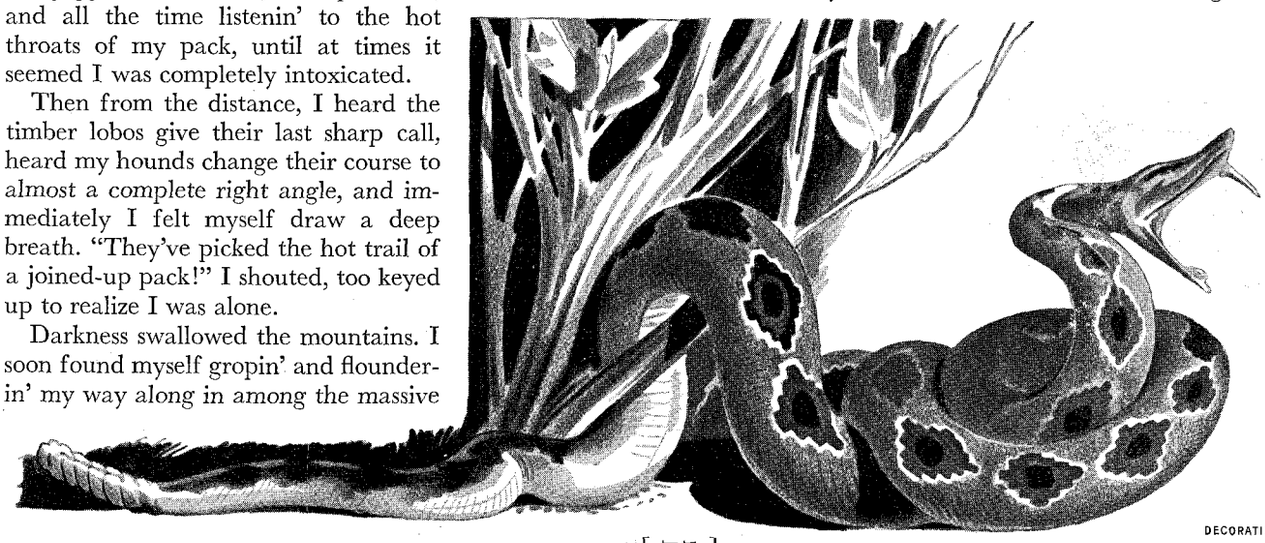
Tired and cold from the long night, my muscles shakin' from a chillin' wind, and sick from a burnin' fever which seemed to be causin' my whole body to ache and swell, still I couldn't leave my hounds. There was times when the muscles between my shoulder blades burned as if a hot iron was bein' held against me, and I cursed the ticks.

Sittin' with my back restin' up against an old wind-blown tree, and still holdin' the reins of my horse, I was suddenly startled by the unexpected snortin' of Bally. Jumpin' to my feet barely in time to keep him from tramplin' me, I caught the hot pantin' and the rustlin' sound of the black wolves as they went dashin' past me; and in less than five minutes, here come my hounds runnin' at full speed. Every dog was silent, and they swept on by me as if I'd been a log.

It had commenced breakin' day, and catchin' their dim outlines once more, I swung up in my saddle and went thunderin' in after them.

Breakin' my horse out upon the summit of the next range and lookin' out across to a large quaken-asp clearin', I quickly recognized where I was and, without wastin' a second, commenced shoutin' wild encouragement to the hounds to overtake their quarry before the wolves could reach the black canyon rims. I could see the trail was now leadin' straight for the deep caves.

All durin' the night these wolves had tried to evade my hounds, but now they undoubtedly knew of only one way to escape the dogs, and that was to seek shelter from them in among the crevices



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and dungeon-like caves of their dennin' grounds.

With wild shouts, I set my horse into one of the most hazardous runs I ever took, boltin' down over brush, boulders, and logs, determined that I would break into the lead and head these wolves off. If I could cut them back to the right and haze them toward the level openin', to where my killers could spot them, pull away from the trailers, and go sweepin' down upon the wolves, I might save some of my dogs.

Just how many wolves there was, I didn't know until, fallin' Bally across a narrow stream, I caught the wary motions of five of the largest wolves I believe I ever saw. Immediately, I felt my skin freeze and I made a grab for my Winchester. That one speedy glance filled me with a fear that every hound in my pack would be killed if they should burst upon such a clan of wolves in timber. When I say clan, why it's what I mean, for never before did I see a wolf pack that would hang together through such a long desperate run — a chase that had lasted all through the hours of night.

Frozen in my saddle from fear, I reared my horse in the air, shouted for the hounds, and went boltin' in to cut my pack from the trail. But again they went boundin' past me, maddened from the hours of hard trailin'. Every dog was red-eyed, riled, and savage, while the four bloodhounds' throats were ringin' too ragged for description. Goin' at a furious clip, I heard the hounds commence clashin' with these black killers. I went bustin' out onto the scene in the second of time to see my pack go tearin' into the wolves with the fury of crazed hounds, maddened beyond any human interference.

Excited from fear, and hampered by nerves far too unsteady to chance usin' my rifle, lest I might kill one of my own fightin' hounds, I sat starin', watchin' one of the most terrific battles I ever witnessed between wolf and dog. I saw Eagle, the white Russian cross, dodge his wolf from an encounter and go lungin' fully ten feet in the air. His long fan-like tail whipped a circle in an effort to regain his balance, and I watched him turn himself in mid-air, barely clearin' the fangs of the fightin' wolf. Then I saw the four bloodhounds sweep underneath Eagle and pounce upon the massive wolf before he could turn about to face them.

The sharp cries of old Grouch, who was desperately battlin' two wolves that had turned upon him and was tearin' their fangs into his flesh, riled me so that I bolted my horse into their midst. A swift flash of my eye, and I caught sight of the two other hounds battlin' their wolf some three hundred yards from me, at the far outer side of the timber's edge. Eagle broke away and had overtaken one escapin' wolf and was continually hazin' in and throwin' it, seemin'ly waitin' for the other hounds to assist.

But my whole center of thought was with old Grouch, and after missin' two shots, partly caused by the lungin' of my frightened mount, I finally jumped from my saddle and, with my rifle held in readiness, bounded into the fight.

It was at that second that everythin' seemed to happen at once. I heard the bloodhounds tearin' away and growlin' viciously. Back across the open ground came Eagle, still throwin' and stoppin' his wolf, almost as a football tackler would his man.

Another instant, and I heard the whinin' cries of Don't Stop. They was more than cries, they was the pitiful wails of a game hound that had been ripped and knew he was dyin'. For awhile my heart had been racin' and poundin', but when I heard these dyin' cries of Don't Stop, I felt my heart slow down. My eyes blurred, and for a second it seemed as if the whole mountainside was bein' turned round and round. My gun was cocked and ready, but the wolf was slashin' with such fury, and the two was so entangled, I feared to pull the trigger lest I'd kill Grouch. But I had to do somethin'. I took an unsteady aim for the wolf's shoulder. I felt myself sink as I pulled the trigger, but the wolf dropped, and the last thing I saw before my senses left me was the boundin' in of my two larger bloodhounds, as they swept before my eyes, makin' to the assistance of Eagle.

Scribner's Presents

(*see page 62*)

Donald Wayne, author of Ring in My Hand, *has a background of the theater: his earliest association was with vaudeville, when he used to hang around backstage with his uncle, a headline performer; and since then he has been actor, stage manager, play-reader, and playwright. He graduated from Brooklyn High School with honors, and went to work for Max Gordon, then a vaudeville agent. In 1930 Cornell gave him a scholarship. While there, he was a contributor to the* Cornell Widow, *a columnist on the university daily, and a very active member of the Dramatic Club. After he won his bachelor's degree, he came back to the theater as a permanent member of Max Gordon's staff. He is now head of Mr. Gordon's play-reading department, and stage manager for* St. Helena. *But somewhere in between his various activities, Mr. Wayne keeps steadily writing fiction. This is his first story to appear in print.*

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Noble Plays . . . and Popular Art

GILBERT SELDES

I PROPOSE simply *Hamlet* without the soliloquies. Whenever a *Hamlet* is announced, we are assured that it is novel and experimental, but the great experiment of producing *Hamlet* as a play is hardly ever made, and I think the reason is that, once an actor gets his teeth into the magnificent soliloquies, nothing can be done. I would make the experiment of omitting them altogether, not expecting to establish a permanent form; it should be merely a corrective, a sort of disciplinary exercise after which actors could return to the play with a better sense of its proportions. Moreover, this should be done promptly; otherwise the movies will again get ahead of the stage. They will justifiably put in the scene of Ophelia's drowning and the encounter with the pirate, which is so stirringly described in Hamlet's letter to Horatio; they will somehow manage to give us the familiar quotations from the soliloquies, but my guess is that *Hamlet* will be more a melodrama than a character study on the screen.

The first of this season's *Hamlets* is only half operatic, but *Hamlet* is not the kind of play which can be half anything. Consider a scene which in itself is not of great importance. Polonius is advising the King and Queen to spy upon an encounter between Hamlet and Ophelia, to prove to themselves that it is love which has driven Hamlet mad. That encounter is the only important meeting of Hamlet and Ophelia. Torturing himself, Hamlet cries, "I loved you not," and, "Get thee to a nunnery." If the relation between these two is of the slightest significance, then Hamlet must be violently in earnest all through it; he is saying what it breaks his heart to say, but he has to say it. And yet, improving on Shakespeare for a moment of tawdry melodrama, Mr. McClintic allows Mr. Gielgud to appear unnoticed at an open door and to overhear the plot of Polonius and the King. The spectator who does not know Shakespeare is justified in thinking that the following scene with Ophelia is deliberately carried off by Hamlet to deceive those who are, to his own knowledge, listening behind the arras.

When John Barrymore played this scene under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, he enveloped Ophelia in an overbearing physical desire, while his words thrust her away from him, and made the scene memorable for its desperation and its honesty. Mr. Gielgud would have to be ten times the actor Barrymore was, to accomplish the same effect after wrecking the foundations on which the scene is built for the momentary thrill of melodrama.

Consider, again, one of the critical episodes of the play. You need no course in psychoanalysis to understand that Hamlet's relation to his mother is one of the mainsprings of the action of the play. When the play opens, Hamlet is grieving for his father and possibly speculating on the broken succession to the throne. The Ghost tells him two new things: that Claudius is a murderer and a seducer — "won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen," says the Ghost, implying that the Queen had committed adultery, and even making it possible for Hamlet to believe that his mother had some share in the murder.

The season's Hamlets

Hamlet is still suspicious of the Queen when he remarks her gaiety just before the play within the play, and in the closet scene occurs one of the critical moments of the play. The Queen calls the killing of Polonius "a rash and bloody deed," and Hamlet replies, "Almost as bad, good Mother, as kill a king and marry with his brother." At which the Queen cries out, "As kill a king!" That cry means one of two things. Either it means "My guilt is discovered," or it means that the Queen is now for the first time learning that the King was murdered. For a proper production of *Hamlet,* the rendering of the words with one of these two meanings made perfectly clear is an absolute essential. It must clear up much that went before and explain almost everything that comes after. There was no indication in the McClintic production that anyone had even considered what the cry of the Queen signified.

Some of Mr. McClintic's inventions, when they did not directly concern Hamlet, were excellent. The disembodied voice of the Ghost, coming through a microphone, was doubly justified because it was non-human and because it permitted the appearance of the Ghost, first at the extreme left of the stage and then, a second after it had vanished, at the extreme right — that is the Ghost, having nothing in common with humanity, not even a voice, could be played by two actors to give this spectacular effect.

Some of Mr. Gielgud's gestures were magnificent. It is easy to know what Shakespeare meant by "the native hue of resolution . . . sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but when Mr. Gielgud passed his arm across his face in a gesture of weariness and dislike, one

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suddenly understood what those words meant to Hamlet himself. The trouble was not that such moments occurred rarely, but that they were not all connected with the same person. Hamlet is princely, sardonic, indignant, pensive, vengeful, hesitant, noble — but all of these are attributes of one person, not of half a dozen, and the spectator should not be compelled to do the work of composition; that is the actor's job and the director's.

You cannot say that the theater this season has not been trying. It has set itself some noble themes; it has attempted grandeur. But out of the tortured story of Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska, only a feeble and overpoweringly dull play was made, and its good intentions were a kind of aggravation — no more. Out of the magnificent legend of Agamemnon and Klytaimnestra and their tragic children, Mr. Robert Turney made something a great deal better. It is understood that Mr. Turney was telling the story "from the woman's point of view," which is neither as profound nor as novel as it sounds. When Oscar Wilde wrote of Klytaimnestra striking through the net at the heart which should have broken at Aulis, he made a masterful condensation of the general theme that the sacrifice of Iphegeneia inspired Klytaimnestra to murder, rather than the desire to kill her king and marry her paramour. Mr. Turney goes further, and asks us to believe that she never loved Aegisthos at all and was using him merely as an instrument, since the blood feud marked him as the natural assassin of Agamemnon.

Produced with a variety of foreign accents and a variety of acting styles (including the Viennese-Reinhardt style of Eleanora Mendelssohn, the Moscow Art style of Maria Ouspenskaya, and a bit of the no-style of several of the minor players) *Daughters of Atreus* naturally failed to expose Mr. Turney's great merit and fatally stressed all of his weaknesses.

His merit was in the perception of any Greek trilogy as a unit. Produced before an audience familiar with the legend, any single play carried with it, to the minds of the spectators, all that went before and all that came after; it is my impression, moreover, that the plays were presented in groups, the tragic trilogy and the accompanying satyr play produced in the course of a long day, or during one festival. But we come to these plays with only vague memories of the story and no racial sense of the myth, and the plays are always offered to us piecemeal, so that *Oedipus the King* has to be taken as complete in itself. But the real *Oedipus* could not end for the Greeks with the ghastly spectacle of blood streaming from the eyes he had pierced. There was another play which the Greek audience was aware of, even if it did not see it. Mr. Turney properly made an act out of each original play and, somewhat carried away by his idea, then tried to compress the whole of the *Eumenides* into half a minute of bad stage-business, after Orestes returns from the murder of his mother.

As for Mr. Turney's defects, I think a grave one is his lack of an uplifted imagination. I know that this is taking a rather high line, but anyone who touches the Greek legend exposes himself to rather elevated standards. Mr. Turney did not attempt to belittle his characters, but I feel there was definitely an intention to humanize them, somehow to make them attractive to us, because they were — at times at least — ordinary human beings like ourselves. A quarrel on this point could go on forever. The reader who can spare a few minutes for nobility conceived in modern terms will find my standard of comparison in William Butler Yeats' rendering of *Oedipus*.

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I am not so sure that many readers can spare the time because, after seeing the plays I have mentioned, which with all their defects have some intimation of grandeur, I begin to wonder whether we are not being shoved about too much to retain any capacity for such profound emotions as a serious theater can create in us. I become grimly deterministic and wonder whether all delicate perceptions and deep feeling are not aristocratic luxuries and to wonder whether the democratic or even collectivist world will provide reasonable substitutes.

On that point, which I rather feel is too important for me to handle myself, I recommend these words of André Malraux: "The art of the masses is always an art of representation. Little by little the masses have ceased to go to art, to meet it on the steps of a cathedral. On the other hand, though the masses no longer go to art, modern technical methods are sending art to the masses. This is as true of the democratic countries as of the fascist or communist countries, although not in the same fashion. *During the last thirty years, every art has invented its own printing press:* radio, motion picture, photography. The destiny of art has carried it from the unique and irreplaceable masterpiece that would be sullied by reproduction, not only to the reproduced masterpiece, but to the work intended so completely for reproduction that the original no longer exists: the film." (Translated by Malcolm Cowley.)

It has for long been my complaint that artists themselves have not come to terms with what Malraux calls their own printing presses. There is the famous story of Sinclair Lewis becoming less and less certain of the satiric merit of *Main Street* as the sales rolled up and up. There is still the pride of the artists in a coterie success or limited edition; there is still a half-concealed contempt for a reproduction.

Two distinguished efforts are being made this year, not only to accept the conditions of mass production, but actually to live by them. The American Artists Group, which includes Marin, Marsh, Peirce, Dehn, Kent, and others, has accepted a method which even our railroads had to be driven to try by the Interstate Commerce Commission, that is of reducing the rate and increasing traffic. They are issuing etchings and prints of various sorts in unlimited editions at very low prices, and another group, Living American Art, is not only selling, but actually making two hundred and fifty simultaneous exhibitions of remarkable reproductions of paintings, a thousand copies of each of which are available at five dollars. We are just at the beginning of the cultural system which these activities suggest.

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The dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* is scheduled to open a few days after this goes to press. No matter how great its political or esthetic merits may be, its chief interest is that it is being produced simultaneously in more than twenty-five cities and so falls into the system of reduplication to which Malraux refers. This method of production becomes, in a sense, the retort of Mr. Lewis and the Federal Theatre Project to the ban on the picture which, no matter how much Hollywood may protest, was an outright piece of politico-financial censorship. That Mr. Lewis's theme is fundamentally democratic and that, as a picture, it has every element of the right kind of popularity are things which Hollywood may ponder over years from now — not if America falls into a communist or fascist dictatorship, but if America stays democratic and the moving pictures lose their hold on the people whose problems and aspirations they have heretofore so skillfully avoided.

I see no signs of any other form of entertainment now taking the place of the movies, but the popularization of the radio has shifted from the receiving set in the home to the microphone in the studio and on the street. In a sense, the

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amateur hour, which was the first spectacular evidence of this shift, is already in its decline. The amateurs were only would-be professionals, and never as interesting as the professionals. Instead of them, we now have broadcasting by the average man, not an exploitation of his talents, but an exploitation of his problems, his ideas, and his desires. Half a dozen different methods are used to bring the common people to the microphone; you may expose your domestic grievances on the air, or be caught in a street-corner interview, or have the sanctity of your home invaded by a portable microphone, or propose yourself as a person of unusual experiences, or take the risk of appearing in the studio audience at a broadcast; in all these ways you may take to the air.

The implications of this novelty are interesting. The radio is overcoming its great defect: that it is a one-way system, that the listener cannot answer back. The limitations of the new method are, so far, serious ones, but the beginning is a good one. Something is coming over the air which is not altogether mannered, not altogether prepared in advance, and not altogether dictatorial. I can foresee a time when radio will not merely report a trial by jury, but in certain civil disputes take the place of it; just as I can quite easily foresee the breakdown of the ballot system by the extension of straw votes in which, as in popular broadcasts, the people more or less take things into their own hands.

I find it regrettable only that, in their passion for this new form of occupying radio time, sponsors have chosen to combine the canvassing of the common man with the work of superior radio artists. Half of Fred Allen's hour is more or less wasted on amateurs, although Allen is by far the most skillful handler of this thorny element; Stoopnagle and Budd, the most refreshing and the most bewildering of all radio entertainers, have to spend fifteen of their precious thirty minutes in an effort to get members of their audience to be interesting before the microphone.

*

Although there are probably over twenty million radio sets in America, and most of these are in use at one time or another every day, listening to radio is still a selective process. We do not stay home to listen to the radio; we stay home only for a specific program. I am afraid I do not know a great many people who stay home merely to read a book; they would want to be sure of having a book they wanted to read. An exception is the mystery story. Addicts work on the principle that any mystery story is better than none at all. But for those who discriminate, I note that Mignon Eberhardt has done something as novel and effective with a mystery story as Frances Iles did a few years ago.

This has not been generally recognized because she is what may be called a quiet writer. Always a good builder of the essential mystery itself, she was more or less in the common tradition with her early and very successful works. But in *Fair Warning* she began, and in *Danger In the Dark* she has perfected, a new approach which is to tell the entire story as it is seen by one or more of the suspects. From Poe through Doyle to Van Dine, the detective has been the central figure; the natural variation as practiced by Iles, and in a trick form by Agatha Christie, is to make the murderer the central figure. Mrs. Eberhardt's advantage is that, as she tells a story, the reader identifies himself with a sympathetic character as bewildered, hunted, and helpless as the reader himself must be. The omniscient detective may satisfy our illusions of superiority, or gratify some obscure longing, or compensate for some defeat, the emotions which make people willing to surrender their liberty in order to put their lives in the hands of dictators.

In Mrs. Eberhardt's ingenious stories the detective solves the mystery, but he is an elusive and rather enigmatic character who passes through the episodes of detection in a rather menacing way. I suspect that if any of us were caught in a murder case, we would feel about him as Mrs. Eberhardt's suspects do — a mixture of impatience and hostility.

FRITZ EICHENBERG

Uncle Tom is sold down the river again, but for only five performances, in George Abbott's Sweet River

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THE SCRIBNER QUIZ

What Is Your I.Q.?

BEGINNING with the present issue, SCRIBNER'S will publish lists of questions from time to time, designed to test the reader's knowledge of the day's news, developments in the arts, sciences, politics, and the American scene generally. The questions are aimed at the reader who has had a college education or its equivalent, and who makes a reasonable effort to keep up with what's going on in the world.

On the basis of 100: for each question omitted, deduct 1 point; for each question answered incorrectly, deduct 2 points. The accompanying test has been tried out on a hundred Scribner readers, so the editors offer the following comments on your scores:

Below 50 — Go to the foot of the class
50 to 60 — Just fair — nothing to brag about
60 to 70 — Would rate a C-plus grade in college
70 to 80 — Take a bow
80 to 90 — Take two bows
90 to 100 — So good we suspect you of peeking

Not all the quizzes in future will be factual. Scheduled at present are tests to score the reader's sophistication, his morals, his æsthetic, and his private thoughts generally. In short, nothing will be held sacred, and the editors believe you will thoroughly enjoy this probing among the dark corners of the Inner Man.

The correct answers will be found on page 124

1. Grant Wood's paintings almost invariably deal with Nebraska farms and countryside.

2. The late Juan Vicente Gómez of Venezuela was one of the kindest, most unselfish political leaders of this century.

3. The circulation of *The Saturday Evening Post* is still larger than that of *Collier's.*

4. A pogrom is an implement, much favored in colonial times, for cleaning and dusting difficult corners.

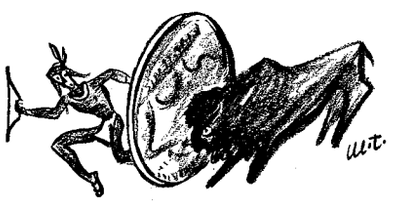
5. Tulane University is located in Memphis, Tennessee.

6. The name A. P. Giannini is usually associated in American minds with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

7. U. S. schoolteachers have a full-fledged union which is called the American Federation of Teachers and is associated with the American Federation of Labor.

8. The member of the Marx brothers who habitually remains silent is Chico.

9. Economists are worried over the drift of Southern textile mills to re-establishment in New England.



10. The Indian head on the reverse side of a buffalo nickel faces to the left.

11. Endocarditis is a serious and often fatal disease of the liver.

12. The largest collection of Cézanne paintings in the world is in the U. S.

13. Alaska still produces more gold than any state in the Union.

14. The books *Erie Water, Rome Haul, The Big Barn,* and *Drums Along the Mohawk* all deal with the history of early New York State.

15. There are more pages in the latest Sears, Roebuck catalogue than there are in a regular edition of *Gone with the Wind.*

16. If you were an opera singer and possessed both a plaque and a claque, you would probably have one on a wall and the other in the audience.

17. Even if you are a Major Bowes fan, it's comforting to know that you can always shut him off, if you choose, when he comes on every Sunday night.

18. *The New York Times* has for many years boasted the largest circulation of any paper in North America.

19. The word status is correctly pronounced STAY-tus.

20. In an automobile, the transmission is usually located in the rear.

21. Jean Sibelius, the composer, is a Finn.

22. Next to New York City, Chicago has the largest Negro population of any American city.

23. Imperial Airways is an Austrian airline operating chiefly in Central Europe.

24. The 1936 Pulitzer Prize for the outstanding play of the year was won by Sidney Kingsley's play, *Dead End.*

25. Kathleen Norris is slightly younger than Aldous Huxley.

26. The strike of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* was called by the American Newspaper Guild following the dismissal of two editorial staff members.

27. The new Supreme Court building in Washington was designed by the late Cass Gilbert.

28. *The Big Money,* by John Dos Passos, is the last of three books con-

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"Don't worry about me—it's just a Cold"

Just a cold now — but it may lead to influenza or pneumonia which, on an average, cause 125,000 deaths each year in the United States. About half of these deaths occur in December, January, February and March.

THE common cold is bad enough in itself. But the real danger is that it may blaze the trail for more serious diseases or reduce your resistance to their attacks.

Before you realize it, what you think is just a "cold" may develop into influenza or even pneumonia. Don't forget that pneumonia may also start suddenly, even without a cold.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are usually chilliness or a severe chill, pain in the chest or side, headache, cough, and fever. Such symptoms mean that not a second should be lost. Go to bed and send for your doctor. Remember that pneumonia is a communicable disease. Proper nursing, complete rest and reasonable isolation are absolutely essential.

Lobar pneumonia is caused by many different types of the pneumonia germ—but each type is specific and can be identified. Should anyone in your family have pneumonia, your doctor will probably arrange for an immediate laboratory examination of the sputum to determine which type of pneumonia is present.

Serums are available which are highly effective in treating certain of the types. Not all cases of pneumonia should have serum treatment. Your doctor will decide.

Pneumonia is a serious infection, but with the increasing defenses, medical scientists hope to reduce its heavy toll. During the next four months it will do the most damage to those who are not on guard. If your physical resistance is lowered by overwork or unusual fatigue, too little sleep, overindulgence in food or drink, or exposure to cold and wet, pneumonia germs may gain quick headway.

At this time of the year it is a wise precaution to have your doctor look you over very carefully to see whether or not you have diseased tonsils, sinuses, adenoids, teeth or other physical impairments which may lower resistance.

You will be much safer during the coming winter months if you keep your vitality high.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," which contains valuable information about the prevention and care of these diseases. Address Booklet Department 1236-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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stituting an unofficial history of the U. S. from 1900 to 1929.

29. A neutron is smaller than an atom.

30. When one thinks of Carl Sandburg, one usually thinks of him strumming a ukulele and singing his poetry.

31. One thing you can be sure of and that is the fact that Steinway & Sons are still the largest manufacturers of pianos in the U. S.

32. If you lumped the ages of George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells together, you would have a combined age greater than the U. S. Constitution.

33. Philadelphia has a greater population than Detroit.

34. Ishbel Ross is the daughter of a prominent British politician and has herself been prominent in English politics for several years.

35. To date, no one has written or published a biography of Captain Bligh of *Mutiny on the Bounty* fame.

36. If you are a normal adult and have not lost any by disease, accident, decay, or exodontist, then you have 32 teeth in your head.

37. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne usually spend their summer vacations in Wisconsin.

38. The Schick test is a formulated quiz given by psychoanalysts to determine the mental classification of a patient.

39. Regrettable, but true, England is at present working night and day to bring her army and air forces up to a par with Germany's.

40. The phrase *caveat emptor* means literally: Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.

41. Stuart Chase has a fine time wrestling with the economic futures of Mexico and the Central American countries in his latest book, *Rich Land, Poor Land.*

42. The paintings of Charles Burchfield, contemporary American artist, usually contain an old or decrepit house.

43. If you stood the *Queen Mary* on end beside the Empire State Building, the building would be taller.

44. Proving the railroads' contention, U. S. railroad-passenger revenues have shown a sharp decline since the two-cents-a-mile rate ordered by the I.C.C. went into effect last June.

45. Harold J. Laski has kept a lot of us awake nights with his detective stories.

46. The Veterans of Foreign Wars is a branch of the American Legion composed only of members who actually saw service abroad.

47. Leon Trotzky is at present living in Norway.

48. Syndicalism is the theory or practice of trade unionism which aims to abolish the present social and political systems by means of the general strike and direct action.

49. Women's skirts are longer this year than last.

50. Edward Bellamy is famous chiefly for his book *Looking Backward.*

51. Duke University received its name from the late great steel tycoon, James B. Duke.

52. Early each fall Hitler rates world headlines by staging a gigantic display of German industrial and chemical progress at Nuremberg.

53. White Rock Water comes from Hot Springs, Arkansas.

54. When *pizzicato* is indicated on an orchestral arrangement, it means that the violinists are to pluck their strings with their fingers.

55. One of the principal reasons for the construction of Boulder Dam was to furnish electric power for the greater San Francisco area.

56. The radio program, *The March of Time,* is sponsored by the Remington Rand Co.

57. John Masefield's recent brief visit to this country was for the express purpose of reading his *Ode to Harvard* at the Harvard Tercentenary celebration.

58. There are more National Parks in the United States than there are feet in six meters.

59. A waterspout is an atmospheric vortex caught by conflicting air currents, with a partial vacuum at its core.

60. The coronation of King Edward VIII will take place early in May, 1937.

61. And now that we've mentioned the present King of England, we might add that his head has never yet appeared on a postage stamp.

62. Cancer now causes more deaths in the U. S. than anything except heart disease.

63. If someone gave you a copy of Jane's *Fighting Ships* and you read it, you would know a lot more about the hazards of antarctic exploration when you had finished.

64. Glenn Frank, long a prominent figure in American education, is president of the University of Minnesota.

65. The Twentieth Century Limited makes the New York-Chicago run in less than 17 hours.

66. Broadway playwrights are wondering when Clifford Odets will be called to Hollywood to write for the movies.

67. All of the following are wood-wind instruments: flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon.

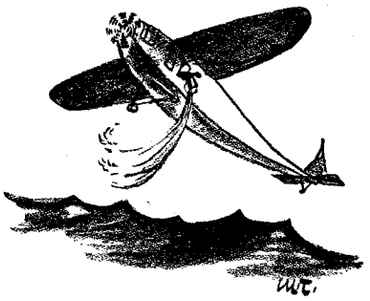
68. In mentioning Boulder Dam previously, we forgot to mention that the man-made lake being created behind it is called Lake Mead.

69. That pastoral staff carried by a bishop is called a crosslet.

70. Thanks to the newly opened International Pacific Highway, it is now possible to drive comfortably by motor from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Mexico City.

71. One of the most important clauses in our legislative decree granting the Philippines their independence was that which forbade the settlement of any Japanese in the islands for a period of 20 years.

72. The ecclesiastical head of the Detroit Catholic diocese in which Father Coughlin is located is Bishop Gallagher.



73. If Harry Richman and Dick Merrill, round-trip transatlantic fliers, had plopped into the ocean, their plane would probably have sunk immediately.

74. When Mazo de la Roche finished *The Master of Jalna,* she ended the *Jalna* series for once and for all.

75. John R. Tunis has just written a book called *Was College Worth While?,* consisting of a study of just what has happened to 500 men following graduation in his class of 1911 at Yale.

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WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914–1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, an organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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76. If you were wearing a woman's coat, it is possible that the buttons would be on the left and the buttonholes on the right.

77. We don't like to relay gossip, but everyone knows that Dorothy Thompson has been divorced from Sinclair Lewis for several years.

78. *The Woman's Home Companion* is published by the Crowell Publishing Company.

79. Every last one of the following words is misspelled: diaphraghm, oligarchical, propellor.

80. Our present ambassador to France is William Bullitt.

81. Almost every automobile has protruding hinges on its doors.

82. Not long ago a gold strike believed to be a bonanza was announced by one George Austin and family in Montana.

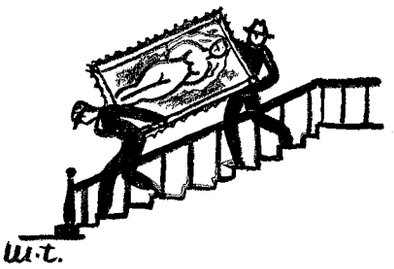
83. Verdi wrote all of these operas: *Rigoletto, La Bohème, La Traviata.*

84. An American tourist returning from a trip abroad may bring in $200 worth of duty-free importations.

85. The smallest republic in the world is the Republic of San Marino.

86. The American Bar Association has finally reversed its decisions of the past several years and voted to uphold the struggle for the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution.

87. The Denver *Post* is usually considered one of the most conservative newspapers in the country.



88. That famous cubist painting, *Nude Descending a Staircase,* was painted by the Frenchman, Marcel Duchamp.

89. T. O. M. Sopwith, English challenger for the *America's* Cup, will race the defending American yacht off the waters of Newport, R. I., next summer.

90. If the White Mountains lie mostly in New Hampshire, then Lake Pontchartrain lies near New Orleans.

91. Just in case you didn't know, the Grand Coulee Dam is in the State of Washington.

92. Rapidly, but with a trace of regret in every loyal British heart, the one-time world's largest liner, *Majestic,* is now being broken up for scrap in an English shipyard.

93. Salzburg, scene of the famous annual summer music festival, is located just over the border of the Austrian Alps in Germany.

94. The 1936 *Atlantic Monthly* Prize Novel was titled *I Am the Fox.*

95. Joseph Wood Krutch is one of the more prominent editors of *The New Republic.*

96. President Eliot preceded President Lowell as president of Harvard.

97. The real name of Father Divine, the Harlem Messiah, is George Baker.

98. It is highly probable that any widespread adoption of the new Rust mechanical cotton-picker will result in an improvement in labor conditions in the South.

99. The year's outstanding harness-racing meet and the chief race, the Hambletonian, is annually held at Hambleton, N. Y.

100. Architecturally speaking, an Ionic capital on a pillar has a simpler form than a Doric capital.

Varmints

(*continued from page* 32)

syrup begun to hiss, and the rank smell of the cane was gone. Me and Jim slipped up to the kettle and raked some of the thickest goody from around the edge. Then the syrup begun to cook with a Plop! like frogs a-jumping, and Luty's long-handled skimmer sailed over it like a swallow darting.

Folks hollered, "Luty's fixing to pour!"

All the young uns come a-running to watch. Luty sure is clever with his pouring.

"Stand back for the spattering!" he called.

He dipped his ladling bucket back and to so fast you couldn't foller it. He kept a steady stream, like a gold creek, running down the little cooling trough. The syrup around the edge of the kettle cooked down into candy, and the young uns went for it something comical to see.

Then Luty said, "Well, reckon nobody won't be craving no more cane-juice. I'll turn old Snort a-loose now, to rest and graze."

He on-loosed the mule from the cane-mill. And what did the creetur do? What did he do? He stood a minute, studying, and he lit out. That's what he done. He lit out acrost Luty's stubbly cane-field, heading for Jim's place t'other side of town, the way I'd seed him do it a hundred times. But there was something onnatural about the way he lit out, and Jim and Luty and Will and me takened out after him.

He cut into my sweet-potato field. And what did he do there? He stopped stock-still in the middle of it. And then what did he do? He begun to go in circles. Right in the middle of my sweet-potato patch, he went around and around in circles.

"He's gone crazy," Will said.

"He's drunk," Jim said. "That's what's the matter. Luty's been corrupting him again."

"He's more'n drunk or crazy," I said. "His time has come."

Sure enough, he come to a stop as sudden as if the Angel Gabriel had hollered, "Whoa!" He teetered on his legs, like the underpinnings of a house wavering in a storm. He sunk down to the ground and heaved a relieved kind of a sigh and he didn't move no more. Wherever 'twas he'd had it in his mind to go, he'd done got there.

"He's dead," Will called. "Snort's dead."

All the Oak Bluff folks come running, men and women and young uns. It was like a person had died. A annoying kind of a person, but you can't be annoyed for nearly thirty year without feeling soberlike when the hand of Death ends it.

"Well, men," I said to Jim and Luty, "I reckon now you're proud you made up your quarrel, and the old feller on his last legs."

They nodded. Then something come to me like a lightning bolt. It come to me the creetur'd been as ornery dying as he was a-living. He'd done died right smack in the middle of my sweet potatoes.

I held in a while, not wishing not to show no respect.

Then I said, "I reckon you'll be hauling the pore feller off together to bury him. You, Jim, and Luty, together."

"Well," Jim said, hesitant, "I hadn't yet takened possession of him. He was yet working for Luty. And drunk to

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boot. But if it don't come too high, I reckon I'd as lief bear my share."

Luty didn't say nothing. Jim couldn't think of nothing but the expense, but Luty was deep-grieved. Then Jim brightened. He was fixing to get his money's worth in meanness.

"Anyway," he said, "it's a satisfaction to know he was on his way home to me. Old Snort sure lit out for my place when his last hour come."

Luty looked up then. He faced Jim and he studied him. I could see his look plain in the moonlight. It was the same look he'd had when he throwed the bream in the Creek.

"Well, Jim," he said, and his voice was slow and easy and cold as ice, "seeing as how you say he was on his way to you and them sneaking cows, I don't figure it's my responsibility. He's your mule, Snort is. You been wanting him for yours all his life. Now you take him."

And he turned and walked off home, and his hound behind him.

"Indeed, you'll not get out of it that-a-way, Luty Higgenbotham," Jim hollered. "I might of knowed you'd try to get out of paying your just due. I'll not lift a hand to bury him."

A desperate kind of a feeling come over me.

"But Jim!" I called. "But Luty! The creetur's in my sweet potatoes!"

I got no answer. And now this is the rest of it.

Every day I'd beg Luty and every second day I'd have Will carry me out to beg Jim. Then my Will was obliged to drive to Georgia where his folks was sick. I ain't never felt so alone in my life as the day he drove off. That left me with no way to get to Jim's place. So I set in to work double on Luty.

"Jim don't surprise me," I said, "but you do. I should think you'd feel shame."

There wasn't no more shame to him than to a jack-rabbit. Then we had a long hot spell and no rain, and it was hot the way it can get hot in Florida in a dry November.

"I should think you'd mind it as much as me," I said.

"The wind's been westerly," he said. "I ain't noticed a thing." Just as stubborn as the day he walked to shore from the rowboat. "Snort went back on me at the end, so Jim says. I got no more interest."

And there was my sweet potatoes waiting to be dug. I give up.

"I'll pay for hauling him off and burying him, myself," I said.

So I set hunting me a man. And merciful jaybird, I had the luck, the pure bad luck, to run into the first of orange-picking and bean-picking. There wasn't a man, black or white, I could get to come bury that mule. And my Will gone to Georgia.

It all happened the tenth of November. I reckon there ain't never been no tenth of November as hot as that un. It was midday, and the dry sand was throwing out the heat like a cook-stove. I went out into my sweet-potato patch and I buried that mule myself. I digged a hole deep and wide. Now I weigh a sight more'n two hundred and I ain't modest about it. But ary person who thinks digging a hole deep enough to bury a mule, on a hot day in the blazing sun, is fairy's work for a woman weighs more'n two hundred, had ought to get in the same fix.

I got to burning so there wasn't no place left for the heat to come out, excusing my tongue. I begun to talk out loud. I used all the language I'd oncet heard my old granddaddy use, the one that died without salvation. I rolled that mule in that hole and I kivered him and I tromped the earth down over him.

"Anyway," I said, "you'll not romp on no more of my petunias."

I straightened my back. The sweat run down in my eyes so I couldn't see.

And all of a sudden my patience was wore out.

I walked down to Will's garage. I stopped a fruit-truck to carry me into Trayville and up to the office of the *Trayville Bugle*. The man at the desk looked at me sharp, me all red and wet and dirty.

"Fetch me paper and pencil," I said. "I got a little news item will be of interest to all your Oak Bluff subscribers."

And this is what I wrote, and the *Bugle* printed:

OAK BLUFF'S VARMINTS

Oak Bluff has lost by death one of its three pet varmints. The one that died was named Snort. He was the best of the three. The ones left are named Jim and Luty. These remaining varmints have had the advantage of human contact and have a few of the ways of persons. Visitors passing through Oak Bluff are invited to stop and take a look at these clever creatures that Providence chose to make varmints and denied them being men.

And when Jim and Luty come back from where they been hiding out until folks quits coming and laughing, I ain't taking nothing back. And them that claim I had no right to make a fun-box outen the pair, for them I say:

They ain't never had no two, ornery, long-eared, butt-headed, quarreling men to leave no dead mule in their sweet-potato patch.

America's most romantic city... Nob Hill, its most historic crest... the Mark Hopkins, its newest, finest place to stay! Here you'll find an incomparable view of city, Bay, superb new Bridges... a sincere welcome... every courtesy and service to make your visit comfortable, complete. Only four minutes to the shops and theaters, a step to Chinatown... rates extremely moderate.

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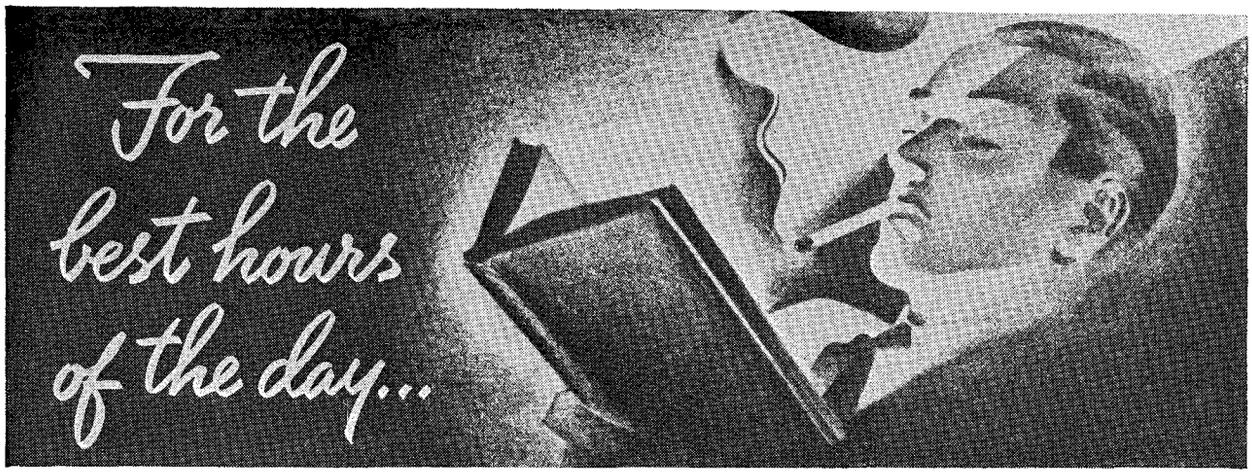

Listen for a Lonesome Drum

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by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

★**LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL William Bligh**
by GEORGE MACKANESS

★**To My Father**
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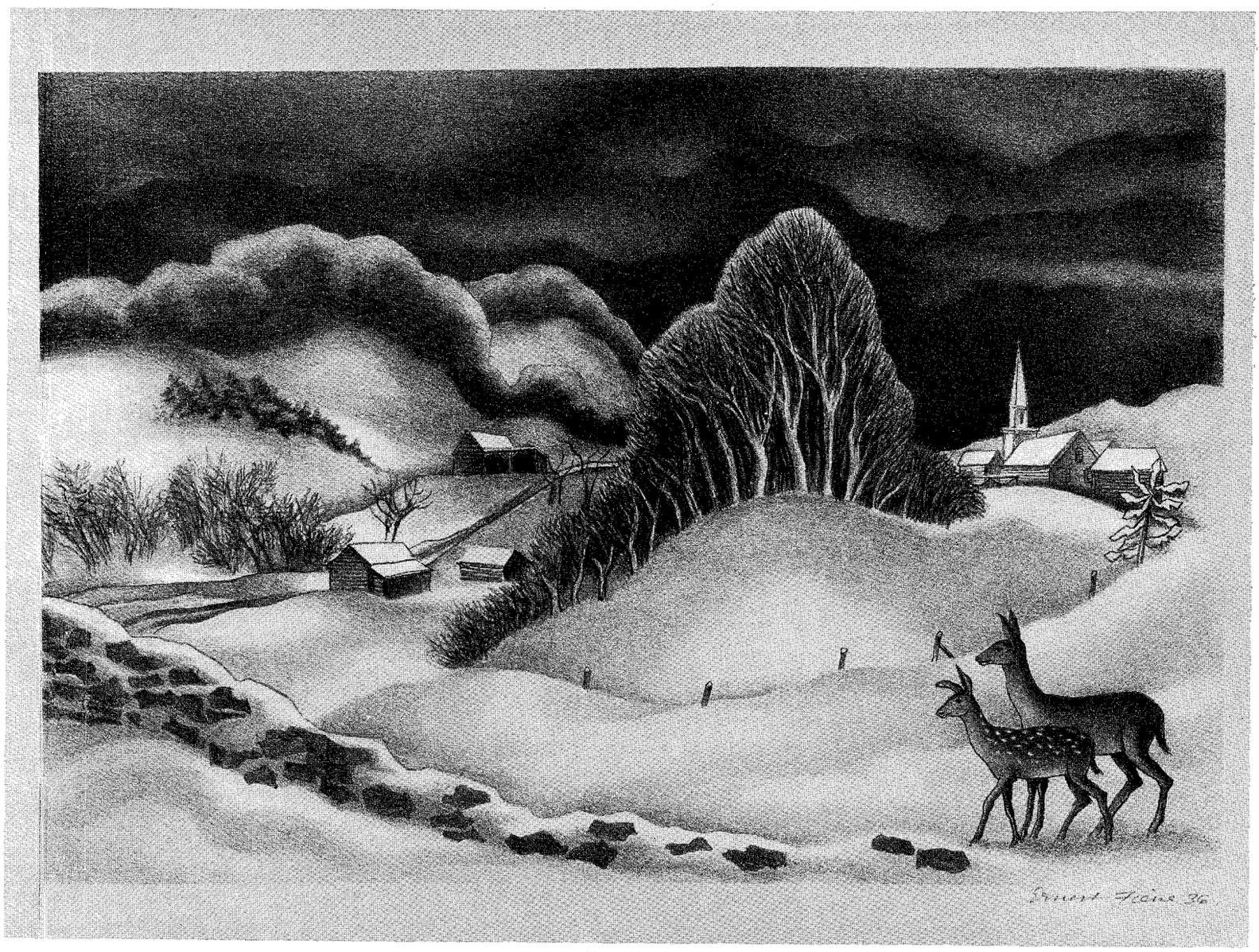

WINTER EVENING, BY ERNEST FIENE

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BOOKS

A World Made in America

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When James T. Farrell was preoccupied with his searing and implacable Studs Lonigan trilogy — which Betty Furth has subtitled *The Rover Boys Gone Bad* — more than one critic scurried back to Matthew Arnold's classic line about Sophocles to justify a feeling of acute distaste for the presence of Studs and his vicious South Side Chicago drugstore cowboy pals. The trouble with Farrell, they said, was that he failed to "see life steadily and see it whole" and hence failed of proper artistry. Somehow one got the idea that Farrell was being chastised because he failed to include, in his novels about the lower middle-class Chicago Irish, portraits of choir boys, D. A. R. members, antivivisectionists, hermits, Boy Scouts, Buchmanites, and people who read Doctor Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf.

The justice of this view has always seemed to me a little less than even-handed — something like dismissing a lyric poet because he hasn't written an Odyssey, or a Homer because his creation can't match Jove's. And it maddened Jim Henle, Farrell's publisher, who took the line that the critics were crazy, anyway. To prove his case Mr. Henle pointed to a nice kid who lurked obscurely in a corner of the Lonigan series — Danny O'Neill, who was nuts about the Chicago White Sox and Big Ed Walsh but who otherwise gave promise of growing into something very much better than a Back-of-the-Yards mug. Danny, said Mr. Henle, was destined to be the hero and camera eye of a tetralogy — and the tetralogy would be the other and shining aspect of the South Side world. Where *Studs Lonigan* was necessarily brutal, the Danny O'Neill series would be tender. Sophocles would cease to be one-eyed. He might even become Argus-eyed and see life not only whole but double.

Well, the first of the Danny O'Neill books, *A World I Never Made* (Vanguard, $2.50), is here, and it cannot be said that Mr. Farrell has transformed or transcended himself. But the question arises: Why should he? Nobility in a writer does not necessarily inhere in his choice of characters, and surely one is doing one's job as a novelist if one relates even the tiniest segment of life to the rest of the world in such a way that perspective won't be lost. When Farrell is dramatizing the brutal *Walpurgisnacht* on which Weary Reilly rapes Irene, he is not exalting rape. Indeed, it is perfectly obvious that he entirely disapproves of it and hence has a firm grip on human values. Farrell has always had tenderness in addition to his blunt and disconcerting honesty. When he is writing of Studs's memories of calf love and Lucy, or of Studs's pathetic, limited, fumbling experience with Catherine, he stirs the reader — or this reader, at any rate — to a pity that overcomes revulsion. No more could be asked of an author whose native material is the depressing waste of South Side or Back-of-the-Yards Chicago, where the smell of the stockyards is a fitting aura for the life that is led thereabouts.

Unlike the *Lonigan* trilogy, which dealt with the impact of the pool hall, the empty back lot, and the South Side street corner on Irish boys of the lower middle class, *A World I Never Made* is about home life. But it is the sort of home life that would drive most boys out into the pool hall and the street. Raucous, unlovely, filled with bickering and cursing and great sentimental orgies of self-pity, the daily routine of the O'Flahertys and the O'Neills constitutes a bedlam to escape from which one would gladly become a gangster or a drunkard or even a dope fiend. Yet Danny O'Neill, who goes from his own slatternly family to live with his Grandmother O'Flaherty in the house of his Uncle Al, does not travel the road of Studs to degeneration. If, as Mr. Henle says, Danny is more or less a portrait of Jim Farrell as a young man, we may be sure that he will, in future installments of the tetralogy, go to the University of Chicago and become a writer.

Danny is not very important in this opening volume of the series. We see him at parochial school, or cowering before one of Uncle Al O'Flaherty's fits of temper, or rapturously following every pitch of Big Ed Walsh's no-hit game. We see him when Brother Bill is acquainting him with the Facts of Life. And we are vaguely aware that he is not destined to become a tough guy. But just what effect the sights and sounds of the O'Flaherty household will have on him we can only guess. With Al's sister, the vital, handsome wench Peg coming in stewed to the ears, and with the grandmother indulging in some of the most beautifully sustained flights of cursing that I have ever read (or even heard), Danny ought to be living a tortured childhood if he is to justify claims to sensitivity. Yet he doesn't seem to suffer unduly. He is not sensitive in the way that Joyce's Stephen Dedalus is sensitive; he doesn't live through nightmares of the poetic soul. Does this indicate a failure on the part of Farrell to master the subjective technique? It is still too early to tell; after all, *A World I Never Made* is chiefly a novel about grown-ups — about the hard-working Jim O'Neill and his pious, unkempt, brood-mare-ish wife Lizz (a child every ten months), and about the O'Flahertys, Al, Peg, and the grandmother. But one can confidently predict that Danny's coming-of-age will not result in novels of green-sickness. For if he is to be like Jim Farrell, he will be saved not by sensitivity of the ingrowing Stephen Dedalus order, nor by his poetic "soul," but chiefly because of a blessedly tough mind. Unlike Dedalus, Farrell is perfectly capable of fighting the world. He is like the young Studs Lonigan here. But where he (and very probably Danny, as well) differs from Studs is in his ability to take the measure of the life around him, both inside the home and outside in the juvenile

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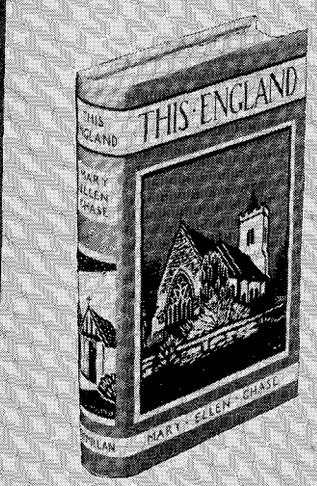

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gangland that dragged Studs down.

A World I Never Made moves forward on the wheels of exceedingly colloquial conversation and interior monologue. Because Uncle Al's thoughts on Lord Chesterfield and Emerson are entirely undistinguished, and because Aunt Peg's reflections on love and money and Lorry Robinson and fate are singularly repetitious, *A World I Never Made* drags in places. But Farrell is not interested in sacrificing the truth of his picture for the sake of making it easier for the reader. Uncle Al may bore you, but it is undeniable that as a bore he *lives*. By invoking his grisly image Farrell passes judgment on the whole scheme of values of his lower middle-class Chicago Irish. They are pious and go to mass every Sunday. But they also worship success. And this habit of maintaining two gods forces them into a double-standard morality. On the one hand their leading politicians will, in deference to the Church, ban Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*. But these same politicians will give away the city's cinders to a private contractor and then buy them back for use on a municipal bridle path.

The piety of Farrell's lower middle-class Irish also clashes with their sensuality. Hence the sense of sin which they carry with them into the saloons and the brothels. *A World I Never Made* abounds in guzzling and fornication. But there is no Chaucerian Wife-of-Bath-Miller's-Tale gustiness about the lusts of the Chicago Irish. Their lusts are simply depressing. Which, I suppose, is why critics like Lewis Gannett cannot stomach Farrell; most people like their sinners to be merry fellows. But Farrell has only the material which God gave him, and he would be false to it if he were to present it in Chaucerian or Rabelaisian terms.

It would be easy to pass from *A World I Never Made* to some generalizations about the effect of the Catholic Church on the Irish in a free land where the ancient ecclesiastical restraints are not matched by secular limitations on the ability to acquire property, to amass money, to succeed in altering one's given position in the class hierarchy. But, for all I know, certain Irish peasants who can never hope to better themselves in this world may act like Uncle Al or Lizz O'Neill. And the Chicago Irish have no monopoly on the vices and the hypocrisies. The Anglo-Saxon or the Scotchman who would point the finger of scorn had best look to certain of his own brothers below the Mason-Dixon Line. He can find examples of them in Ward Greene's *Death in the Deep South* (Stackpole, $2.00).

The pace of this "novel about murder" is rat-tat-tat, but for all its helter-skelter quality this is a book to make one brood. Mr. Greene's method of underscoring a philosophical point about society reminds one of Stephen Crane's. At the end the reader does not know who killed Mary Clay; but the dominant attitudes of Georgia society have caused the prosecutor, the press, the judge, and the jury to reach a definite decision. The Northern reader will probably use *Death in the Deep South* as a springboard for some pretty smug reflections about justice in the cotton states. But the same sort of novel could be written about the Hauptmann Case, with Governor Hoffman cast in the rôle of the understanding but unappreciated hero who refuses to be bulldozed by community attitudes and circumstantial evidence. There is only one flaw to *Death in the Deep South,* and it is the sort of flaw that will never bother a true mystery addict. Speaking as one who ordinarily goes a long way to avoid mystery stories, I can only say that it bothers me to find Mr. Greene both omniscient about his characters and unwilling to tell you which one is guilty. If Mr. Greene knows what Robert Edwin Peary Hale was doing before twelve o'clock and after three o'clock, he certainly knows what he was doing in the interim. But Mr. Greene had to choose between writing a straight novel of character and writing an acrostic that would carry his philosophical lesson. And the characterization, up to the point where auctorial aphasia sets in, is excellent.

Mr. Greene's novel is a blow at the rabble that hung Robert Edwin Peary Hale. In *'T Aint Right* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) Westbrook Pegler glories in being a member of the rabble that cheered when the stories were printed about the lynchings in San José. I wish Mr. Pegler would read Mr. Greene's novel and reflect on his boast that he is a member of the rabble in good standing. It is the only synthetic note in the Pegler symphony, the only pose of a man who otherwise stands quite unself-consciously in his own brogans. Rabble-men usually have to be propped up by others of their kind; Pegler doesn't.

The Pegler method is to take a simple idea and to shake it violently, like a terrier shaking a rat or a kid batting the stuffing out of the head of a rag doll. At the end of every paragraph you say: "There, he's done for him now." But he goes on doing for him until your jaw drops to your chest and you stop breathing. Some of the best Pegler pieces are gathered together in *'T Aint Right*. Pegler has written only one thoroughly lousy column so far as I can remember. That was when he lit into King Edward for being human about Mrs. Simpson. According to Pegler, the seemly, even the kingly, thing for Eddie to do is to imitate his royal grandfather by acting respectable while in London and by hanging around the Rue Blondel while in Paris. The answer to that is "Nuts!" But the King Edward column is not in *'T Aint Right*. It would show very poorly beside such beautiful frenzies as the one on "Does Mellon Want It All?" and "Apology" (the column about the peaceful Germans who carry toad stabbers because they are cobblers who need sabers to cobble shoes).

After a diet of Farrell's Chicago, Ward Greene's Georgia, and the Germany that has riled Westbrook Pegler, it is a joy to come upon the America of Constance Rourke's *Audubon* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). Last year Donald Culross Peattie wrote a novel about Audubon, *Singing in the Wilderness* (Putnam, $2.50). Miss Rourke's book is by contrast a sober, detached, "straight" biography. But forms are deceptive. By using the "scientific" device of "it-is-only-fair-to-give-every-theory-its-hearing," Miss Rourke sets on paper the supposition that Jean Jacques Audubon was the lost Dauphin. She doesn't subscribe to the supposition, but she is obviously glad to leave it in your mind.

Mr. Peattie is practically through his book before his hero gets around to the printing of the *Birds of America;* his interest is primarily in Audubon's wilderness years in Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Which is quite understandable when you consider that Mr. Peattie is himself a naturalist. Miss Rourke's interest is double. As a student of America she is wrapped up in the early history of the Ohio and Mississippi River frontiers. But she is also a connoisseur of the tribulations of the artist-type; hence her biography is far more satisfactory than the Peattie "novel" when it comes to the years which Audubon spent in trying to get his *Birds* into print.

After reading Miss Rourke's *Audubon,* you might try Vincent McHugh's *Caleb Catlum's America* (Stackpole, $2.50). The idea comes from Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*. In *Orlando* the British nation was summed up in the person of a particular hero who lived through the centuries, even to changing his (or

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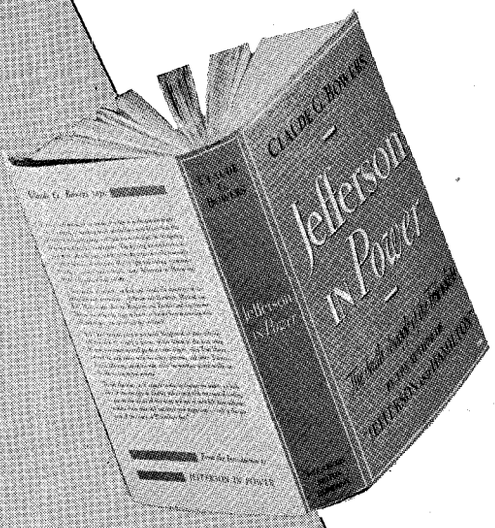
JEFFERSON IN POWER

CLAUDE G. BOWERS



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her) sex when England's characteristics altered. Caleb Catlum lives through American history, blood-brother of Tom Jefferson, Mike Fink, Dan'l Boone, Davy Crockett, and Dexter Fellows of the Ringling Brothers - Barnum and Bailey Circus. He is the Tall Story incarnate — and he blossomed again last spring when he advised the Republicans to take for their campaign song the westward-reeling paean of the Forty-Niners, *O Susannah!* You may think you have seen the last of him when you finish with Mr. McHugh, but you haven't. He will turn up again, disguised by an alias, when a native American white hope flattens Joe Louis or when some one from the sand-lots comes up and beats Babe Ruth's record of sixty home runs. Caleb Catlum is in the air of America.

Book Notes

The busiest people — providing only that they are also Real People — are always the most generous with their time. Their generosity is only exceeded by their graciousness.

It seemed to us that for our Christmas Number it might be fun, as well as interesting, to discover and list for our readers the books that are the favorites of those who themselves occupy the coveted position of best-sellers on the weekly lists. We wrote to these authors and they answered promptly. We asked them to name the three books of the 1936 crop which they had enjoyed most. Their choices you will find neatly boxed and distributed throughout the book columns.

But that does not tell the whole story. When, for obvious reasons, there could be no choices, these very busy people did not simply ignore our request and let it go at that. Margaret Mitchell, tops on the list, wrote:

"I would like very much to send you my list of 'best books' but, unfortunately, I have no such list. You have caught me at a bad time. I am ashamed to admit it, but I have read practically nothing in the line of modern fiction during the past year. Usually I read enormously, but during the past year I have read nothing at all except reference books. I put in six months on reference books, in order to have four references instead of two for the historical statements in my book. I put in months correcting type script and more months proof-reading. Some times I worked twenty hours a day. This was not very good for my eyes, and I have been unable to read anything except the largest headlines since last June. So perhaps you can understand why I have no choice on 'best books.' I did read a few mystery stories during the proof-reading period, but I can't even remember their names. I wish I could be of help in this matter, but you see my situation." We say it's easy to forgive one who has given so many people their "best book" of many years. It is not necessary to name her *Gone with the Wind.*

With *Man the Unknown* running up sales of 3500 a week, according to *Publishers' Weekly,* Alexis Carrel takes time to say: "I wish that I might accede to your request for my choice of the three best books of the year. But my physiological and surgical research investigations have demanded my time so completely that I am really not at all conversant with the general literary output, and thus am not in a position to make such a selection." Spoken like the good doctor that he is.

And Hervey Allen, with *Anthony Adverse* practically a permanent best-seller, and from the thick of new work, sends the following: "I should be very happy to give what you ask, but I am rather in the ridiculous position of saying I haven't read any of the books which have come out in the last few months. I am writing you this because I don't want to be thought indifferent to such requests as yours or to have you think I am not interested in current literature. I am. But I have been doing, under a great pressure, a Civil War story and, at alternate periods, a long novel which comes slowly, that has required intensive reading of books about the Civil War and of even before that. So you you can see I cannot answer your questions. . . . Write me again, and I hope by that time I shall be reading a few modern books again." It's hard to see anything ridiculous about that.

Robert Nathan says, "The three best novels I read this year were *Gone with the Wind.*"

For honesty, to Dorothea Brande goes the palm: "It has been difficult to answer your note because I have found myself self-conscious about my choice of books; those who know me as the author of *Wake Up and Live* will have no clue as to the principle of choice, I fear. When I read, I read as a member of the *American Review's* staff; and by that I mean that my tastes will be less significant to those who have liked my recent book than to those who know my critical work. . . . However, honesty has won over a kind of temptation to choose according to what might be called my public character."

Just as we were going to press, from Hollywood — where they are all three of them working on their picture, *The Innocent Voyage* — came a letter by airmail from Patience, Richard, and Johnny Abbe, whose *Around the World in Eleven Years* for a long time topped the non-fiction best-seller lists. Said the letter:

"I, Patience, do not read grown-up books, except the *Bible* and Papa's book, *I Photograph Russia.* This book was a good book, but it went into only one print, I guess because the publisher didn't tell how good a book it was.

"I, Richard, don't either, except *The History of Great Paintings* is a grown-up book and I read 89 pages of *The Story of Mankind.*

"I, Johnny, only read books for boys, like *Folk Tales That Children Love* and fat books with pictures in it."

Their choices are listed elsewhere. On Richard's list appears that blessed and hardy perennial, *Tom Sawyer.* It gives us good reason — if there weren't already reason enough — to mention the Heritage Press Christmas edition. Linen-bound, it is full of color illustrations by Norman Rockwell. If there's an eager-eyed young man on your Christmas list, check him off now.

*

Coming to books which have not yet had time to test the public taste, we have two books on characters outstanding in pre-Hitler Germany; one, John W. Wheeler-Bennett's *The Wooden Titan,* a biography so intimate that the publishers say it was impossible to print it until after the death of Hindenburg; and the other, *The Kaiser and English*

Claude Bowers Chooses

SANFELICE
by Vincent Sheean

INSIDE EUROPE
by John Gunther

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND
by Van Wyck Brooks

Mr. Bowers is the author of *Jefferson in Power*

Winifred Van Etten Chooses

SALAR, THE SALMON
by Henry Williamson

THE LONG NIGHT
by Andrew Lytle

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY
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Mrs. Van Etten is the author of the best-selling *I Am the Fox.*

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Relations, by E. F. Benson, whose biographies of Queen Victoria and her son Edward VII we have already had. Mr. Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, is the present Mayor of Rye, England. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has been close to the inside history of Germany for years and is particularly conversant with the "Reconstruction" period in Germany and with Hindenburg's life after the War. This phase of his life and its effect on the changing political picture in that troubled country is what interests the author most, for he has been the friend and confidant of men who played important parts in it. His knowledge is collected first-hand, "thanks to constant travel throughout Europe and," say his publishers, "to his incurable habit of making friends." He is the author of eight books on the European situation.

*

The results of the publishers' advance vote for the ten most important books among those selected from the early November lists by John Chamberlain and the Scribner editors, show Edgar Lee Masters' autobiography, *Across Spoon River,* leading all comers, with MacKinlay Kantor's *Arouse and Beware* following a good second.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *Across Spoon River.* Autobiography by Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.50.

An amazingly frank and candid autobiography by a man whose life and interests touch high spots of the last half-century.

2. *Arouse and Beware,* by MacKinlay Kantor. Coward, McCann. $2.50.

The author of *Long Remember* and *The Voice of Bugle Ann* writes again of America's past.

Walter Edmonds Chooses

GONE WITH THE WIND
by Margaret Mitchell

"Though some of the leading characters seem pretty static to me Rhett Butler is alive, and the minor people and the background is stirring, and anyway the best test of a book is whether you can put it down. I could not put this one down."

THREE BAGS FULL
by Roger Burlingame

"... partly because it is in my country but mostly because it is a fine and honest piece of work."

THE LONG NIGHT
by Andrew Lytle

Mr. Edmond's best-seller is *Drums Along the Mohawk.*

3. *G. K. Chesterton's Autobiography.* Sheed & Ward. $3.00.

The life of a great humorist, a great story-teller and a great man.

4. *The Theory and Practice of Socialism,* by John Strachey. Random House. $3.00.

England's foremost Communist and author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* tackles a subject which he is eminently qualified to write about.

5. *Swinnerton, An Autobiography.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.

Novelist and critic Frank Swinnerton adds his to the year's long list of distinguished autobiographies.

6. *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* by James Boswell. (Prepared for press by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett.) Viking. $5.00.

The Literary Guild has chosen for November this amazing document, discovered in an ancient croquet box in an English castle.

Honourable Estate, by Vera Brittain. Macmillan. $2.50.

The author of the best-selling *Testament of Youth* in this novel writes the story of three marriages.

7. *Yang and Yin,* by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

The same qualities which made *Oil for the Lamps of China* outstanding go into this second novel of Americans living in China.

Fighting Angel, by Pearl Buck. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

The story of the author's father. A companion piece to the biography of her mother, *The Exile.*

8. *Letters and Journal of Brand Whitlock.* Edited by Allan Nevins. Introduction by Newton D. Baker. D. Appleton-Century. $10.00.

Two distinguished volumes telling of famous figures in literature and politics, of Belgium during the War, of what Brand Whitlock thought about them.

9. *Return to Malaya,* by Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. $3.00.

He who was *British Agent* is seized again with wanderlust.

10. *Thomas de Quincey,* by Edward Sackville-West. Yale University Press. $4.00.

A scholarly and sympathetic biography of an interesting figure in English literary history.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* and *Honourable Estate* tied for sixth place (Boswell ties Brittain) and *Yang and Yin* and *Fighting Angel* for seventh (China vs. China).

. . . that Macmillan, according to the rules, substituted *Through the Woods,* by H. E. Bates, illustrated with wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker, for Ida Tarbell's *Nationalizing of Business,* already out.

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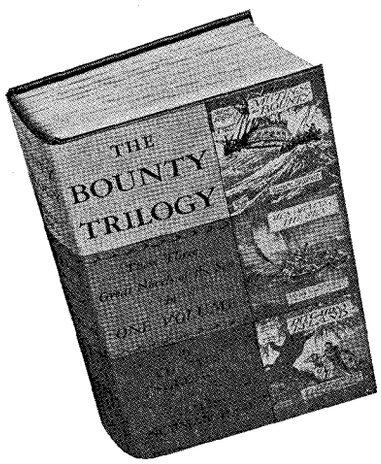
The Bounty Trilogy

By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall



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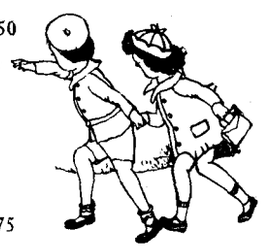

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Literature of Today and Tomorrow

MARY M. COLUM

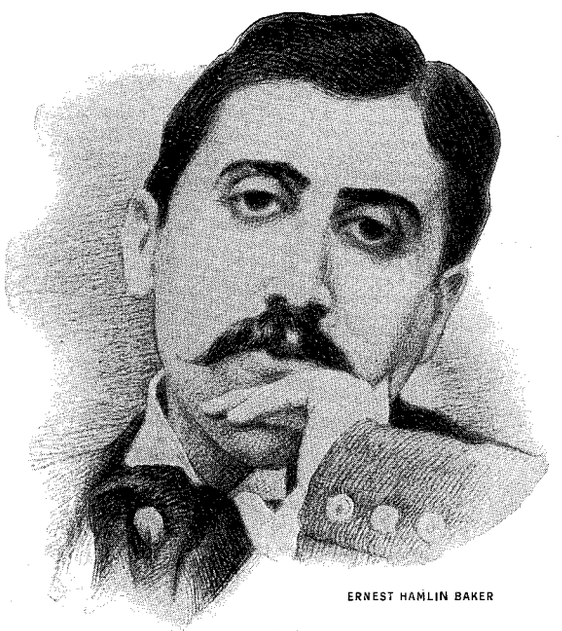
The second of two articles on the great writers of the day considers their methods of revealing man's innermost dreams, griefs, and aspirations

Our contemporary world, for a multitude of reasons, has developed so few fresh theories of expression, so few rousing literary doctrines, that we still cling to the remnants of the literary æsthetic of the nineteenth century, and often to the false or insignificant parts of that æsthetic.

This is not to gainsay the great services to literature of the higher realists or of realism at its best. I heartily admit that the first writer who shifted the interest of readers from the love affairs of Héloïse or Cleopatra to those of a village doctor's wife, the first who turned attention from the sorrows of Young Werther to the woes of the every-day gentleman who, having wept for the loss of one woman, promptly married another, forgot all about the first, and settled down to get large around the middle, opened an entirely new world to literature and to writing of all kinds.

It also, unhappily, opened writing to a new world of men and women who, without any special talent, if they were literate, persevering, and carried a note-book, could write a passable novel or story of the kind that begins, "Mr. Smith was carrying his trousers to the cleaners," or, "Dorothy was nimbly wielding a pair of tweezers on her eyebrows." The literate world has become so accustomed to the doctrine of realism, to the notion that the accurate observation of every-day life is what makes literature, that it is now firmly embedded in the general reader's consciousness that a book or a novel or a play is of value if it factually renders something in life that he knows has happened, or is within reach of his experience.

Let us consider two works that have recently attracted the attention and admiration of both the general public and the critics: a play, *Dead End,* and a novel, *Steps Going Down.* Anybody watching the audience at the play could see that a large number of those present were fascinated by what was happening on the stage chiefly because there was reproduced with exact realism a street on the East Side with boys splashing actual water as they dived into the river, and with the Fire Department's hydrant just as it could be seen in every block in New York. The novel, *Steps Going Down,* was selected as the American contender for an international prize, and the judges' opinions leave no doubt in one's mind that it was the documentary exactness, the note-book realism of the novel, the fact that the dialogue was a report of actual speech, that gave it its importance. It opens in the well-known manner: "Mrs. Salz was dusting the sitting room." I have no doubt but that the distinguished judges picked the best manuscript handed them. This novel illustrates one of the two stages of the realistic doctrine as developed by the neo-realists at the end of the nineteenth century. It is a study of life at its lowest moral ebb, a report of the author's observation of such life, almost, it might be said, a sociological report, given in an over-worked narrative form by an able and expert newspaperman.



Marcel Proust

Among the conclusions of the extreme neo-realists were two: that every-day life was the life of the greatest number, and that the utmost in realism was to be found, not in the lowest social and economic order, to which the greatest number belonged, but to the lowest moral order. To depict the life of rudderless men and women, their miseries, their follies, their passions ("feeble but uncontrollable," to use a phrase of Dr. Carrel's), their vices, their inability to cope with life, except by trickery — this became one of the two final aims of the neo-realists. The more brutal the fact, the more shocking, the more it dealt with the waifs and strays of society, the better material it was considered for literature. So far has this doctrine been carried that in many modern novels the chief personages are subnormal and pathological types of the lowest order.

The popular and decadent development of realism has made in our time the rôle of a writer merely that of a citizen speaking to fellow-citizens, a Main Streeter speaking to fellow Main Streeters about the incidents of their every-day lives, about their politics, their economics, their wives, and their flirtations. Desirable as it may be to have enough writers speaking as citizens to fellow citizens on matters of common interest, it is of the first importance that real writers should not be crowded out by

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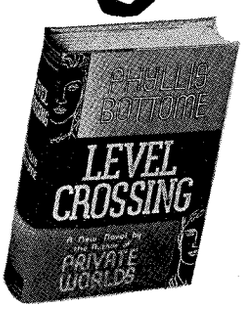

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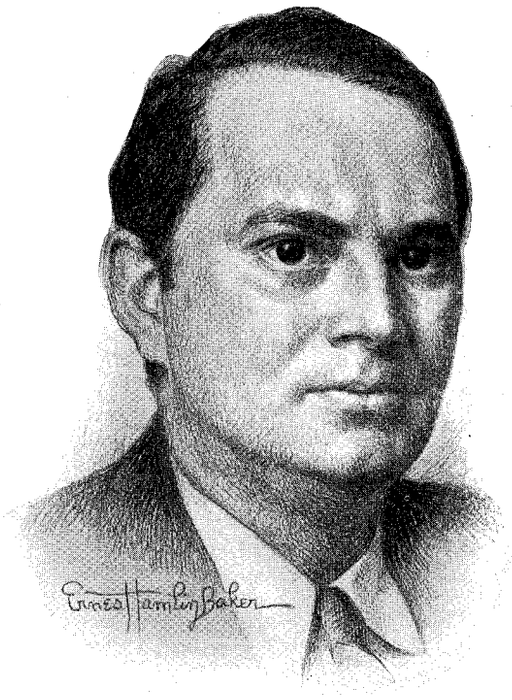
this multitude of writing citizens.

A real writer, as distinguished from the citizen-writer, is a person not only with more command of language than the ordinary person, but one who has powers of imagination and intellect and personality beyond the ordinary, very much beyond the ordinary, so that the work produced by this person will be different from the work of all other persons and will bear the stamp of his personality. A writer is not only all of these; he is a person with more emotion, more intimate communication with life, more energy — not physical energy but psychic energy — so that what he has to say rouses people out of their habitual, every-day, ordinary thoughts and desires.

A work of literature can be about every-day life, but what makes it literature is exactly that which is not in every-day life. Great writers are great writers because they are not like us, not like ordinary people, but because they can take flights into realms of emotion, imagination, and thought beyond our reach but not beyond our comprehension. Here we can make no concession to the equalitarian instinct, whatever we may do about it elsewhere; in the sphere of the arts there is no such thing as equality.

The real writer is a rare person and the wide-spread irruption into writing of the citizen-writer does not change this fact. The latter can nearly always, if he is literate and intelligent, produce a copy of something that has already been done in literature. A study of *Madame Bovary* plus a study of some recent follower of Flaubert's can teach the citizen with a turn for writing how to produce a passable novel; a study of Maupassant or Tchekov can teach the same person how to write a passable short story; a study of Shakespearean sonnets can teach the literate person with a turn for verse-making how to manufacture a sonnet — to get fourteen lines into the proper rhyme-scheme — and in all these cases with sufficient expertness to capture an editor.

What the real writer has to do is to express something that has not been expressed before and in a form that is new, if possible. Let me here try to circumvent the platitudinous criticism so frequently put forward that everything has been written, all the stories told, all the experiences and emotions revealed. The contrary is the truth. Very little of the emotions or experiences of even the simplest man, woman, or child has been fully expressed in literature. We have made a little advance in our day; something new in life-experience, in human character, has been revealed by Proust, Joyce, and certain other writers; they had hitherto-unrevealed material to their hands and they invented a way of revealing it.



Thomas Wolfe

Now, in general, what was this new material? Roughly speaking, it hung on the discovery that three or four age-old conceptions were nothing but conventions. First, as has been said, the conscious man was a convention, the creature that civilization had been built around; the unified personality was a convention. Time, as commonly understood was a convention.

In the nineteenth century Pierre Janet, who lectured recently at the Harvard Tercentenary, showed how several personalities could exist at the same time in the same individual, each now and again bursting through to the other. Freud, a while later, developed the technique by which, he said, the subconscious personality and hidden memory could be brought to the surface or partly brought to the surface. Then the philosopher Bergson said that what we call Time is a convention: real Time was not hours on a clock or days or weeks on a calendar — it, too, was something inward; it was not the same for children as it was for old people, nor was it the same for one individual as for another. Nor was it anything fixed or finished; everything was in a state of Becoming. So what the innovators had to do was to make their characters behave as the new psychologists and philosophers had discovered that people behave.

Of the two novelists Proust and Joyce, who completely broke away from the old patterns, Proust, a Frenchman, lived in Paris and was influenced by the ideas of the French philosophers and psychologists, also by Freud, though the great influence on him was Bergson's. Proust moulded his work deliberately on the Bergsonian conception of Time and Memory. In fact, Time may be called the hero of Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. "This invisible substance of Time," he said, "I have tried to isolate. But to do so, the experience had to last." This meant that he had to deal with personages, over a long period, whose lives merged and flowed into each other, so that every little happening, as he said himself, would indicate the passing of Time. Time walks through his book like a personage, transforming things, people, actions, ideas, opinions from day to day, from year to year. As Time passes, the same personage takes on different aspects in the eyes of others as, to use Proust's own image, we see different sides of a town from the windows of a train winding through it. Then he joined his conception of psychology to his conception of Time.

As for Time, real Time, Memory is its deposit. But what type of memory? It is what he calls Unconscious Memory, as opposed to the memory of the intelligence, to voluntary memory. An odor, a savor experienced in circumstances quite different bring back, after a lapse of years, people and things that seemed to have been forgotten: this is the Unconscious Memory, the Involuntary Memory. For in our lives the Past is that which has ceased to act but has not ceased to exist. It survives in our Unconscious and has the potentiality of rising again to Consciousness. Marcel Proust produced his work out of this conception of Time and Memory. He called his work in many volumes *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,* familiar in its English title as *Remembrance of Things Past,* but which, it seems to me, would have been more revealingly translated as *The Search for Lost Time.*

This work unrolls itself as Memory brought back to Consciousness, Time experienced inwardly, Time made perceptible to the heart. An exact rendering of Bergson's conception of Time is to be found in the final pages of this novel. It is, in fact, probably the first time that

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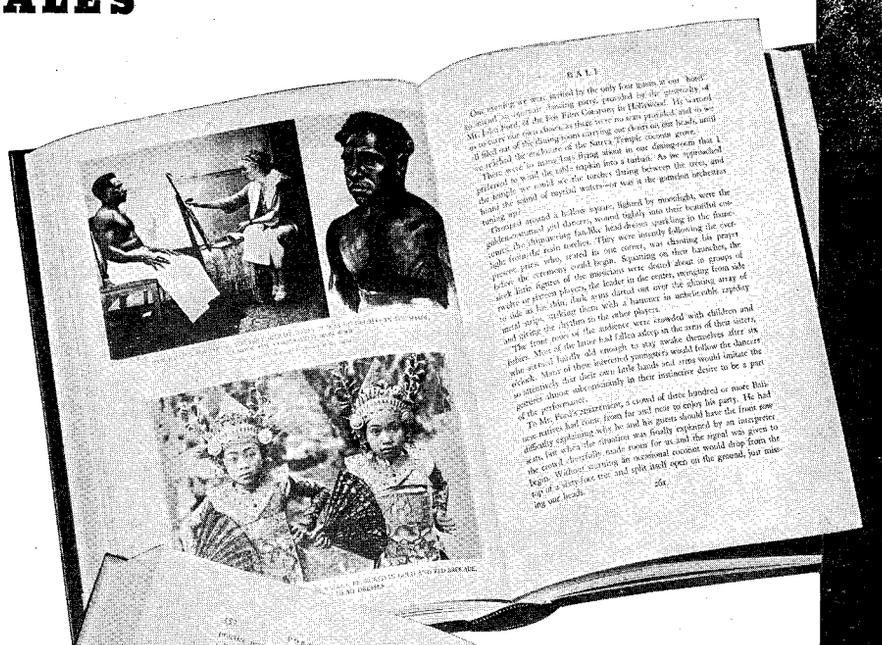

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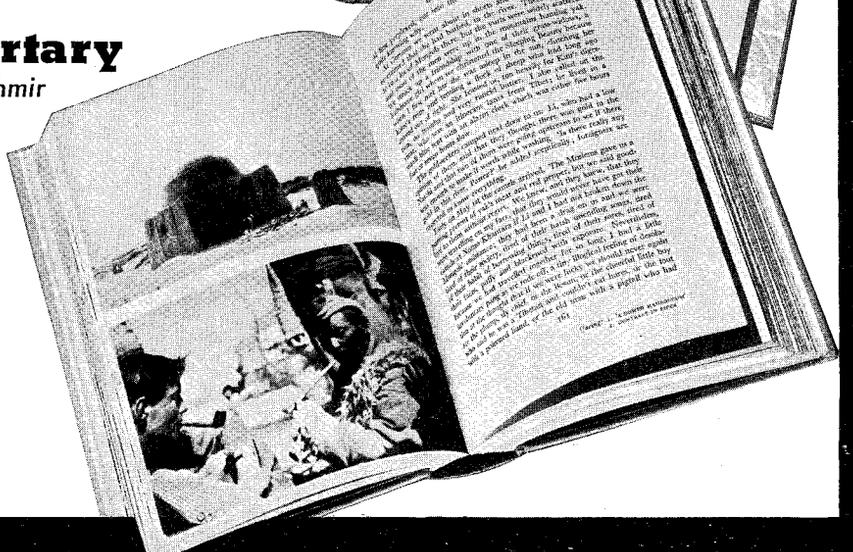

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there has been put into literature in a moving and imaginative way the central thought, the metaphysics, of a philosopher in his own lifetime. A sound recalls to the middle-aged man, to Proust himself, the tinkle of the bell which he had heard as a child when his parents were showing their guest, Swann, to the door:

> Then, thinking over all the events that necessarily ranged themselves between the moment when I heard those sounds and the Guermantes reception, I was startled at the thought that it was, indeed, this bell which was still tinkling within me and that I could in no wise change its sharp janglings since, having forgotten how they died away, to recapture it and hear it distinctly I was forced to close my ears to the sound of the conversations the masks were carrying on around me. . . .
>
> When the bell tinkled I was already in existence and, since that night, for me to have been able to hear the sounds again, there must have been no break of continuity, not a moment of rest for me, no cessation of existence, of thought, of consciousness of myself, since the distant moment still clung to me and I could recapture it, go back to it, merely by descending more deeply into myself. *It was this conception of Time as incarnate, of past years as still close held within us, which I was now determined to bring out into such bold relief in my book.* And it is because they thus contain all the hours of days gone by that human bodies can do such injury to those who love them, because they contain so many past memories, joys and desires, already effaced for them but so cruel for one who contemplates and carries back in the domain of Time the cherished body of which he is jealous, jealous even to the point of desiring its destruction. For after death Time withdraws from the body, and the memories — so pale and insignificant — are effaced from her who no longer exists, and soon will be from him whom they still torture, and the memories themselves will perish in the end when the desire of a living body is no longer there to keep them alive.

The novel is an unrolling of life, revealing no crisis, no plot, only the poignant effects of Time on people who, day after day, are inevitably touched by Time, changed by Time, not only in themselves, but in their relations to each other. There is a rendering of an interior life that is not under the control of the intelligence, of an emotional life driven by a mechanism deep in the subconscious and not amenable to laws imposed by logic or rational ethics.

For the other outstanding modern innovator, James Joyce, the great reality also is in the unconscious; his interest, even more than Proust's, is in sleep as its great manifestation. For him likewise no happening, no event, is complete; everything is in a state of Becoming. But, passing this, the difference between them begins. The influences directing Joyce's mind were different from those directing Proust's. As a student he lived in Dublin during the most exciting years of the Irish Revival and shared the interest of that period in myths, legends, symbolism, not only the particular form of symbolism called the Symbolist Movement, but all the symbolism of the literature of the past — the symbolism and philosophy of the Catholic Church and the compelling mystery of history. Then, later, he went to live in Austria where he encountered the latest manifestations of the philosophy of the unconscious.

Here it should be noted that in literature the age that is coming to birth is not only a reaction against the age that is dying, but is also an outgrowth of it. As well as being a reaction against realism, the work of Joyce and Proust is also a development of it. Both subscribe to the fundamental dogma of realism, that literature should be about every-day life; the work of each illustrates some of the realistic doctrines. Joyce began definitely under the influence of Flaubert, and the influence is traceable through many pages of *Ulysses*. His characters are on very much the same level as Flaubert's, and he has always held to the Flaubertian veto against the author commenting on his characters.

In Proust, on the other hand, there is always the author's comment; the author using his intelligence to expose in detail that interior life, that emotional life, which he is careful to declare is not governed by the intelligence. Joyce neither explains nor comments, but has a whole battery of technical devices to reveal what is passing in the minds of his people, of which the interior monologue is but one; others are scenes parallel with *The Odyssey*, paraphrases of myths and legends, and parodies of writing representing stages in the development of language. The technique is infinitely more complex than Proust's; the interior life revealed very much less so — in fact, it is comparatively simple, comparatively ordinary. Though the milieu revealed is totally different from that of Proust's, both writers give the same impression that they have penetrated into reaches of the inner life of men and presented them with far more actuality than ever before.

Yet we feel that this very same impression was given in their day by the creators of Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina, and is probably the impression given by all the innovators in literature. In both *Ulysses* and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, the author is a character in his own work; this is probably always necessary in all the literature which may be described as the literature of memory, in which the author evokes Time past.

This is true of the American writer, Thomas Wolfe, whose work likewise might be described as "Remembrance of Things Past," and has been made up of the same elements which are in the work of Joyce and Proust — Time, myths, legends, history, language. Thomas Wolfe also introduces Time into his titles, and has named his last book *Of Time and the River*. Like Proust, he tells us of his struggles with Time elements, and has in addition to the two Time elements of Proust — the Present and the Past — brought in a third which he calls Time Immutable — the times of rivers, mountains, oceans, and the earth.

Like Proust, he discourses on the power of his memory to bring back odors, sounds, colors, shapes. Like Joyce, he has struggled with the mystery of myths and legends. Like both Joyce and Proust, he has expressed the conviction that all serious creative work must at bottom be autobiographical, a conviction with which it is not necessary to agree, but which is undoubtedly true of those forms of literature in which Time and Memory are the sources of inspiration.

There are specific points in technique in which it is difficult to believe that any writer can go beyond Joyce: one is the skill with which he evokes a scene, an atmosphere, a personage, a group, without ever once describing them or giving a hint as to who they are or where the scene takes place; the other is his mastery of the interior monologue. The reason, undoubtedly, why he handled this so successfully was that Freud actually had discovered a method of revealing the subconscious by the now well-known method of psycho-analysis.

I am not here dealing with psycho-analysis as a mental therapy, but I am speaking of it as a branch of the science of unconscious mental processes to which all modern writers are indebted. Freud made the subject lie on a couch while he himself took up a position where he could not be seen, and induced the subject to talk, following, step by step, anything that came into his mind, one idea leading to another, one memory suggesting another, one association dragging another to the surface of the mind until the world below consciousness was re-

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scure. Valéry puts into these lines only the essential points of the scene on which he gazes: the cemetery, the pines, the sea, and the poet's thought brooding on them. The effect of the sun on the sea, of the sails of the boat on the water, is one of pictorial composition — it makes a picture like doves walking on a roof. What a writer out of the older literary tradition would have written would be something of this kind: "The quiet sea with the sails of the fishermen's boats is like a flat roof where doves are walking." All Valéry gives us is: "This quiet roof where the doves walk."

To eyes used to taking in the meaning of lines and sentences in a flash, as one passes in an automobile hoardings advertising soaps and toothpastes, this sort of writing will at first encounter be unintelligible. It demands not only a glance of the eyes, but an exercise of the intelligence, the imagination, the memory, and a power of meditation that in itself is an attainment. It demands more from a reader than a mere visual exercise. The old combinations of words are not there; adjectives are employed, not for their power of description, but for their power of evoking a thought.

These modern writers are obscure, as perhaps is inevitable with all innovators. But if the reader permits all the faculties of his mind to function, he will discover in them a new revelation of the dreams, the griefs of humanity — of the terrible strength of their efforts to get into communication with the mystery of life and of creation. From Valéry himself there comes that lonely, incredibly sad solution which is the expression of this bewildered, battling age, that Nothingness is better than Life, that the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, humanity itself are but an error of the Creator, that the Universe is God's fall, a defect in Chaos, the original sin.

The despair of this philosophy would be intolerable but that it is expressed in such lovely language and in the manner of one for whom it is an inevitable meditation with a contentedness that an acceptance of the inevitable brings with it. The despair of the modern philosophies would be intolerable if one did not know, with Proust, that Time touches everything, Time changes everything, that Spring succeeds Winter, and Summer Spring, and that the words of another living poet, W. B. Yeats, are prophetic and true:

O silver trumpets, be you lifted up,
And cry to the great race that is to come.
Long-throated swans upon the waves of time,
Sing loudly, for beyond the wall of the world
That race may hear our music and awake.

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vealed either wholly or partly. This is really the process followed by Joyce in the celebrated monologue of Marion Bloom with which *Ulysses* ends.

If the reader compares the opening of *Ulysses* with the opening of Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here,* he will observe immediately and inexorably the difference between the two methods, the evocative and the descriptive. The opening of *It Can't Happen Here* can't happen very convincingly in literature again, though it may be used for some time to come by the citizen-writer.

The new, puzzling book of Joyce's called *Work in Progress* is an attempt to carry the revelation of unconscious life many stages further than in *Ulysses,* and far further than Proust brought it. Proust said of the opening chapter of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,* "I have tried to envelope my first chapter in the half-waking impressions of sleep." But Joyce in this latest work tries to depict the whole night-life of the mind, and the result, I am afraid, will be intelligible to but a limited number of readers. In *Work in Progress* he is influenced by Mallarmé's theories of the sounds of words, and has in the best-known passage of this new work reproduced so effectively, through the sonority of his words and sentences, the effects of falling night and fluttering river-waters, that without the words being even intelligible the reader can know what the passage is about if it is read aloud and falls on the ear, as music does.

Mallarmé thought that the effects of music ought to be taken over into literature, and made an attempt to cross the two arts under the influence of Wagner. He became convinced that the art which had really expressed the interior life of man was music, and began to use words according to their sound-value and their association-value. In his own poetry, if one took the phrases separately or the lines separately, one could make but little sense out of them; one had first of all to get the impression of the whole; one tried to get the total meaning of the poem first and then one looked into the suggestions that the words carried.

He shifted words from their normal place in the sentence because, as he said, what is the use of attempting to express man in logical arrangements of words when he did not think nor feel logically? Punctuation marks he considered a logical imposition on the sentence; instead of these, he thought the meaning could be helped by the arrangement of words on the page, and from this we have that modern manner of printing poetry, without the conventional capitals, with one line made up of many words and the next, perhaps, of one solitary syllable or one solitary word.

Mallarmé went so far as to declare that anything, the smallest, commonest events of life — a flirtation, a few minutes passed in a railway station, the memory of a sentence, the refrain of a popular song — could be the subject-matter of a poem. In fact, the mysterious side of man, his subconscious side, had often, he maintained, been expressed in such a refrain.

A younger contemporary of Mallarmé's, Jules Laforgue, drew on these novel ideas about the content of poetry, and in poems written in the most ordinary conversational language, about flirtations, railway stations, pianos playing in the suburbs, the little miseries of winter, did, in the eighties of the last century, almost everything in verse which we consider to be the special expression of this modern, post-war, disintegrated age. He sunk himself in the study of the subconscious as it was, in his pre-Freudian day, explained by the German philosopher Hartmann, and if he did not succeed in revealing it as Joyce and Proust have done, he yet managed to express the mystery that lay behind the most trivial happenings. His influence has been profound in every modern literature, though he might be described as only a second- or even third-rate poet in his own right. T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and a hundred other post-war modernists have followed his lead in English.

Dorothea Brande Chooses

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
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THOUGHT AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JAMES
edited by Ralph Barton Perry (1935)

DAVID-HERBERT LAWRENCE
by Ernest Seilliere (French)

Dorothea Brande is the author of *Wake Up and Live*

I will give in an approximately literal translation an example of Laforgue's manner of writing. It is an account of a banal flirtation between a conventional young woman trying to be profound and a sophisticated young man who knows that this appearance of profundity is drawn from whatever little literature the young woman knows:

Said she with her empty transcendental air,
"I love you for your self alone."
O, la, la! the old story!
So like a book. O security! O illusory salary
Of the Capitalistic Ideal!
She goes on: "I am waiting . . . here I am . . .
I don't know . . . "
Her eyes were full of the large candours of moons.
My! My! It is not for naught, I tell you,
That one takes a college course.
Then one fine evening unhappily she dies.
O My! My! Let us change the subject.

And, O my, my! The numerous moderns who have imitated this sort of poetry, and numerous other moderns have believed that it represents the last word of this post-war, disillusioned age. The best poems of the Laforgue type are, of course, T. S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Rhapsody on a Windy Night, Conversation Galante.* T. S. Eliot's best-known poem, though not his best poem, *The Waste Land,* proceeds also by the association of ideas, and not by logical arrangement. In it one thought suggests another, and anything that passes through the mind — a memory of a place, of a line of poetry, of a picture, a tag of foreign language — is all embodied in the poem.

Eliot's poetic theory, complex as it is, is not as complex nor as much dominated by the intellect as that of the greatest living French poet, Paul Valéry. Like all modern literature, Valéry's is dominated by philosophical ideas. Poetry for him is a luminous revelation of ideas, or spiritual perceptions, and is an art in which it is legitimate to use all the effects of the other arts — the sound of music, the composition of painting. In the world from which he draws his ideas, logic is of no more importance than it is in the world of Proust or Joyce. Like theirs, Valéry's work is an endeavor to get away from the domination of the old literary conceptions, the old literary effects. A few lines from one of his well-known poems will throw a little light, not only on his method, but on the method of some other modern poets. Here is the opening of his *Cimetière Marin* (*The Seamen's Graveyard*):

Ce toit tranquille où marchent des colombes

This quiet roof where the doves walk,
Palpitates between the pines, between the tombs.
Midday appeases with its fires
The sea, the sea always beginning again.
O recompense after thought — a long gaze on
the calm of the gods.

Of course, in this bare rendering all beauty of sound of the original is lost. Poetry of this kind demands from the reader an exercise of the intellect to get at its meaning; the poet takes no trouble to make it easy for the reader; on the contrary, it may be even deliberately ob-

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The Poetic Year

JOHN J. SLOCUM

This past year has been fruitful enough in verse to meet every taste, and with the approach of Christmas the poetry-reading and poetry-giving public is put in a quandary, what? and to whom?

The anthologies have always been popular, and this year is marked by the welcome appearance of *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse,* $3.00, edited, and with an introductory essay, by William Butler Yeats, whose reputation as a poet and whose wide knowledge of the poets of the last five generations make him eminently qualified to do the job. There is a new edition of Mark Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry,* $3.75, with many new poems by contemporary English and American poets. A charming little gift book is Robert Frost's *From Snow to Snow,* $.75, a selection by himself of his twelve favorite poems.

Among the translations, the Millay and Dillon Baudelaire is outstanding, though the general opinion on *Flowers of Evil,* $2.75, is that, while it is fair poetry, the distinguished collaborators made a mistake in publishing the original opposite their translation. A translation which does not pretend to be poetry, and yet is exciting reading, is Walter Owen's version of *The Gaucho Martin Fierro,* $3.00, an Argentine cowboy epic. Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald have rendered Euripides' *Alcestis,* $1.25, into a modern English which follows the original more closely than the overstuffed, horsehair translation by Gilbert Murray.

A group of poets who commanded much attention in recent months are the young Proletarians, or rather the intellectual spokesmen for the Proletariat. Patchen, Rukeyser, and Rolfe, to men-

Robert Nathan Chooses

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tion three who are outstanding, suffer from the lack of training in traditional verse. Their ideology tends to take too much precedence over their technique, leaving the emotional content not fully realized.

*

The following list may serve as a reminder of books of verse published during the year:

A. E. HOUSMAN: *More Poems,* $2.00. Housman's *More Poems* can take its place beside *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* as a fitting memorial to him as a poet. The same Elizabethan simplicity and classical dignity are coupled with retrospective pessimism, but his themes range from the Hellespont and Golgotha to rural England.

WALLACE STEVENS: *Ideas of Order,* $2.00. Stevens saves himself from obscurity by a magnificent vocabulary and a sense of humor. Since he published *Harmonium* in 1923, he has evolved an even quicker and more acrobatic rhythm.

CONRAD AIKEN: *Time in the Rock,* $2.50. Conrad Aiken's preludes show tendencies to become a fugue. This is another chapter in his quest for self-substantiation.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK: *Poems: 1911–1936,* $2.50. Glory, beauty—"pity, peace, and love" are the abstracts closest to John Hall Wheelock's heart and, although he speaks a language recently grown unfamiliar, he has, and will have, a wide following.

FORD MADOX FORD (né Hueffer): *Collected Poems,* $3.00. The sum of Ford's works offers a glimpse into the poetic history of the last forty years.

AUDREY WURDEMANN: *Splendour in the Grass,* $2.00. The 1934 Pulitzer Prize winner reveals her love of good words and her skill at placing them.

ROBERT FRANCIS: *Stand with Me, Here,* $1.75; EDWARD WEISMILLER: *The Deer Come Down,* $2.00. Francis and Weismiller are two newcomers who find their poetry in acute observation of nature. Francis is terse, often epigrammatic, while Weismiller, the Yale Younger Poet for 1936, has a keen appreciation of beauty.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD: *Calling Western Union,* $2.00; MARGARET WIDDEMER: *The Hill Garden,* $2.00. These two poets make an interesting contrast: the former now writes rough, uneasy verse for social justice; the latter is content with polished, unpretentious lyrics.

EDWARD DORO: *Shiloh,* $2.50. This poet's third book is narrative and

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meditation from the life of a strange, uncrucified Christ.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER: *More than Bread,* $1.50. Auslander's dexterity is such that, in this volume, successful lyrics sometimes turn into verse exercises.

DOROTHY PARKER: *Not so Deep as a Well,* $2.50; OGDEN NASH: *The Bad Parent's Garden of Verse,* $2.00. The she-precise poets fostered by *The New Yorker* have no better exemplar than Dorothy Parker. The publication of her collected verse is an event among the sophisticates and would-be's of the metropolis — and hinterland. Parenthood has put babies on the map for Ogden Nash.

T. A. DALY: *Selected Poems,* $2.50. T. A. Daly is a versatile newspaper poet whose dialect poems from the American, Italian, and Irish, if accepted at face value, make enjoyable reading.

*

The following appeared before September first:

ROBERT FROST: *A Further Range,* $2.50. Though an older poet, Robert Frost's viewpoint is always refreshing. For the first time he ventures into the field of politics, and will astonish and delight his admirers with "Build Soil —A Political Pastoral."

T. S. ELIOT: *Collected Poems, 1909–1935,* $2.50. Whether one praises or condemns Eliot's influence on the poets of this generation, his poetry as a whole is necessary reading for the understanding of a major trend in modern verse.

JOHN MASEFIELD: *A Letter from Pontus,* $2.00. John Masefield again displays his vigorous narrative powers in the title poem.

CARL SANDBURG: *The People, Yes,* $2.50; PAUL ENGLE: *Break the Heart's Anger,* $2.00. With this volume, Carl Sandburg confusedly reasserts his position as a front-rank eagle-bearer, an office recently acquired by Paul Engle.

FREDERICK PROKOSCH: *The Assassins,* $2.00. Sometimes violent in theme, this poetry is conducive to mild reflection, rather than active emotional participation.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH: *Public Speech,* $1.00; STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT: *The Burning City,* $2.00. The Proletarian poets could learn much from the recent work of MacLeish and Benét, whose latest volumes show heightened social consciousness. Both poets, having traveled many romantic by-roads, have achieved a lyric mastery of dialectic subjects.

New Books for Christmas

INDIA MOSAIC
By Mark Channing

"It is the best portrayal of a young soldier's life in India I have ever read. A delightful book, full of curious knowledge. I congratulate you!" wrote Major Yeats-Brown, author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* after reading this fascinating autobiography of the adventurous, youthful years of this popular English novelist. $2.75.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS
A Novel by George Blake

A soul-stirring, imagination-firing story of the men who build ships on the Clyde. "It ranges the whole social scale, it has humor and tenderness. In short, a vivid, absorbing novel," writes Christopher Morley. "Magnificent!" exclaims Compton Mackenzie. "I rank this novel with *English Journey,*" declares Hugh Walpole. Unanimous choice of the English Book Society. On sale at all bookstores. Price $2.50

PEER GYNT
A Dramatic Poem by Henrik Ibsen
Illus. by ARTHUR RACKHAM

This beautiful new edition of Ibsen's great work is published at a most opportune time, for books illustrated by Rackham are always popular as Christmas gifts. And what book could lend itself to his rare genius better than *Peer Gynt?* 12 illustrations in color and many in black and white. $4.00

BISHOP'S BIRDS
By Richard E. Bishop

A superlatively reproduced group of 73 etchings of American water fowl and upland game birds by an artist who bids fair to rank with Audubon and Feurtes. Not only the first published collection of Bishop's work, but an authentic guide to America's game birds as well. 1,000 numbered copies. $15.00

THE STONES AWAKE
A Novel of Mexico by Carleton Beals

The famous author of "Mexican Maze" and "The Crime of Cuba" presents a sensational new novel of Mexico, in which he vividly depicts the present day struggle of the people against tyranny, serfdom and ignorance. A stirring, epic tale of a bewildered, revolution-ridden nation fighting toward a happier destiny, as seen through the romantic, understanding eyes of the warm-blooded young Mexican girl, Esperanza. $2.50

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN:

THE BOOK OF LIVING REPTILES, by Raymond L. Ditmars and Helene Carter—all about crocodiles, alligators, snakes, lizards, $2. **AFKE'S TEN,** by Ninke van Hichtum—hailed as new international children's classic—58 illus., $2. **TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY,** by M. Ilin—child's history of illumination—illus., $1. **JERRY ON SAFARI**—thrilling adventures on a 7,000-mile African journey—illus., $2. **CRAFT WORK-AND-PLAY THINGS,** by A. Neely Hall—illus., $2.

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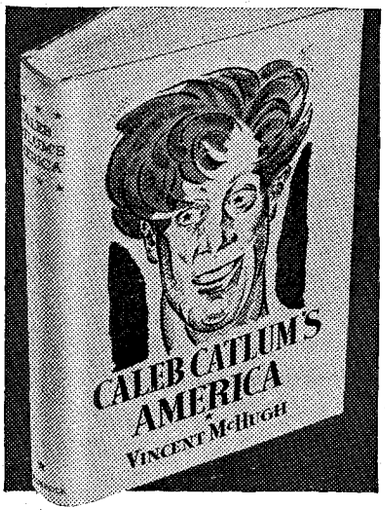

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is the author of

Unequal to Song

This realistic novel about Cajins, and written by a Cajin, reveals a brilliant new talent in American fiction. His realism compares with William Faulkner's, but Mr. Martin is of an essentially religious nature. *$2.50*

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Selected Detective Fiction

J. KETCH

Detective-story addicts may be divided, as roughly as you feel like handling them, into two classes: Class A, the man (or woman) who revels in great gobs of gore, palpitating action, tough language, and a detective who can shoot it out with the wickedest of killers; Class B, the man (or woman) who likes a genteel, not-too-frightful murder, a plenitude of infinitesimal clues, a tweed-clad detective who punctuates every movement with scotch and soda, and a sober, slow, but relentless, pursuit of clues and destruction of indestructible alibis until the inevitable end. The following selection from an unusually large and healthy fall and winter output of detective stories is intended to be a judicious admixture of the two classes.

The new Philo Vance story (if he maddens you pass on to the next) *The Kidnap Murder Case,* by S. S. Van Dine, $2.00, has more gun-play and less erudition than other Vance exploits, with the customary water-tight plot and impeccable sleuthing. Hercule Poirot of the "little gray cells" pontificates ably if a little incredibly in *Murder in Mesopotamia,* by Agatha Christie, $2.00, with a colorful archeological background atoning for certain weaknesses in the tale. For sheer novelty, there is nothing better than *Crime File No. 1: On Bolitho Blane,* by Dennis Wheatley, $1.95, in which all the clues, blood-stains, fingerprints, etc., are presented along with the detective's reports. The murder is of the high-seas variety and, written by an Englishman about American cops, contains some lovely examples of the American language as Englishmen think she is spoke. A super-clever stunt-book, but no masterpiece as a story.

Some mystery-story fans shun New England murder as they would the Black Death. Can't stand daown-East dialect and dry humor. But there are several excellent examples of the nutmeg and codfish school now available — *The Wheel That Turned,* by Kathleen Moore Knight, $2.00, for instance. In this one a Cape Cod family is decimated by poison and sharp-edged weapons until a canny local selectman and a visitor unriddle the grim puzzle. Another good one, with a Connecticut background, is *Death in the Back Seat,* by Dorothy Cameron Disney, $2.00, in which a young artist and his wife encounter murder, kidnaping, robbery, and general frightfulness on a "quiet vacation."

Patrick Quentin, author of *A Puzzle for Fools,* $2.00, chooses comparatively virgin soil for the scene of his story — a sanitarium for wealthy neurotics and complete nuts where a peculiarly cold-blooded murderer breaks loose. A psychiatrist and a convalescent dipsomaniac are the detectives, and what goes on is hair-raising! Another unusual and exceptionally spooky background is that of *The Forgotten Fleet Mystery,* by Geoffrey Coffin, $2.00, in which a fleet of rusty German liners in Chesapeake Bay is the scene of shooting, international intrigue, treasure-hunting, and what not.

Marjorie Hillis Chooses

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by Negley Farson

". . . because it stirred me up and made me want to start out and see more of the world."

THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS
by Rosamond Lehman

". . . because it was such a thoroughly satisfactory picture of the way any woman would feel in a similar situation."

GONE WITH THE WIND
by Margaret Mitchell

". . . because it's a good old-fashioned romance and fine reading besides."

Marjorie Hillis is the author of *Live Alone and Like It*

Switching to the calm English variety of yarn for a moment, one may recommend *The Corpse With the Floating Foot,* by R. A. J. Walling, $2.00. Here Mr. Tolefree solves the mystery of an old English mill, a local jewel robbery, a weird murder, and the strange actions of various colorful characters. The atmosphere is delightful, the talk good, and the puzzle a hard one to solve. Ludovic Travers, a detective always confused by this reviewer with the above-mentioned Mr. Tolefree, is put through his paces by his creator, Christopher Bush, in *The Body in the Bonfire,* $2.00, a queer crime, whose principal puzzle is that of a man whose hand committed a murder tomorrow but who, himself, was killed yesterday — all very perplexing and pleasant reading. Another old master, Freeman Wills Croft, is again present with *Man Overboard,* $2.00,

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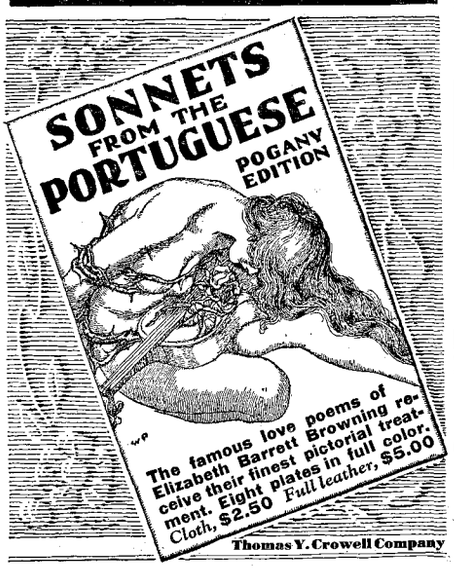
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an Inspector French yarn of murder in Ulster, a sober-sided opus with one tiny mistake leading the killer to his doom. The ace of all British fictional sleuths, Doctor Reggie Fortune, is active this season in a book of exceptionally good short stories, *A Clue For Mr. Fortune,* by H. C. Bailey, $2.00, which will add new fuel to the never-ending argument as to which is the better — and more incredible — Reggie or Philo.

Murder and mirth don't usually mix, but they're both plentifully pleasant in *Behold, Here's Poison!* by Georgette Heyer, $2.00, a glittering tale of poisoning in a quarrelsome English family, solved by a thoroughly malicious and supremely delightful young Britisher.

For many years E. C. Bentley's lone novel, *Trent's Last Case,* was held up as a model for detective fiction at its best. Now Mr. Trent has broken his silence and written *Trent's Own Case,* $2.00, which, if not an unsullied gem, is an expertly wrought yarn of a "murderer" whose confession is disproved by a friendly detective. It contains some interesting information about wines, among other engrossing matters.

And no attempt to skim the wave-crests of mystery-story seas incarnadine would be complete without mentioning the mightiest of all detectives, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, whose exploits, a God's plenty of them, are now available in *The Complete Sherlock Holmes,* by A. Conan Doyle, $2.75, 1323 pages of immortal yarns. There's a new Oppenheim omnibus, too, *Spies and Intrigues,* $2.50, which contains his best mystery novel, *The Great Impersonation.*

For Our Children's Children

CLAY WEAVER

Most of us tackle the job of choosing books for children in the rush of Christmas holidays or close to someone's birthday. Usually we are in such a tearing hurry that we can't put our minds to it, and in such an excusable frenzy to have it over that we seize the first thing that comes handy and make off with it. If we are looking for a present for someone very young, probably the first thing handy will be a volume of traditional fairy tales, beautifully bound and gorgeously illustrated, heartily recommended to us by that last-minute desperation pervading almost all holiday shopping.

The fairy tales turn out to be a free translation from some European language of the morbid histories of bloodthirsty giants, predatory witches, and metamorphic animals, all on quaintly familiar terms with nice little boys and girls who have unsuspectingly fallen in with them. The literary merit of these strange tales is open to question. (Perhaps they suffer in translation. If they do, they deserve it.)

The children for whom these stories were written do not as a rule read to themselves. They are too young. So we read the tales aloud, rightly of the opinion that the illustrations alone, though numerous and sympathetic to the plot, don't give the entire idea. We do not always pay strict attention to what we read aloud to children, and fortunately children do not always pay strict attention to what we read aloud to them. They, and we, are not infrequently bored to tears with the whole affair, though courtesy on both sides delays the admission of it, and it is only when we detect their interest as being centered on our Adam's apple that we lay the book down and resort to other and less personal entertainment. If we do catch their attention, and our own at the same time, reading *Puss in Boots,* for example, we are a little disconcerted to discover that we are dealing with the history of a monumental liar and how he made it pay. Anxious to be rid of the commercial note in a somewhat distasteful aspect, we turn to *Little Red Riding Hood,* that sadistic account of a trip through the woods by a philanthropic little girl whose domestic virtues and social accomplishments could not save her from an all-time high in nightmares.

We seem, in our hurry, to have chosen this volume unwisely. There are others that have come into our household through the channels of haste, notably a series of girls' books, started some years ago and added to from time to time by one of our sainted aunts. This modern Odyssey rates low in value to what we had hoped to accumulate for our children in the way of a permanent library to be read and enjoyed through their riper middle-aged youth. It is safe to say that when they have motored, flown, camped, and hitch-hiked with Carolyn through eight of ten volumes,

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they'll never want to hear of her again. A coast-to-coast series for little boys is no better. These are the things that are slated for the exodus of undesirables during spring cleaning, when that cheerful receiver of everything outgrown, the Salvation Army, relieves us of our errors in taste and judgment.

It's clear that what we need is not just books but certain books — books that will last and be handed around and down to our children's children. And evidently it takes time to separate books like that from the bewildering embarrassment of riches hourly flying off our presses.

When Walter Hines Page was editor of *Forum,* an irate writer told him that she had proved to her satisfaction that he had not read all of her contribution before refusing it. She had pasted several pages of her manuscript together at the corners, and it had been returned to her with the seals intact. "My dear Madam," said Mr. Page, "when I open an egg at breakfast I do not need to eat the whole thing to know that it is bad."

We aren't all as adept as Mr. Page was in judging literary merit on the egg theory, but if we take the time to read part of the first chapter, a little in the middle, and a page or two at the end of a child's book, we can get a fair idea of what it is about, how it is written, and whether it will survive the rapid mental progress of our young.

If we haven't the time, or don't want to risk a guess made on the egg or any other theory, we can always fall back on the old reliables. Stevenson, Kipling, Stoddard, Paine, Alcott, Pyle, Stockton, Johnson, Bennett. Such stories as *Men of Iron, The Black Arrow, Jack Ballister's Fortunes, Little Men, Captains Courageous, Derrick Sterling, Barnaby Lee, Privateers of '76.* Stories of adventure in which men are men, without benefit of gasoline engines on land or sea. Thrill and mystery that neither require nor get any artificial stimulation of plot. Books that were written well for children because they were written well for anybody. Grand books, no matter how you look at them, because they have what it takes to amuse and interest our children and their children and succeeding generations to boot, regardless of transient amusements or superficial interests, skilfully boiling down the ingredients into something faintly resembling the essence of life.

It is incredible that it ever occurred to anybody to encourage a child's imagination, but if we do feel that fairy stories are indicated, there are plenty of them among the old reliables that will cater

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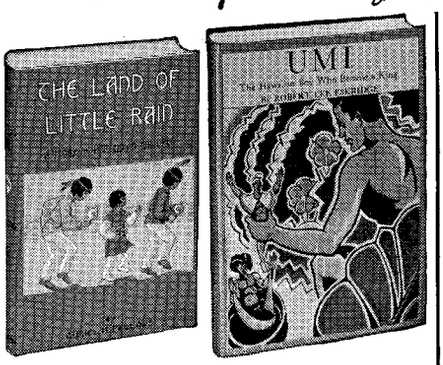

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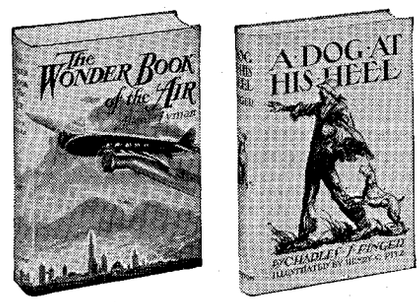

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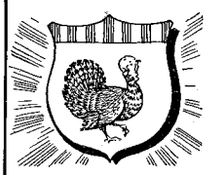
If Franklin had had his way . . .



the turkey would be our national emblem

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to his idea of the fantastic without going him one better. SCRIBNER'S Anniversary Number will recall Howard Pyle, who wrote the kind of fairy tales the doctor would order without hesitation, and illustrated them with enough beautiful flights of fancy to keep a large family busy for years. If the family wants more, there are half a dozen long books by E. Nesbit about every-day children living in states of delightful trance all over the globe and during various periods from the dawn of history to Oliver Cromwell. Though it sounds like treason, some of us think that Charles Carryl's *The Admiral's Caravan* and *Davy and the Goblin* are more amusing than *Alice in Wonderland,* but anyway, we can have them all. John Bennett's *The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo* is collected from *St. Nicholas* of the nineties, enchantingly complete with silhouettes by the author and as gay as the nineties themselves are supposed to have been.

For humor, and it's a pity there isn't more of it, we have Milne's four Christopher Robin books (Miss Dorothy Parker's sophisticated nausea notwithstanding), Lee Wilson Dodd's *The Sly Giraffe,* Albert Bigelow Paine's *Hollow Tree Stories,* and Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat,* which has always been, and always will be, I hope, an irresistible invitation to the middle-aged young to split their sides, especially when read aloud on a rainy afternoon or a snowbound winter evening. It is unfair that anyone should understand boys so well and so pitilessly as Owen Johnson and Booth Tarkington, but these two have given us *Penrod* and *The Prodigious Hickey,* and whether to their credit or to the credit of boys in general, boys will love them and laugh with them as long as boys love and laugh at all.

At the moment, there are books galore with every sort of qualification, some, perhaps many, with all of the requirements for long life on our children's bookshelves. You can't keep a good book down. In spite of Christmas rushes and birthday vicissitudes and the galloping of time, good books will come to the top and stay there. But while they are doing it, we may as well make the most of what we have.

Fairy Stories

HOWARD PYLE: *Pepper and Salt* (Drawings by the author); *The Wonder Clock* (Drawings by the author).

CHARLES CARRYL: *The Admiral's Caravan* (A little girl's ludicrous dream friends); *Davy and the Goblin* (A little boy's ludicrous dream friends).

JOHN BENNETT: *The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo* (Silhouettes by the author).

RUDYARD KIPLING: *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* (Early England through a fairy's eyes).

E. NESBIT: *Harding's Luck, The House of Arden, The Phœnix and the Carpet, The Story of the Amulet, Five Children and It, The Enchanted Castle, Wet Magic,* and *Nine Unlikely Tales* (Travels of every-day children with fairies).

FRANCES H. BURNETT: *Rackety Packety House.* (Mischievous dolls come to life); *Barty Crusoe and His Man Saturday* (A little boy and a friendly wolf).

A. A. MILNE: *Once on a Time* (Sentimental fairies, and no one else).

FRANK R. STOCKTON: *The Floating Prince* (A lovable giant — and other stories).

Adventure

RALPH D. PAINE: *Privateers of '76* (Just that).

JOHN BENNETT: *Barnaby Lee* (A boy in old New Amsterdam).

RUDYARD KIPLING: *Captains Courageous* (A millionaire's son on a Gloucester fishing boat).

W. J. HENDERSON: *Sea Yarns for Boys* (Spun by a whimsical sailor).

R. L. STEVENSON: *The Black Arrow* (England in the fifteenth century).

HOWARD PYLE: *Men of Iron* (A boy in medieval England); *Jack Ballister's Fortunes* (Pirates and the Colonial South).

KIRK MUNROE: *Derrick Sterling, Snow Shoes and Sledges, The Fur Seal's Tooth, Dory Mates,* and *The Flamingo Feather* (Practical, exciting experiences of boys in various fields).

W. O. STODDARD: *The Red Mustang, Talking Leaves,* and *The Fight for the Valley* (Early Americans and Indians).

CONAN DOYLE: *The White Company* (Early England).

General

BOOTH TARKINGTON: *Penrod* and *Seventeen* (The American boy, pure and simple).

JEROME K. JEROME: *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Diary of a Pilgrimage* (The great English humorist at his best).

A. B. PAINE: *Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Stories* and *Hollow Tree Nights and Days* (The coon, the

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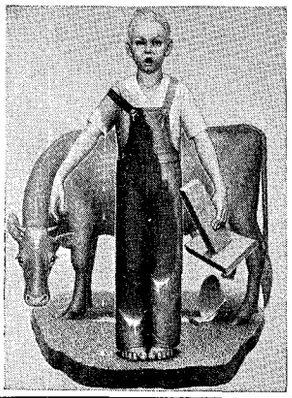
SCRIBNER Christmas Books for Younger Readers



Farm on the Hill

by **Madeline Darrough Horn**

Illustrated in color by **Grant Wood**

"Many children's books have become collectors' items, but mighty few have begun their career in this category... It is a book to be owned by any one who ever enjoyed himself on a small farm."—*May Lamberton Becker in the New York Herald Tribune.*

Second Printing. $2.00

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An Indian himself, Grey Owl tells with remarkable sympathy the story of two beavers who become the playmates of some Indian children. *Illustrated by the author.* $2.50

The Smiths and Rusty

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"It is like living in a cheerful, friendly family to read this amusing story."—*May Lamberton Becker in the New York Herald Tribune. Illustrated by* Berta and Elmer Hader.

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The Keys to the City

by **Lavinia R. Davis**

"A delightful story for youngsters... The fresh locale and the unusually nice children make this a charming story."—*Boston Transcript.*

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by **Peter Scott.** *With 16 full-color pictures and 48 in one color by the author*

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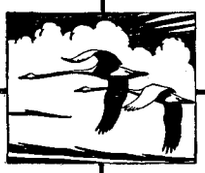

Hunting Countries

by **F. A. Stewart**

With a dozen full-color pictures and many more black and white illustrations by F. A. Stewart, who is so famous for his presentation of the hunting scene, famous sporting writers give accounts of typical and outstanding runs during the last few seasons. It is the first time that Mr. Stewart's pictures have appeared in book form. $8.50

Hunting England

by **Sir William Beach Thomas** *Profusely illustrated with numerous photographs and reproductions in color of old prints*

This book covers the great sport in all its variety and local characteristics, from Cumberland to Kent and from Devon to the Scottish border. The author's great erudition has aided him in spicing the narrative with excerpts from great hunting writers such as Surtees and Peter Beckford. $5.00

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possum, and the old black crow).

E. NESBIT: *Five of Us and Madeline, The Story of the Treasure Seekers, New Treasure Seekers,* and *The Wouldbegoods* (English children when they are most amusing).

RUDYARD KIPLING: *Stalky & Co.* (Young English boys at school); *The Jungle Book* (The immortal Mowgli); *The Just So Stories* (How all sorts of things happened).

Christmas Juveniles, 1936

JOSEPHINE DODGE KIMBALL

THE crop of children's books for the fall and Christmas season of 1936 is unusual. Not only is the field wider in respect to the subjects covered, but the presentations in type, color reproductions, and general format are far better than ever before. In fact, like the maiden aunts whose pleasure at the circus is derived from the acrobats and animals, rather than from association with the young, I have thoroughly enjoyed the reading of this year's children's books. Though I naturally have several special favorites, I shall divide this article roughly according to age-groups, difficult as it is to apply such categories to individual children, and I shall attempt to do justice to each title in each group.

Beginning with the volumes for the pre-school age, or children under six, be sure to see the superb new *Mother Goose* published by the Heritage Press at $3.75. I feel so strongly about this book that I hope it will be found on every Christmas pile, either for children or for adults. It is a large-size volume with amusing modern illustrations by Roger Duvoisin and more rhymes than may be found in any other collection. I understand that the publishers offered a free copy to anyone who could remember a rhyme not included.

Technically included in this youngest group are several humorous books which can safely be recommended to readers between the ages of one and one hundred. A work of genius is *Ferdinand,* by Munro Leaf, with excellent black-and-white pen drawings by Robert Lawson, $1.00. This is the tale of a Spanish bull who preferred the soothing fragrance of flowers to the glories of the fighting ring. It has fun, wistfulness, surprise, and charm in abundance. Then there is the Viking discovery in the form of William Pène DuBois, who has done two little books about a marvelous, giant otterhound, Otto, and his friend Duke the Legionnaire. These two small volumes come attractively boxed at $1.25. Dorothy Kunhardt, author of *Junket Is Nice,* has produced *Wise Old Aardvark,* $1.00, the story of a bad magician who turned his good rival into an aardvark, without seriously handicapping the latter's activities. A very welcome old friend is *Sambo and the Twins,* by Helen Bannerman, $1.00. I believe Miss Helen Fish, of Stokes, personally persuaded Miss Bannerman to try another book in this popular series which has been selling so well since the first *Sambo* came out over twenty-five years ago. We also have another tale of Mr. Tootleoo, called *Mr. Tootleoo and Company,* by Bernard and Elinor Darwin, $1.75. The first two volumes are, unfortunately, out of print, but anyone who knew them will not be able to do without the new story, which has as delightful nonsense rhymes as ever. We are also delighted that Peter Newell's *Hole Book* has been republished at $1.50.

Still in the category for children under five, there are two excellent and instructive books. One is *George Washington,* by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, the authors of *Ola,* $2.00. The text, which I have read aloud several times, is excellent, and the pictures, lithographed on stone in five colors by the authors, and printed by offset lithography, are very successful. This is almost the most attractive book of the season. In another vein, but with gay pictures, Janet Smalley has written and illustrated *Do You Know About Fishes?,* $1.25.

For sheer joy in easy learning, all families should have the four marvelously illustrated Petersham books in their libraries. The latest is *The Story Book of Foods from the Field,* $2.50. This is a companion volume to *The Story Book of Earth's Treasures,* $2.50, the romance of gold, coal, oil, and iron and steel, and *The Story Book of Things We Use,* $2.50, which tells about houses, clothes, food, and transportation.

Winding up the pre-school group, there are two good animal stories: a new Dorothy Lathrop called *Bouncing Betsy,* a picture-book with beautiful drawings in black and white and a brief, child-like text, and another Scotty

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story by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan, *Tammy and That Puppy,* $1.00.

In the next group for children from five to eight, there are several titles which look like picture-books for the younger age but which have far older texts. These can be read aloud, with the younger members of the family enjoying the pictures on almost every page. The most amusing of these is *No-Sitch, the Hound,* a story by Phil Stong, with pictures by Kurt Wiese, author and illustrator of *Honk the Moose.* This is a priceless tale of a mongrel who was so homely and nondescript that Bert's granpaw said, "That? A dog? There ain't no sitch!" Then Ludwig Bemelmans, author of *Hansi,* has a new book called *The Golden Basket,* $2.00, the story of two little girls, Celeste and Melisande from London, and their friendship with Jan, son of the proprietor of the Golden Basket in Bruges. Another very amusing story is that of *Teeny and the Tall Man,* by Julian Meade, illustrated by Grace Paull, $2.00. This book was written as a result of the author's own friendship with the live Teeny and Alice, the daughters of Laurence Stallings.

Fortunately for us all, there is a new edition of the Comtesse de Ségur's *Misfortunes of Sophie,* $1.50. This is a large, gay volume of five tales out of the beloved *Les Malheurs de Sophie* in the Bibliothêque Rose. The authors of *Spunky* and *Midget and Bridget,* Berta and Elmer Hader, have given us *Billy Butter,* $2.00, the story of a little goat who lived on the steep slopes of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. Georges Duplaix, author of *Gaston and Josephine,* has written *Topsy Turvy Circus,* $2.00, an account of a little French circus, its proprietors, and their charming friend, Rosalie the Giraffe.

For girls under eight, we have a really beautiful book about the inhabitants of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. It is called *Henner's Lydia,* by Marguerite de Angeli, $2.00, the first picture-book on this section of the country. For little girls who like every-day stories, Eliza

Patience Abbe Chooses
(*Just turned 12*)

STORY OF AMERICA
by H. W. Van Loon

NANCY DREW MYSTERY STORIES
by Carolyn Keene

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
by Jonathan Swift

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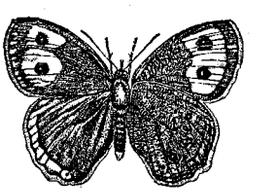

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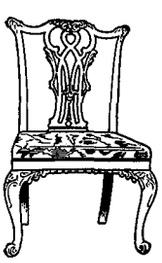

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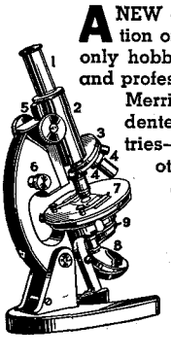

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Orne White has added another volume to her long and satisfactory list—*Nancy Alden,* $1.75. For cat-lovers in this group, there is *Mittens,* by Clare Turlay Newberry, $1.50, the story of a small, fluffy, tabby kitten.

It is hard to tell when most people want to give their children fairy stories, therefore I would urge all families to buy the two new marvelously illustrated collections now, so that they will be on hand when needed. Wanda Gag has translated and pictured *Tales from Grimm,* $1.50, in which the spirit and color of the original stories have been well preserved. And Rex Whistler has sympathetically illustrated a new Hans Andersen, $2.50, which contains forty-nine of these ageless stories.

Fortunately, there is a new editon of M. D. Hilliard's *Exciting Family,* $1.75. This has been out of print for years, but we are glad to welcome back Mr. Broom, his wife, and their children, Tamarisk, Tansy, and Teazle. In this volume you will find the same type of charm which has made *Mary Poppins, The Bastable Children,* and *Alice and Thomas and Jane* so popular.

In the next age-group for children eight to eleven, there are four books with a New York background. *Roller Skates,* by Ruth Sawyer, $2.00, is a story of Lucinda who roller-skated all over New York in the nineties, meeting all sorts of fascinating characters. There is also *The Keys to the City,* by Lavinia Riker Davis, $2.00, and *Play Street,* by Helen Train Hilles, $2.00, exciting and interesting tales of the present-day metropolis. The New York waterfront is covered in *Tugboat,* by Henry B. Lent, $1.75, which gives children a most graphic picture of all the duties of these sturdy little boats, from pulling barges to nosing the *Normandie* into her dock. The western end of Long Island is the background for a splendid tale of the American Revolution, *Hoofbeats of Freedom,* $1.75.

One of our favorite authors, Cornelia Meigs, has another excellent story this season called *The Covered Bridge,* $2.00, featuring Constance, who moved north into Vermont in 1800. Another horse story by Elizabeth Sprigge, illustrated by Lionel Edwards, is *Pony Tracks,* $2.50, concerning adventures in the New Forest.

There are three fine Indian stories for boys and girls of eleven to fourteen: namely, *Sword of the Wilderness,* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, $2.00, in which Seth Hubbard is captured by the Indians in 1689, and lives with them until he is finally exchanged in Quebec; *Drums in the Forest,* by Allan Dwight, $1.75, an exciting story of Dennis de Lornay, who travels and fights with the Voyageurs in Canada; and *The White Buffalo Robe,* by that master of Indian tales, James Willard Schultz, $2.00, a white boy's adventures among the Indians of the Northwest.

For boys, there are some unusually good tales, the best school story being *Tinker of Stone Bluff,* by Nason H. Arnold. Again, Franklin K. Matthews, chief scout librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, has edited a year-book, this time entitled *Stories about Sport,* $2.00. In the flying world, there is *Bob Wakefield, Naval Aviator,* by Blaine and Dupont Miller, $2.00, and another construction book called *Ships Aloft,* by Clayton Knight and Harold Platt, $2.50, like last year's *Ship Ahoy.* For sheer adventure in different fields, we suggest *Spanish Ingots,* by Commander Edward Ellsberg, $2.00, author of *On the Bottom,* and *Trap-Lines North,* a deer story of the Canadian woods by Stephen A. Meader, $2.00.

For girls we recommend *Mademoiselle Misfortune,* by Carol Ryrie Brink, winner of the Newbury Medal for 1935, $2.00; *Winter Bound,* by Margery Bianco, $2.00, a fine story of present-day adventures during a New England winter; and *Betsy's Napoleon,* by Jeannette Eaton, $2.50, a true tale based on the memoirs of Betsy Balcombe Abel which were published in England in 1844. Betsy's father lived on St. Helena, and Napoleon first lived with them when he was exiled to the island. In the animal field, we suggest *Scorpion,* a story of a good, bad horse, by Will James, $2.50, and *Boris, Grandson of Baldy,* by Esther Birdsall Darling, $2.00, a tale of Alaskan huskies.

Richard Abbe Chooses
(Age 10)
DR. DOOLITTLE AT THE ZOO
by Hugh Lofting
FLASH GORDON
TOM SAWYER
by Mark Twain
Richard is co-author,
Around the World in Eleven Years

There are two informational and unusual books for boys or girls of this age: *In the Stone Age,* by Quaker Trent, $2.00, which gives an impressive picture of the struggle for existence which was the daily routine of our early ancestors; and *How They Sent the News,* by J. Walker McSpadden, author of *How*

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They Carried the Mail, $2.50. We must also mention the new complete Sherlock Holmes at $2.75.

There are four adult books which all children in their middle and late teens would enjoy: the new biography of Audubon, by Constance Rourke, $2.50; *Salar, the Salmon,* by Henry William-

Johnny Abbe Chooses
(Age 8)
DICK TRACY
by C. Gould
BUFFALO BILL AND THE PONY EXPRESS
by S. Lewenkrohn
ERIC NOBLE AND THE FORTY-NINERS
Johnny is co-author,
Around the World in Eleven Years

son, $2.50, the most beautifully written book in many years; the new *Bounty* trilogy in a limited edition, to be published December 1 at $3.00; and an unusual little gift book called *William and His Friends,* by Elisabeth Naramore, $.75. This small volume contains photographs of various treasures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and will be loved by all ages.

In closing, I wish to mention several extraordinarily interesting books which must be grouped together in a miscellaneous category. When you are next in your bookstore, be sure to look at *Houses in America,* by Thomas P. Robinson and Ethel Fay Robinson, with 150 pencil drawings, $3.00. I consider this a masterpiece, for, as the authors say, "the story of houses is the story of people who made them — the history of a country can be written from a study of its houses." Fortunately, Doctor Edgar J. Goodspeed has edited *The Junior Bible,* illustrated by Frank Dobias, $2.50, while Eleanor Farjeon has a book called *Saints,* which will have superb illustrations by Helen Sewell. For the entire family, we suggest a splendid volume called *Uncle Toby's Christmas Book,* $2.50, a bargain which includes Christmas stories and poems, carols, games, menus, and a Christmas service.

Finally, if you want information on books of other years, I heartily recommend *Five Years of Children's Books,* $3.50, by Bertha Mahony and Elinor Whitney, authors of *Realms of Gold,* $5.00. These two volumes list and describe the very best children's books ever published in English.

NOTE: *The names of the publishers of any of the above books will be furnished on request.*

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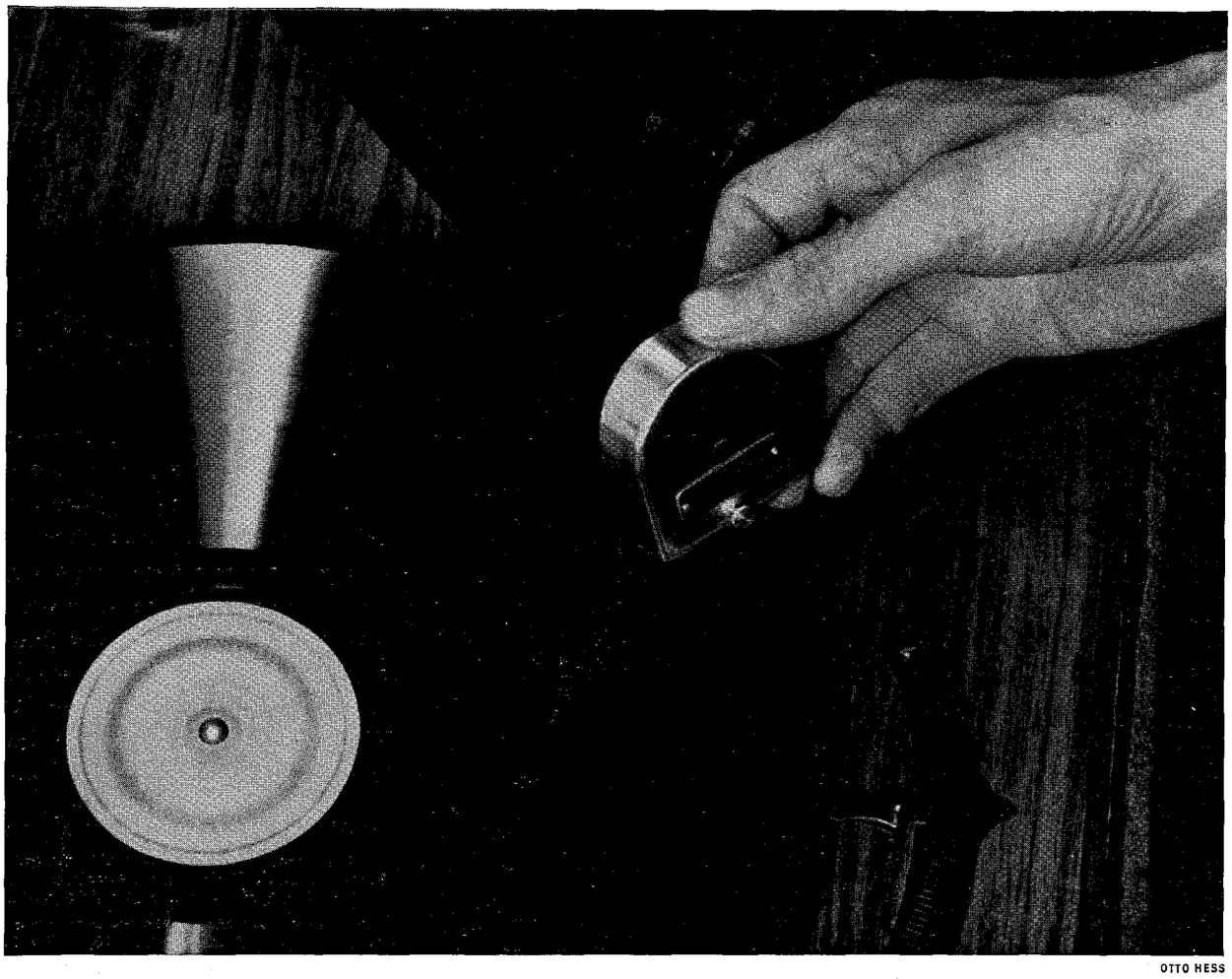

OTTO HESS

An Italian Falstaff . . . The Orient in Philadelphia . . . Holiday Music

RICHARD GILBERT

One of the very great operas you do not hear frequently is Verdi's succulent *Falstaff*. Columbia repairs this perennial neglect by somewhat tardily bringing out the recording of this work made four or five years ago by a group of prominent Italian singers, the chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Milan (Operatic set No. 16 — fourteen discs).

Falstaff has never been a popular opera despite the fact that of all Verdi's works it is predominantly the musicians' favorite. Richard Strauss considers it "one of the greatest masterpieces of all time." Francis Toye, Verdi's biographer, adds further, "Only one comic opera by Mozart, one by Rossini, and one by Wagner can rank with it — and, of all these great works, it is certainly not the least in stature."

In the recording you have *Falstaff* complete from the first note to the last. I cannot imagine anyone familiar with Boito's admirable adaptation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (and certain passages in *Henry IV*) having the slightest difficulty in enjoying every bar of Verdi's magnificent music. The invisible performance, if anything, underscores the myriad subtleties of characterization which evidently escape the majority of opera-house listeners. There is not a dull moment. The buffoonery of Sir John, the delicious capriciousness of Alice Ford and Meg Page and Dame Quickly, the intrigue and jealousness of Ford, the all-too-brief love scenes between Anne and Fenton, and the masquerade under Herne's Oak in Windsor Park — all are rapidly moving tonal delineations which call forth an abundance of clever but unpedantic counterpoint, sparkling orchestration, and melody. Its dramatic force and excellence of construction attain a level not previously touched by Verdi's operas, with the exception of *Otello*. He was eighty when he composed *Falstaff*.

The performance is a distinguished one, with honors going to Giacomo Rimini, as the ludicrous knight; Pia Tassinari and Rita Monticone, as Mistresses Ford and Page; Ines Alfani Tellini, in the part of Anne; Emilio Ghirardini, as Ford; Roberto d'Alessio, as Fenton. Aurora Buades, in the part of Dame Quickly, falls somewhat short of the general excellence. The production is under the capable direction of Lorenzo Molajoli. The recording is fair; once the records are played a few times, an annoying fuzziness peculiar to the Columbia process disappears.

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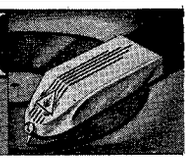

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The fabulous isle of Bali may be visited this month if you care to accompany Leopold Stokowski, Henry Eichheim, and the Philadelphia Orchestra to that Last Paradise. Three or four years ago, the conductor and the composer made a trip to the Orient. The former returned with a number of curious oriental instruments — *bonang, gendér, saron, demong,* and five tuned gongs — and Eichheim went to his Santa Barbara home and completed a series of "variations within variations, formed on Balinese music," which he heard in a temple court at Denpassar. Stokowski could then use his exotic instruments in the Academy of Music. The symphonic variations, *Bali,* form a creditable and lusty addition to the list of pseudo-oriental works Eichheim has composed around Javanese, Burmese, Chinese, and Japanese musical devices. But somehow I can't resist reaching again for my well-worn album of *Music of the Orient* (The Gramophone Shop, Inc.) and delighting more unreservedly in the rhapsodical rhythms and tintinnabulating timbres of the native *Gamelan Gong* as recorded by Doctor Hornbostel's field expedition some years back. If you don't mind having your cultures scrambled, and have a taste for the exotic, by all means investigate the discs of *Bali* (Victor Nos. 14141/2 — three sides). The fourth side of the set contains an eighth-century Japanese ceremonial prelude entitled *Etenraku,* orchestrated by Hidemaro Kunoye.

To obtain an intimate view of Doctor Stokowski when he is not engaged in exotic or electrical research, you have only to attend your neighborhood movie these days when *The Big Broadcast of 1937* is showing. Should you by chance hear a deep rumbling during the symphony orchestra's playing of the *Fugue in G minor* and *Eine Feste Burg,* don't think it's some vagary of the sound system — it's only Bach and Martin Luther tossing in their graves.

*

Two symphonies recently recorded are recommended for your gift list. Schubert's *Symphony No. 8 in B minor* (the "Unfinished"), played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Doctor Koussevitzky, has the advantages of both a superlative performance and amazingly perspicuous recording (Victor set No. M319—three discs). A left-over side contains Schubert's *Rosamunde-Ballet Music* which makes the set exceptionally good measure. Brahms' *Symphony No. 2 in D, op. 73,* must, of the four, lie closest to Sir Thomas Beecham's heart. He leads the London Phil-

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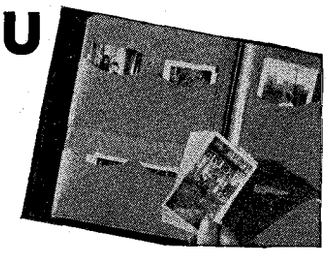

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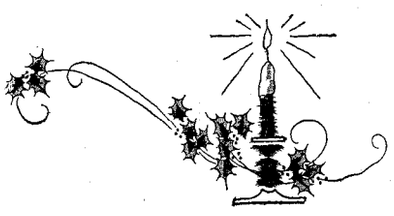

harmonic Orchestra through this work with the sort of buoyancy and precision that have made his readings of Handel and Haydn such bewitching things. The happy abandon and classic contentment of the first, third, and fourth movements simply couldn't evade this conductor; but he lets us down in the warm, contemplative *adagio*. The coda of the concluding movement is taken at a gait reminiscent of Sir Thomas Beecham's favorite Rossini—anyway this superficial verve doesn't detract from the general elaborateness, and it's good to have Brahms for once without the too-familiar lingering over ardent phrases (Columbia set No. 265 — five discs).

Chamber-music offerings include Béla Bartók's *Quartet No. 2 in A minor, op. 17,* sympathetically performed by the Budapest Quartet (Victor set No. M320 —four discs); two works by Alexander Tansman—*Triptyque for String Orchestra,* by the Curtis Chamber Music Ensemble, directed by Louis Bailly (Victor Nos. 11944/45), and *Suite Divertissement,* played by M. Maas, piano, G. Lykoudi, violin, C. Froidart, viola, and J. Wetzels, 'cello (Columbia Nos. 68687/88). Tansman's pieces are neatly put together. Of the two, *Divertissement* is the more piquant. If you're going to become interested in this Polish musician, this is the work to hear first. The grim intensity of Bartók's second quartet may repel some listeners at first, but those who make the effort to comprehend this modern Magyar composer's highly original idioms will, in the end, find his music vital and lasting. If neither Tansman nor Bartók appeals, there's always Joseph Haydn, whose *Quartet in C, op. 33, No. 3,* played by the Roth Quartet (Columbia set No. 257 — three discs), is especially recommended.

Among vocal records make a note of Elisabeth Schumann's exquisite singing of Schubert's *An die Nachtigall* and *Liebhaber in allen Gestalten,* and Robert Schumann's *Loreley* and *Ständchen* (Victor No. 1764); Marion Anderson's sentient interpretation of Handel's *Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare* and *Te Deum* (Victor No. 1767); and, also important stylistically, Georges Thill's *Unis dès ma plus tendre enfance* from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride,* Act II, coupled to *Suspendez à ces murs,* from Cherubini's almost forgotten *Les Abencérages* (Columbia No. 9116M).

For the Children

Nursery Rhymes; Mother Goose Songs; Fairy Tales; Tuneful Tales, by Frank Luther and Company. Four sets of three Decca records each. The price is $1.00 a set.

Excerpts from Hänsel und Gretel (Humperdinck), by Die Duoptisten (duet with orchestra). Three Victor records (set No. J7), German text with English translation. $2.25.

Three Dramatized Stories for Children: Androcles and the Lion; King Midas; The Cobblers and the Cuckoo, by The Wonderland Players. Three Victor records Nos. 24746/7/8. $2.25.

Æsop's Fables. Fifteen dramatized fables, by Billy Murray, Bradley Baker and Company. Three Brunswick records Nos. 7567/8/9. $2.25.

Silly Symphony Songs: Mickey Mouse; Lullaby Land of Nowhere; etc., by Frank Luther. Three Victor picture-records. $2.25.

Mickey Mouse's Birthday Party, by Wayne King and his orchestra. Victor No. 25419. $.75.

Winnie the Pooh, Christopher Robin Songs (Milne-Simson), by Frank Luther. Three Victor records (set No. J2). $1.00.

More Winnie the Pooh Songs (Milne-Simson), by Frank Luther. Three Victor records (set No. J6). $1.00.

Recommended also are five Victor records, at $1.00 each (Nos. 4288/89/90/91/92), which present forty-two traditional songs, including such favorites as *God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen; Robin Adair; Cossack's Lullaby; Gardens in the Sea; Sleep, Baby, Sleep; The First Christmas; Comin' thro' the Rye; The Holly and the Ivy;* etc. All sung by Helen Jepson, soprano, with piano accompaniment.

Natoma — Dagger Dance (Herbert); *The Sleeping Beauty Ballet — Waltz* (Tschaikowsky), by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 11932. $1.50.

Mosquito Dance (White); *Entrance of the Little Fauns* (Pierné), by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 4319. $1.00.

March of the Little Lead Soldiers (Pierné); *Marche Militaire* (Schubert-Guiraud), by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 4314. $1.00.

Irish Washerwoman (Sowerby); *The Bartered Bride — Furiant* (Smetana), by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor No. 1761. $1.50.

Slavonic Dances, opp. 46 and 72 (Dvořák), by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor set No. M310. $6.50.

Hungarian Dances, Nos. 5 and 6 (Brahms), by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 4321. $1.00.

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Hearts of Oak

(*continued from page 61*)

swinging dangerously in the heavy swell. And drifting off to leeward there, the French *Achille* burned. She burned with a furious crackling sound, lighting up the sky and the sea where victory and ruin joined their hands. Until the flames touched her magazine, and she blew up with a rending crash and a spattering of charred timbers flung sky-high.

Small boats of the English pulled about in that Sargasso of wreckage. Some of them were at rescue work. Others were hauling through the battered English fleet, carrying dispatches and prize crews from ship to ship. The *Euryalus* frigate had the *Royal Sovereign* in tow, hauling her off toward where Nelson's flagship lay, battered to pieces but drenched forever in the pale, bright fog of the Admiral's most glorious victory.

Bert Wallering turned slowly away. A bugle's strident blast spilled into the narrow gun-deck. A lieutenant in full dress came down the hatchway. The men drew up in stiff attention. The officer's face, grimy and very tired in that wan light, was stern and sorrowful.

"For today's victorious action, Vice-Admiral Collingwood gives thanks," he intoned slowly, "to all the men of the fleet." Then he hesitated. Presently, with a slight hitch of his epauleted shoulders, he went on in a lower tone. "Our commander-in-chief, Lord Nelson, Vice-Admiral of the White, has just died of his wounds received in action on the deck of the flagship *Victory*."

A deep and profound sigh sounded in the murky air of that place filled with smoke-grimed men. No one stirred. They only stood and stared, swaying a little with weariness. The lieutenant coughed. He was having difficulty with his breathing; his face was flushed.

"From this day on," the lieutenant spat out in a sudden hoarse roar, "from this day on all roads to England's glory start with Trafalgar! With Trafalgar and Nelson!"

He turned brusquely away and disappeared from sight. But the raucous bass of his voice continued to rumble with reverberating echoes from the heavy timbers of what was left of H. M. S. *Royal Sovereign*, ship of the line, one hundred guns. Those timbers, too, were of oak, spattered with the blood of England's men. Bert Wallering heard the bugle sound again in another part of the shot-torn ship. He moved slowly. But as he passed that open port again, he stopped and looked out once more.

Sunset flamed in the western sky. It brought him up short. Barefooted men in tattered striped shirts went by, whispering out of cracked, dry lips as they picked their way through the splintered rubble, carrying wounded to the cockpit below. A brass-buttoned midshipman's coat dragged listlessly on the wet, red-colored sand of the deck. A cocked hat fell from something those two fellows carried along between them. But Bert Wallering stood staring out upon the darkly heaving sea.

Perhaps it was only because he was so utterly weary that he seemed to be waiting there, transfixed, for some sign he felt sure would come, some sign out of heaven or earth to give a meaning to Nelson's victory, to England's splendid glory. The dark wrecks heaved ponderously just off Trafalgar's reefs. The hard, bright clouds of a making gale sailed stiffly in toward the land. Half of those captured hulks would never stay afloat to reach Gibraltar or England's Narrow Sea. The sunset flung lavish color upon the wallowing wrecks. Clear up to the zenith it flamed in bars of crimson and saffron and purest gold. It made the gunner think of home, where the trees would be going brown.

He heard distant cheering. He wondered what there was to cheer about. And then suddenly he remembered how the voice of power boomed.

"All roads to England's glory lead from Trafaglar! From Trafalgar and Nelson!"

He felt the thrill of it. What man of England wouldn't? And then, as he watched, the sun's last bright bar of horizontal light came full in his eyes. It rumored something of what his Bess had meant. There was a hint, too, of a strange compelling glory to refresh the hearts of men — but fainter, more elusive and less brazen, unheralded by the rattling drums, the cannon's roar, or the saber's skirl of death. It trembled within the limit of his consciousness, some silent, enduring majesty, glimmering faintly on the western board. ". . . the glory of the sun going down." Then he too knew.

"You there!" a harsh voice cried out. "What the blazes you doin'? Moonin' there like a bloomin' volunteer! Lend a hand here. Lively!"

The gunner turned away from the fading western light. "Coming," he said dully. "Coming at once, sir."

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J. David Stern

(*continued from page 49*)

Hearst, thirty or forty years ago, pointed partly at a social groping. It was perhaps the groping of Americans for a place in the sun, an empire with far-flung colonies.

Considering the broad movements of history, Mr. Stern has aimed at something comparable to that — a groping for what we call social security. But where Mr. Hearst whipped his readers into a desire to save Cubans from Spain, Mr. Stern did not have to whip his into a desire to save themselves from The System. His audience awaited him. He had merely to let it know he existed. Any paper can get circulation with premiums, but the Stern press was able to hold it, and that is what is important. The idea that Stern turns his papers to the Left because it pays is not so impressive as the fact that it *does* pay. The *Record* is already the seventh largest morning paper, the *Post* the twelfth largest evening paper. The one is declaring dividends, the other heading toward the black.

Each feeds on front-page editorials and blown-up news stories. Some time ago the front pages were covered with stories about Germany and the impending fall of Hitler — stories displayed as news, though they were written in New York. One of the best examples of Stern's tactics came early this fall. On September 17 some of the morning papers in New York carried a story to the effect that the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee had made public a report asserting that E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company owned $892,671 worth of stock (7.98 per cent of the voting stock) in the largest German explosive manufactory, and had invested $1,159,904 in a German chemical firm.

Here certainly was a story for the afternoon papers, of which there are four in New York. The *World-Telegram* and the *Sun* each ran a column, with a single-column head. Mr. Hearst's *Journal* ignored it entirely. Mr. Stern's *Post* spread it all over the paper. Across Page 1 was a two-line, eight-column head; beneath it, fighting subheads; and then a story which filled five columns tried to link the stock to Governor Landon, and ran for nearly two columns before telling the readers how much stock the Du Ponts actually owned.

Sometimes Stern's sensationalism requires nerve. The classic example is the *Record* editorial of December 17, 1931, urging abandonment of the gold standard. It was forthright, dramatically displayed, and singularly far-sighted — one of the great editorials of our times. But Stern does not always wear the red badge of courage. His tendency to yield in the pinches was evidenced last summer, after he had published an editorial friendly to the Spanish loyalists. Immediately, a Catholic priest in Philadelphia asked his parishioners to boycott the *Record*. And immediately Stern rushed to Cardinal Dougherty with one of the most humble letters ever signed by an American publisher. He took the tack that "at the time we did not know — as I admit we should have known — that the Catholic Church was involved in this uprising." He enclosed a copy of a second editorial denouncing the Spanish Government's action against the Church. He pled "we had hoped that it would offset any unfriendly impression created by the first editorial," he noted that it had had no such effect, and he begged his Eminence for "advice as to what I should or should not do in the matter."

Stern has called himself a liberal perhaps a thousand times, but once he conveniently specified "a practical liberal." He has his financial backers so divided that he is still the boss, though a little thick with the politicians. He quickly rid himself of Ernest Gruening, an editor who wanted to blast away at the slum-holdings of Vincent Astor. Of course, Stern is not the first publisher to squabble with that liberal nor the only one ambitious to extend into other fields. He has tried to buy a radio station in New York, and at one time was dickering for a magazine. He is a good handler of men like Jacob Omansky, his business manager; a tireless wooer of Jewish circulation in New York; and an adept architect when it comes to financial structures. Actually Stern's newspaper chain is a labyrinth of parent companies, affiliates, and subsidiaries, as confusing as his own motives.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page 80*)

1. False (Iowa)
2. False
3. True
4. False
5. False (New Orleans)
6. False (San Francisco banker)
7. True
8. False (Harpo)
9. False
10. False
11. False (heart disease)
12. True
13. False (California)
14. True
15. True (Sears, 1062; *Gone*, 1037)
16. True
17. False (Thursday night)
18. False
19. True
20. False (differential in rear)
21. True
22. True
23. False (British)
24. False (Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*)
25. False
26. True
27. True
28. True
29. True
30. False
31. False (Kimball; Baldwin)
32. True (80 plus 70, and 149)
33. True
34. False
35. False
36. True
37. True (Genesee Depot)
38. False (diphtheria)

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Are you willing to help? Is it worth a dollar of your money today to save millions in taxes in years to come?

The League is not asking you for contributions. The dollar we ask you to send is only to declare your interest, to enroll you as a member, and to defray postage on mailings in the future to keep you posted on the advancements made.

Will you complete the coupon, enclose your membership dollar and mail it today? We will send you a booklet outlining the history of the League, its machinery, and its progress to date.

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE

521 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MR. ROBERT L. JOHNSON, *President*

Dear Sir: I wish to know more about the good work you are doing and herewith enclose $.... to keep the snowball rolling.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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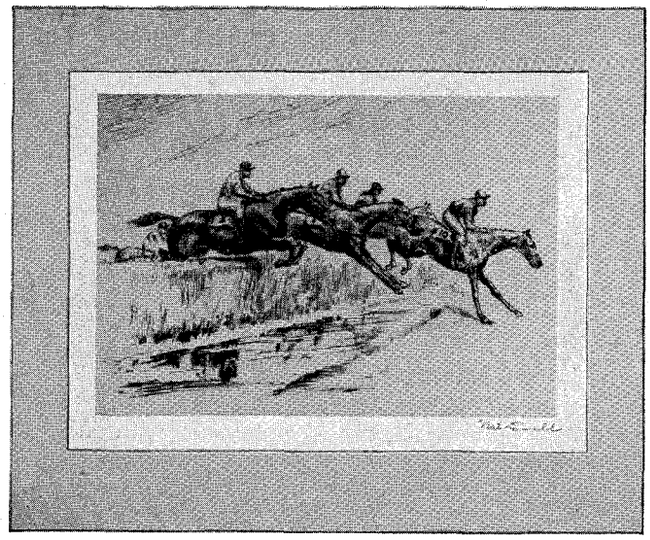

"Steeplechase" By Nat Lowell

Announcing a Second Offering of

GENUINE, SIGNED, ORIGINAL

ETCHINGS

of Museum Quality

FIFTY-ONE of America's foremost artists have agreed to permit a *second sale* of their personally signed, original etchings and lithographs at only $5 each—in the new nation-wide art education program. The offering includes genuine, signed originals by such famous artists as Thomas Benton, George Elmer Browne, John Steuart Curry, Luigi Lucioni, Louis Lozowick, Philip Kappel, John Costigan and Gordon Grant—men whose signatures on some works of art are valued at hundreds, even thousands of dollars. Many of the originals here offered would regularly sell in the galleries for many times this remarkably low price!

Works Like These Regularly Sell for $18, $36 and UP...

NOW ONLY $5 EACH!

Includes Five Prize-Winners

Every work is guaranteed perfect, and is in strictly limited edition, after which the plates are destroyed. In some cases the etching is so delicate that editions are limited to far less than a hundred original prints. These are not small originals. Plate sizes average 8 by 11 inches. Mat sizes average 14 by 18 inches. Most critics consider the Second Offering even superior to the First, from which more than a score of art museums obtained works for their permanent collections. In addition to five prize-winners, four in this new group have just been selected by America's leading art critics as among the "Outstanding Prints of the Year."

Many Already Doubled in Value

A survey of the First Offering indicates that many originals purchased then have already more than doubled in value (some even tripled) because of the unprecedented demand, which quickly exhausted editions. We suggest that you act promptly in order to give yourself the broadest selection. Orders received through the mails before December 18th will be delivered anywhere in the United States before Christmas.

Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue

An interesting catalogue has been prepared, illustrating the works available, and containing biographical data on each artist's career and awards. Send only 10c. in stamps to cover mailing costs, and a copy will be sent to you at once. Through our special mail order service you can select the originals you wish at home. All selections are shipped with the understanding that your money will gladly be refunded if not delighted in every way. Address:

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS

Studio 2412, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

39. True
40. False (Let the buyer beware)
41. False (U. S. economics)
42. True
43. True (1248 ft. to 1008 ft.)
44. False
45. False
46. False
47. True
48. True
49. False
50. True
51. False (tobacco)
52. False (army display)
53. False (Waukesha, Wis.)
54. True
55. False (Los Angeles)
56. False
57. True
58. True (24)
59. True
60. True
61. False
62. True
63. False (directory of world's navies)
64. False (University of Wisconsin)
65. True (16½ hours)
66. False (He is already in Hollywood)
67. True
68. True
69. False
70. False
71. False
72. True
73. False (10,000 ping-pong balls in the wings)
74. False (*Whiteoak Harvest,* just published)
75. False (Harvard, 1911)
76. True
77. False
78. True
79. False (*oligarchical* is correct)
80. True
81. True
82. False (Nevada)
83. False (*La Bohème,* not by Verdi)
84. False ($100)
85. True
86. False
87. False
88. True
89. True
90. True
91. True
92. False (reserved for a naval training ship)
93. False (Austria)
94. True
95. False (*The Nation*)
96. True
97. True
98. False
99. False (Goshen, N. Y.)
100. False

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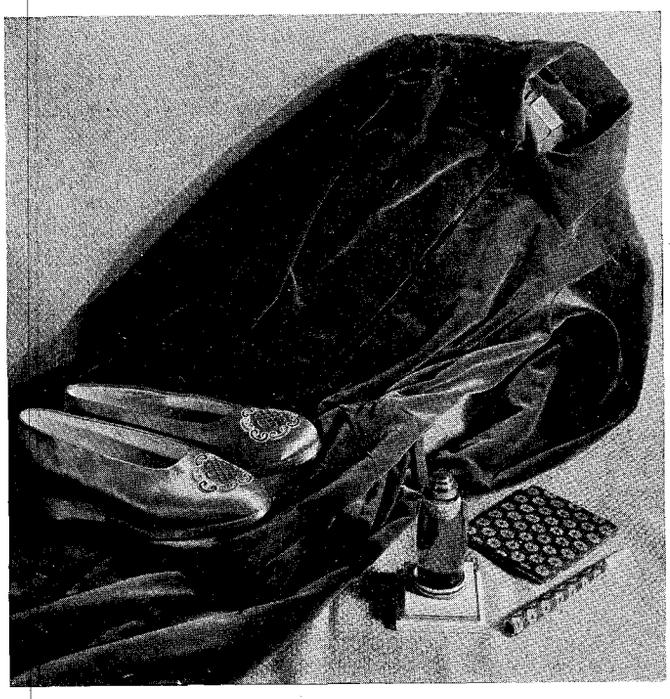
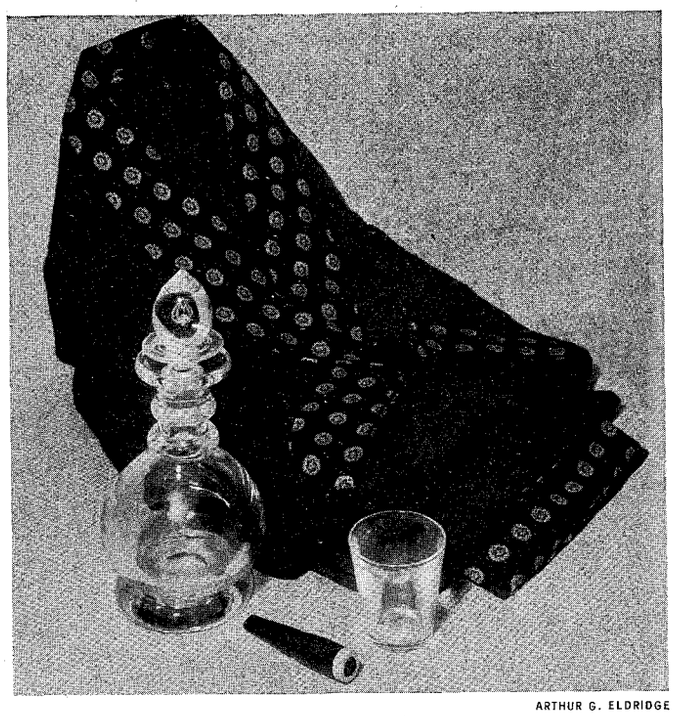


Princess line House Coat, Best & Co.; Brocade cigarette case and holder, Dunhill; Bond Street Perfume, Yardley



ARTHUR G. ELDRIDGE

Lounging Pajamas, Brooks Bros.; Decanter and tumbler, by Steuben Glass, Inc.; Cigar-shaped pipe, Dunhill

Cruising the Avenue

KATHERINE KENT

If you're looking for hints in gift ties for Dad, packaged triteries for Mother and kin, don't count on me. I've turned thumbs down on all such suggestions from publicity factota. That's not saying that gifts oughtn't be useful, but rather that they should be special, out-of-the-rut fare.

Do you happen to know the unique program of the Associated American Artists? At its galleries (420 Madison Avenue) you'll find fine etchings and lithographs by foremost living American artists — signed originals in perfect condition and limited edition that make truly distinguished gifts. The price — five dollars each. There is a wide range of subjects and techniques, as you'll gather from such names as Frederick L. Owen, George Elmer Browne, Irwin Hoffman, Thomas Benton, and Peggy Bacon. Similar collections under the same auspices are to be found in forty-seven other cities, and illustrated catalogues bring you the chance to make an armchair choice for the asking. This group has just widened the scope of its activities with an exhibition and sale of water-colors by equally distinguished artists. Prices of these begin at ten dollars.

*

Glamour is the theme in accessories for the sundown hours, and Best's is ready with dozens upon dozens of suggestions for the gift-giver who would see milady radiant above the rest. *Attention, messieurs!* In by the main entrance, then two steps to the right. *Voilà* the Glamour Bar! There you'll find a lovely and distracting array: sequin triangle scarfs, boleros, and capes for as little as five ninety-five; for the hair, flower garlands, gilded doves, plumes in the coronation spirit; frivolous hose with lace toes; shining bags, and other treasures. There, too, are suggestions for the more languid hours. Witness the satin slippers in the Chinese manner, photographed above. A real break for the girl who likes low-heeled ease, because they have a piquant chic that takes them out of the comfort-type class. Four ninety-five in grand color combinations. Altman's has a lovely quilted-satin boudoir slipper with moderate heel and all the new high lines that fashion in footwear demands this year. White bunny fur outlines and emphasizes each upward sweep. Pastels and black for six seventy-five. And as for mules, you'll find a goodly selection right here. I liked particularly the high-heeled, open-toe suèdes in the new colors. Around five and six dollars.

For the really special gift in lingerie, pajamas, and negligees, I can recommend with envious enthusiasm the Custom Shop at Saks Fifth Avenue. It's a godsend to women all the year round, but at this season men find it an end-all gift solver. Suppose you do not know her size, or you harbor the belief that she is a perfect thirty-six (which most men naïvely do, they say). No matter. Simply select one of the models you like. A note from Mrs. Picker, who has charge of the Shop, will follow your gift at Christmas, suggesting that if the garment does not fit, does not suit her taste, it be returned and one made to her measure and fancy substituted. There are drawers upon drawers of materials and laces for her selection, superb fitting and fine needlework for her delectation. Slips begin at sixteen fifty. Another feminine soul-satisfier that can be bought as

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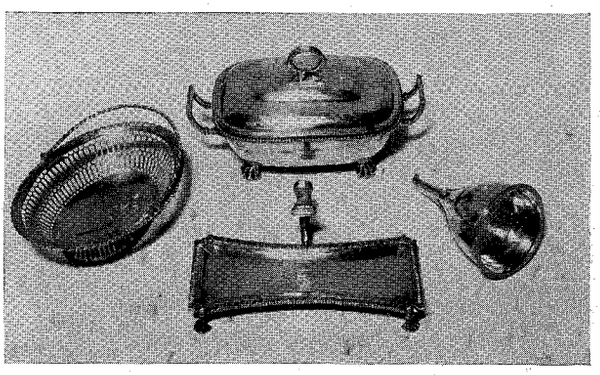
it is, or custom-selected, is the cigarette case and holder at Dunhill's (photographed). They have an excellent selection in fine brocades, but if you can smuggle out a sample of her newest evening gown, they'll make up the right thing for it. Twenty-two dollars the set, or the pieces may be had separately.

For the smart hostess Bonwit Teller's Gift Shop (mercifully located on the main floor) abounds this season with French earthenware tempered for oven use. Individual soup pots in sets of six on a wrought-iron tray at five ninety-five or separately for seventy-five cents apiece. Cunning little yellow covered dishes (chick-shape, and designed for chicken à la king and similar service) are to be had on a yellow *tole* tray at eight dollars.



Eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century silver from the new collection at W. & J. Sloane, New York City

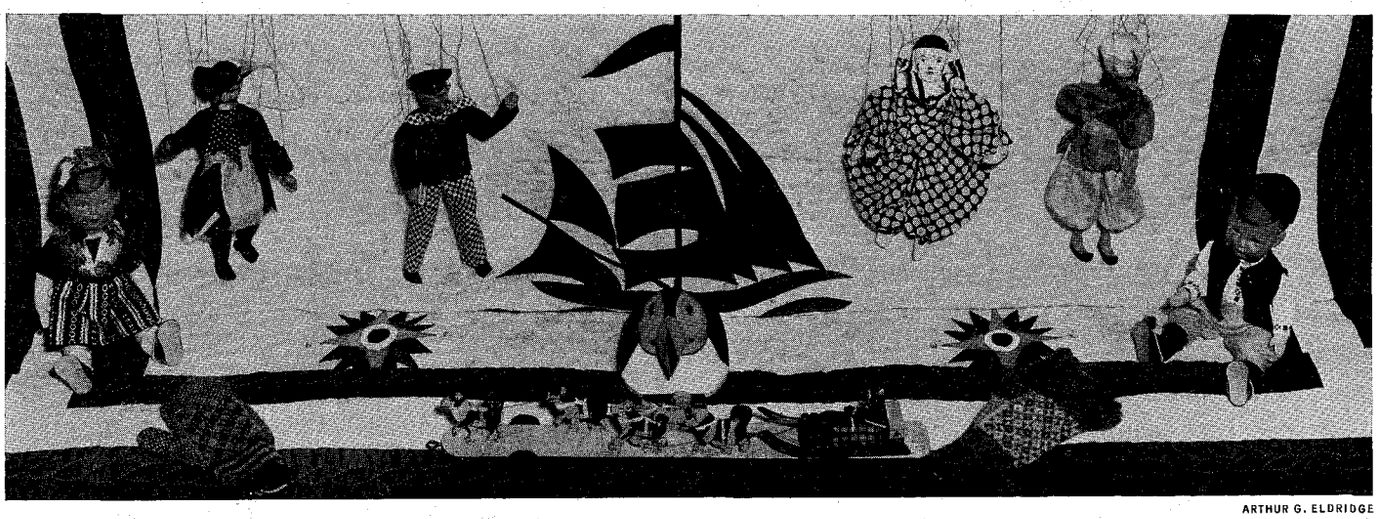
Alice Marks has some dandy new things in the hostess trend, such as oblong-shaped casseroles that fit snugly on asbestos-lined trays. She has delightful ideas for breakfast-tray ensembles sure to charm away that waking languor.

And speaking of breakfast, there's a new automatic electric egg-cooker at Lewis and Conger's that *steams* up to four eggs at once. No clock-watching, no ticking time-gadget. Just simple arithmetic. One teaspoon of water for one-minute eggs, two for the two-minute kind, and so on through the digits. About five dollars. It can be had on an oblong chromium tray with an electric toaster and walnut salt-and-pepper shakers for twelve fifty. Then be sure that you see the stand that nests the telephone. A chromium ring holds the base of the phone, and attached to it is a candle-like electric light (red or ivory stem) that illuminates the dial and memo pad. Sure to win applause, and only three fifty. For the bird-lover with an outdoors of his own, a winter shelter and feeder for his feathered friends. Baked tile with the figure of St. Francis of Assissi (to whom all creatures of earth were "little brothers") gives it a poignant medieval touch. Ten dollars.

Bursting with new ideas is Lord and Taylor's recently expanded Men's Shop. Even the man whose Christmases are dated in mufflers will whoop with joy when he sees the new giant-size scarf which they solemnly aver is the brain child of William Powell. No more ends streaming in the breezes, no more exposed shirt fronts. Fifty-four by seventy-two inches of Truhu Silk insure coverage and anchorage, fold without bulk. Seven fifty. For the man who rides there are smart handknit string gloves with pigskin re-enforcements at the palms and fingers—four fifty. (Sister editions in the lower regions of the store.) Among the sweaters take a look at the wholly ribbed affair with snug-fitting wrists and a new higher-in-the-back neck. White, navy, wine, tan. Fifteen dollars. Last, the Host Coat designed for Lord and Taylor's by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, and meant to solve the problem of what the male should wear on those in-between occasions when you, let us say, receive in a hostess gown. Of flannel, and lined with Skinner's Satin, this coat is beautifully tailored like the best suits, yet carries an air of insouciant informality. You'd better know the exact size when you order, for there's no trifling here with that small, medium, and large inexactitude. Forty dollars in maroon with navy piping, tan with dark green, gray with black, and navy with maroon.

*

Stocking-fillers, or what have you under three dollars: Jewelry for the ski fan, charming as it is novel, imported from the Tyrol by Bonwit Teller. Gaily painted woods in hat, mitten, and ski-pole effects that are pins, a dollar. From Labrador, handknit gloves, mittens, and socks in excellent designs and colors from two dollars up; hand-carved, gaily painted animals that hold napkins; not to mention lovely hand-woven stuffs and finely made hooked rugs at higher levels. Found at the Grenfell Shops in various cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia. . . . Sugar tongs that are different, at Sweden House in Rockefeller Center. (They work by a three-prong and plunger arrangement.) One seventy-five, or if you fancy the crest of Sweden in enamel at the top, a bit more. . . . At Saks Fifth Avenue Bar Shop, the easy-to-clean glass jigger at one and a quarter; *hors d'œuvre* plates that simulate halves of familiar fruits, for fifty cents each.



ARTHUR G. ELDRIDGE

Hand-quilted coverlet with ship-and-compass design, Eleanor Beard; Hand-carved marionettes, F. A. O. Schwarz; Dolls in authentic Swedish costume, from Sweden House; Dog team, child's door-knocker, and gloves, the Grenfell Shops

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